Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

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

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 39. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1878. WHOLE NO. 1391.

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

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

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

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 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. R. 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.,
Maps of surveys and at 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 Krissinger'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 sep22

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. jel2-72

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 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 cupons are prepaid in denominations of $50, 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. 28-3ms.

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

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

O. W. SADDLER, M. D.,
Oculist and Aurist,
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY,
No. 2536 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 circular and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July12.

The Magic Coin Box
holds over $5.00 of Silver Coin, in Half Dollars, Quarter Dollars, Dimes & Nickels. The merest movement of your thumb pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one immediately takes its place as if by magic. Makes change in half he time, with no danger of dropping any. Sample handsomely plated with Nickle-Silver, sent postpaid 50 cts. Agents trial package, containing three Coin Boxes, for 1.00 Illustrated Catalogue of Novelty Chromos, Jewelry, Stationery Packages, &c., &c., free. Agents wanted everywhere. Big pay. NATIONAL NOVELTY Co., No. 400 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Feb 20

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that Alexander C. Beam of Jenner Twp., by deed of voluntary assignment has assigned all his estate real and personal for the benefit of his creditors to B. S. Fleck. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them to the undersigned at Jenner X Roads.
B. S. FLECK,
Feb. 20 Assignee.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES, Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

Iron City College
The most complete business college in the United States. Course of study comprehensive, thorough and eminently practical. Students received at any time.
For circulars address,
J. C. SMITH, A. M. Principal.
Feb. 13 PITTSBURGH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JNO. HICKS LAURUS 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.
aug13.

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, 1875.

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.

JOEL BRANDT'S LODGER.

A TALE OF OLD CALIFORNIA.

He came up to the mountain road at nightfall, urging his lean mustang forward wearily, and coughing now and then a heavy, hollow cough that told its own story.

There were only two houses on the mesa, stretching shaggy and sombre with grease-wood dwellings, with their clumps of trailing pepper trees and tattered bananas, specks of civilization against a stern background of mountain-side. The traveler halted before one of them, bowing awkardly as the master of the house came out.

"Mr. Brant, I reckon."

Joel Brandt looked keenly into the stranger's face. Not a bad face certainly; sallow and drawn with suffering, one of those hopeless pathetic faces barely saved from the grotesque by a pair of dull, wistful eyes.

Not that Joel Brandt saw anything grotesque or pathetic about the man.

"Another sickly looking stranger outside, Barbara, wants to try the air up here. Can you keep him? Or maybe the Foxes 'll give him a berth."

Mrs. Brandt shook her head in house-wifely meditation.

"No, Mrs. Fox can't; that's certain. She has an asthma and two bronchitises there now. What is the matter with him, Joel?"

The stranger's harsh, resonant cough answered.

"Keep him? To be sure. You might know I'd keep him, Joel. The night air's no place for a man with a cough like that. Bring him into the kitchen right away."

The new comer spread his bony hands over Mrs. Brandt's cheery fire and the soft, dull eyes followed her movements wistfully.

"The fire feels kind o' homey, ma'am; California ain't much of a place for fires, it 'pears."

"Been long on the coast, stranger?" Joel squared himself interrogatively.

"Bout a week. I'm from Indianny. Brice's my name—Posey Brice, the boys in the glass mill call me. I was blowed up in a glass mill oncet." The speaker turned to show an ugly scar on his neck. "Didn't know where I was for six weeks—thought I hadn't lit. When I come to there was Loisy potterin' over me; but I ain't been rugged sence."

"Married?"

The man's answer broke through the patient homeliness of his face at once. He fumbled in his pocket silently, like one who has no common disclosure to make.

"What d'ye think o' them, stranger?"

Joel took a little black case in his hands reverently. A woman's face—not grand not fair even—some bits of tawdry finery making its plainliness plainer—and beside it a round eyed boy plumped into a high chair, and two little feet sticking starily in Joel's face.

Mrs. Brandt looked over her husband's shoulder with kindly curiosity.

"The boy favors you amazingly about the mouth; but he's got his mother's eyes, and they are sharp, knowing eyes, too.

"Your's, I reckon."

"Yes, that's Loisy and the boy," fighting the conscious pride in his voice like one who tried to wear his honors meekly.

He took the well worn case again, gazed into the two faces an instant with helpless yearning, and returned it to its place. The very way he handled it was a caress, fastening the little brass hook with scrupulous care.

"I'll be sendin' fur 'em when I get red o' this pesterin' cough."

A very quiet, unobtrusive guest Mrs. Brandt found the man Brice, talking little save in a sudden gush of confidence—and always of his wife and child; choosing a quiet corner in the kitchen in the chill California nights, where he watched his hostess' deft movements with wistful admiration,

"Try huntin' Brice; the doctors mostly say its healthy."

And Brice tried hunting, as Joel advised. Taking the gun from the crotch over the door after breakfast, and wandering for hours in the yellow wine-like air of the mesa, he came in at noon and nightlfal empty-handed, yet no one derided his failure. There was something about the man that smothered derision.

"A sort of thunderin' patience that knocks a fellow," Bert Fox put in.

Mrs. Brant had always an encouraging word for the hunter.

"Grease-wood's bad for huntin'. Joel says it don't pay to look for quail in the brush when he does fetch 'em down."

"Like enough. I dunno, ma'am. Reckon I've had a good many shots at the little critters, but they allus turn their heads so kind o' innocent like. A man as has been blowed up oncet hisself ain't much at separatin families. But I s'pose it ain't the shootin' that's healthy, mebbe."

"And so the hunting came to an end without bloodshed. Whether the doctors were right or whether it was the mingled resin and honey of the sage and chapparal no one cared to ask. Certain it is that the "pesterin' cough" yielded a little, and the bent form grew a trifle more erect.

"I think likely it's the lookin up, ma'am. Mountains seem to straighten a fellow some way. 'Pears to me somebody writ oncet by litten' his eyes to the hills for help. Mebbe not though. I ain't much at recollectin' verses. Loisy's a powerful hand that way."

Perhaps the man was right. It was the looking up.

He followed Joel from the table one morning, stopping outside, his face full of patient eagerness.

"I'm gettin' right smart o' strength, neighbor. Ef there's odd jobs you could give me; I'd be slow, mebbe, but seems like most anything would be better'n sitting round."

Joel scratched his head reflectively. The big brawny-handed fellow felt no disposition to smile at his weaker brother.

"Fox and I was sayin' yesterday we'd like to put another man on the ditch; it'll be easy work for a week till we strike rock again. Then there is the grease-wood. It's always on hand. You might take it slow, grubbing when you was able. I guess we'll find you jobs enough, man."

The scared, colorless face brightened.

"Thank ye, neighbor. Ef you'll be so kind there is another little matter. I'll have a trifle over when I've paid your woman for her trouble. I wuz thinking like enough you would let me run up a shanty on your place here. Loisy wouldn't mind about style—just a roof to bring 'em to. It is for her and the boy, you know,"watching Joel's face eagerly.

"Yes, yes, Brice, we'll make it all right. Just take things a kind o' easy. I'll be going in with wood next week, and I'll fetch you a load of lumber. We will make a day of it after 'while and put up your house in a jiffy."

And so Brice went to work on the ditch, gently at first, spared from the heaviest work by strong arms and rough kindness. And so, ere long, another rude dwelling went up on the mesa, the smoke from its fireside curling slowly toward the pine plumed mountain tops.

The building fund, scanty enough at best, was unexpectedly swelled by a sudden and obstinate attack of forgetfulness which seized good Mrs. Brandt.

"No, Brice, you haven't made me a spark o' trouble, not a spark. I'm sure you've paid your way twice over bringin' wood, and grinding coffee and the like. Many a man would have asked wages for the half you've done, so I'm getting off easy to call it square." And the good lady stood her ground unflinchingly.

"You've been powerful good to me, ma'am. We'll be watchin' our chances to make it up to you—Loisy and me. I'll be sending for Loisy directly, now."

"Yes, yes, man, and there'll be the bits of furniture and things to git. Spread your money thin, and Mrs. Fox and I'll come in and put you to rights when you are lookin' for her."

He brought the money to Joel at last, a motley collection of silver pieces.

"Ef you'll be so kind as to send it to her, neighbor—Mrs. Loisy Brice, Plattsville, Indianny—I've writ the letter tellin' her how to come. There is enough for the ticket and a trifle to spare. The boy's a master hand at scufflin' shoes and things. You'll not make any mistake sending it, will you?"

"No, no, Brice, it'll go straight as a rocket. Let me see, now. The letter'll be a week, then 'lowin' 'em a week to get started"—

"Loisy won't be a week starting, neighbor."

"Never you mind, man. "Lowin' 'em a week to get off, that's two weeks; then them emigrant trains is so slow, say thirteen days on the road—that's about another fortnight—four weeks; this is the fifth, ain't it? Twenty-eight and five's thirty-three; that will be about the third of next month, say. Now mind what I tell you, Brice—don't look for them a minute before the third—not a minute."

"'Pears like a long spell to wait, neighbor."

"I know it man; but it will seem a thunderin' sight longer after you begin to look for them."

"I reckon you're right. Say four weeks from to-day then. Like enough you'll be goin' in then."

"Yes, we'll hitch up and meet 'em at the train—you and me. The women will have things kind o' snug again we get home. Four weeks will soon slide along, man."

Joel went into the house smiling softly.

"I had to be almost savage with the fellow, Barbara. The anxious seat is no place for a fellow like him; it would wear him to a tooth pick in a week."

"But she might get here before that, you know, Joel."

"I'll fix that with the man at the depot. If she comes sooner we'll have her out here in a hurry. Wish to goodness she would."

The southern winter bloomed royally. Bees held high carnival in the nodding spikes of the white sage, and now and then a breath of perfume from the orange groves in the valley came up to mingle with the wild mountain odors. Brice worked every moment with feverish earnestness, and the pile of garland roots on the clearing grew steadily larger. With all her loveliness, nature failed to woo him. What was the exquisite languor of those days to him, but so many hours of patient waiting? The dull, hungry eyes saw nothing of the lavish beauty around them, looking through it all with restless yearning to where an emigrant train, its dust and dirt and noisome breath, crawled over miles of alkali, or hung from dizzy heights.

"To-morrow's the 3d, neighbor. I reckon she'll be along now directly."

"That's a fact. What a rattler time is." The days had not been long to Joel. "We'll go in to-morrow, and if they don't come, you can stay and watch the trains awhile. She won't know you, Brice, you've picked up amazingly."

"I think likely Loisy will know me if she comes."

But she did not come. Joel returned the following night alone, having left Brice at cheap lodgings near the station. Numberless passers-by must have noticed the patient watcher at the incoming trains, the homely pathos of his face deepening day by day. The dull eyes growing a shade duller, and the awkward form a trifle more stooped with each succeeding disappointment. It was two weeks before he reappeared on the mesa, walking wearily like a man under a load.

"I reckin there's something wrong, ma'am. I came to see ef yer man would write me a letter. I hadn't been long at Plattsville but I worked a spell for a man named Yarnell; like enough he'd look it up a little. I ain't much at writin', and I'd like it all writ out carfully like, you know.' The man's voice had the old uncomplaining monotone.

Joel wrote the letter at once, making the most minute inquiries regarding Mrs. Brice, and giving every possible direction concerning her residence. Then Brice fell back into his old groove, working feverishly, in spite of Mrs. Brandt's kindly warning.

"I can't stop, ma'am; the settin' round 'ud kill me.'

The answer came at last, a business-like epistle, addressed to Joel. Mrs. Brice had left Plattsville about the time designated. Several of her neighbors remembered that a stranger, a well dressed man, had been at the house for nearly a week before her departure, and the two had gone away together, taking the western train. The writer regretted his inability to give further information, and closed with kindly inquiries concerning his former employees health, and earnest commendations of him to Mr. Brandt.

Joel read the letter aloud, something—some sturdy uprightness of his own, no doubt—blinding him to its significance.

"Will you read it again, neighbor, for I'm not over quick.'

The man's voice was a revelation full of an unutterable hurt, like the cry of some dumb, wounded thing.

And Joel read it again, choking with indignation at every word.

Thank ye neighbor. I'll trouble you to write a line thankin' him; that's all.'

He got up heavily, staggering a little as he crossed the floor, and went out into the yellow sunlight. There was the long, sun kissed slope, the huge pile of twisted roots, the shanty with its clambering vines. The humming of bees in the sage went on drowsily. Life, infinitely shrunken was still life. A more cultured grief might have swooned or cried out. This man knew no such refuge; even the relief of indignation was denied him. None of the thousand wild impulses that come to men smitten like him flitted across his clouded brain. He only knew to take up his burden humbly and go on. If he had been wiser could he have known more?

No one spoke of the blow that had fallen upon him. The sympathy that met him came in the warmer clasp of hard hands and the softening of rough voices, none the worse certainly for its quietness. Alone with her husband, however, Mrs. Brandt's wrath bubbled incessantly.

'It's a crying, burning, blistering shame, Joel, that's what it is! I suppose it's the Lord's designs, but I can't see through it.'

'If the Lord's up to that kind o' business, Barbara, I don't see no further use of the devil,' was the dry response. Joel's religion was as free from any theological timidity as a child's, and quite as simple.

These plain, honest folks never dreamed of intruding upon their neighbor's grief with poor suggestions of requital. But this man's hurt was beyond the jurisdiction of any court. Day by day the hollow cough became more frequent and the awkward step slower. Nobody asked him to quit his work now. Even Mrs. Brandt shrunk from the patient misery of his face when idle. He came into the kitchen one evening, choosing the old quiet corner, and following her with his eyes silently.

'Is there anything lacking, Brice?'

The woman came and stood beside him, the great wave of pity in her heart swelling up to her voice and eyes.

'Nothing, ma'am, thank ye. I've been thinkin',' he went on speaking more rapidly, than was his wont, 'an' I dunno. You've known uv people gettin' wrong in their minds, I s'pose. They wus mostly smart knowin' chaps, wusn't they?' the low, monotonous voice growing almost sharp with earnestness. 'I reckon you never knowed of any one not over bright gettin' out of his head, ma'am.'

'I wouldn't think o' them things, Brice. Just go on, and do your best, and if there's any good, or any right, or any justice, you'll come out ahead; that's about all we know, but it's enough if we stick to it.'

'I reckon you're right ma'am. 'Pears sometimes tho' as if anything 'ud be better than the thinkin'.'

Happily it all came to an end one afternoon. Brice was at work on the ditch again, preferring the cheerful companionship of Joel and Bert Fox to his own thoughts, and Mrs. B. was alone in her kitchen. Two shadows fell across the worn threshold, and a weak, questioning voice brought the good woman to her door instantly.

'Good day, to you, ma'am. Is there a man named Brice livin' nigh here anywhere?'

It was a woman's voice, a woman with some bits of tawdry ornament about her, and a round-eyed boy clinging bashfully to her skirts.

Mrs. Brandt brought them into the house, urging the stranger to rest a bit and get her breath.

'Thank you, ma'am; I'd like to be movin' on. Do you know if he's well—the man Brice? We're his wife and boy.'

The woman told her story presently, when Mrs. Brandt had induced her to wait until the men came home—told it with no unnecessary words, and her listener made no comment.

'My brother came a week afore we was leavin' and he helped us off and came as far as Omaha. He'd done well out in Nebrasky, and he give me right smart o' money when he left; I was took sick on the road—I disremember jest where—and they left me at a town with a woman named Dixon. She took care of me. I was out of my head and when I come to I told them to write to Brice, and they writ, and I reckon they took the name of the place from the ticket. I was weak, like for a long spell, and they kep' a writen' and no word came, and then I recollected about the town, it was Los Angeles on the ticket; and then I couldn't think of the place I'd sent the letters to before, and the thinkin' worried me, and the doctor said I must not try. So I jest waited, and when I got to Los Angelos I kept a askin' for a man named Brandt, till one day somebody said 'Brandt, Brandt, 'pears to me there's a Brandt way over beyond the Mission.' And then it came to me all at once that the place I had writ to was San Gabriel Mission. And I went there and they showed me your house. Then a man gave us a lift on his team part of the way, and we walked the rest. It didn't look very far but they say mountains is deceiven'. There's something kind o' grand about 'em. I reckon it makes everything 'pear sort of small.'

Mrs. Brandt told Joel about it that evening.

'I just took the two of them up to the shanty, and opened the door, and you'd cried to see how pleased she was with everything. And I told her to kindle a fire and I'd fetch up bit o' supper. And when I carried it up and left, I just came back and stood on the step till I saw Brice comin' home. He was walkin' slow as if his feet was a dead weight, and when he took hold of the door he stopped a minute, lookin' over the valley kind o' wistful and hopeless. I guess she heard him come, for she opened the door, and I turned around and came in. 'Barbara Brandt' says I, 'you've seen your see.' If God wants to look at that, I suppose He has a right to; nobody else has, that's certain.'

What He Wanted.

The bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt and measured the location for the new one. He must bore some new holes and Mrs. Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and wood-shed, slamming doors, pulling out drawers, and kicking furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs, and called down:—

'Richard, do you want anything?'

'Yes, I do?' he yelled back. 'I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?'

'Corkscrew, Richard?'

'Yes, corkscrew! I've looked the house over, and can't find it!'

'Why, we never had one, Richard.'

'Didn't eh? We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. Its always the way when I want anything'

'But you must be out of your head, husband,' she said, as she decended the stairs. We've kept house seven years, and I never remember seeing you bring a corkscrew home.'

'O, yes, I'm out of my head, I am?' he grumbled as he pulled out the sewing machine drawer and turned over its contents. 'Perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away!'

'Well, Richard, I know that I have never seen a corkscrew in this house.'

'Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six. The house is always upside down, any how, and I never can find anything!'

'The house is kept as well as any of your folks can keep one!' she retorted, growing red in the face.

'I'd like my mother here to show you a few things,' he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

'Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!' answered the wife.

'Do you know who you are talking to?' he yelled, as he jumped down.

'Yes, I do!'

'Well, you'll be going for York State, if you don't look out!'

'I'd like to see myself. When I go this house goes!'

'Look out Nancy!'

'I'm afraid of no man that lives.'

'I'll leave you!'

'And I'll laugh to see you go!'

Going close up to her, he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words and slowly said:

'Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house, which is a bold falsehood, as I can prove!'

'Gimlet?' she exclaimed.

'Yes, gimlet!'

'Why, I know where there are three or four! You said corkscrew!'

'Did I?' he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table; 'well, now, I believe I did.'

'And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!' she sobbed falling on the lounge.

'Nancy,' he said tenderly lifting her up.

'O, Richard!' she chokingly answered.

And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing its head off if hung up in the hall.

How to Handle a Gun.

Guns should always be carried at half-cock, as then neither a blow on the striker nor a pull on the trigger will bring the former into action. There is no necessity whatever far a gun to be otherwise than at a half-cock, unless game is immediately in front; and, further, it may not be out of place to add, that it is dangerous when shooting in company for the gun to be swung round in taking aim with the finger on the triger. The eye should follow the line of the flight, and the gun be raised at the proper moment. Accidents from guns bursting are rare; but caution is very necessary in getting over fences to see that no earth gets lodged in the muzzle, or in winter time that the latter does not get blocked up by snow dropping from the bushes or otherwise. These obstacles, although they may be easily removed, are quite sufficient if they remain; to burst the strongest barrels when the piece is fired. This is caused by the wonderful velocity of the expanding gasses. This expansion, is said to be at about the rate of 7,000 feet per second, is the same in all directions, and the least check at the muzzle of the gun causes such a sudden increased pressure on all sides that the latter are unable to resist its effects, and are burst open. No one is more cautious or scrupulous in the use of his gun than an old sportsman, and no one more readily than he detects and condemns carelessness in the manipulation of their guns in others.

Josie Fowler, of New Haven, snuffs candles and cores apples with a revolver. The young men are exceedingly respectful in their attentions to her.

The Contents of a Lump of Coal

For years no one supposed that a piece of soft coal dug from its mine or bed in the earth, possessed any other quality than being combustible, or was valuable for any other purpose than as fuel. It was next found that it would afford a gas, which is also combustible. Chemical analysis proved it to be made of hydrogen. In process of time mechanical ingenuity devised a mode of manufacturing this gas, and applying it to the lighting of buildings and cities on a large scale. In doing this other products of distillation were developed, until, step by step, the following ingredients or materials are extracted from it: 1. An excellent oil to supply light-houses, equal to the best sperm oil at lower cost. 2 Benzole—a light sort of etherial fluid, which evaporates easily, and combined with a vapor or moist air, is used for the purpose of portable gas lamps, so called. 3. Naptha— a heavy fluid used to dissolve gutta-percha, india-rubber, etc. 4. An oil excellent for lubricating purposes. 5. Asphaltum—a black, solid substance, used in making varnishes, covering roofs and covering vaults. 6. Parafine—a white crystalized substance resembling white wax which can be made into beautiful wax candles; it melts at a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees, and affords an excellent light. All these substances are now made from soft coal.

Signs of a Prosperous Farmer.

When you see a barn larger than his house, it shows that he will have large profits and small afflictions. When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from good resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity. When you always see in his wood house a sufficiency for three months or more, it shows that he will be more than a ninety days' wonder, in farming operations, and that he is not sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic. When his sled is housed in summer, and his farming implements covered in both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of his early life and the winter of his old age. When his cattle are properly shielded and fed in winter, it evinces that he is acting according to scripture, which says that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast." When he is seen subscribing for a paper and paying for it in advance, it shows that he is speaking like a book representing the last improvements in agriculture, and that he never gets his walking papers to the land of poverty.

Fashionable Women.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature—a greater injury to her physical and mental situation—than poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and will see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toil, will live to see her fashionable sisters die all around her. The kitchen maiden is hearty and strong, while her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that the fashion-tampered women are almost worthless for all the ends of human life. They have but little force of character. They have still less power of moral will, and quite as little of physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody and they save nobody. They write no books; they set no rich example of virtue and of womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared what are they? What do they ever amount to but weak scions of the old stock! Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from strong minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

Farmers are slow to learn the value of carrots for horses. They are so nutritious that livery stable men feed out large quantities of them to their horses, instead of grain. Four quarts of oats and the same of carrots are considered as good for a horse as eight quarts of oats; and horses that are not worked much will keep in good condition on hay and carrots only. A few small potatoes are also very good for a horse, especially to give a smooth, glossy coat. The farmer who has no carrots, beets or turnips for his stock when winter approaches has made a serious mistake. In England where land is dear, the farmers grow immense crops of beets to feed out in the winter; and if profitable there, why not here? Probably the most easily raised, most productive, and most profitable root crop in this country is some of the varieties of beets, some of which grow eighteen to twenty-four inches long and yield a thousand bushels to the acre, if the land is highly manured; but the best way to grow them is to grow a crop of potatoes the previous year on the land, with a heavy application of manure, and with no manure the year the beets are grown, and there will be but few weeds, if the land was kept clean the year before.

Pipe lines are growing in favor as a medium of transportation. Down in Louisiana some syrup dealers propose to lay pipes through which syrup can be pumped any distance from the sugar house to the great factory on the Teche.

Perryopolis, Fayette county has a citizen by the name of A. G. Husin who is in the 105th year of his age.

Duel.

At Bodie, Mono county, on Tuesday afternoon, Jack Braslan and a man named Blair, who have for some time been in partnership in their business of mining and prospecting, met in the bar room of Pollock's boarding house and commenced an angry dispute concerning the terms of a certain location they had recently made. They were both under the influence of liquor, Braslan more so than Blair. After quarrelling for some time Braslan exclaimed that he was chief, which claim Blair disputed, saying that he was willing to fight him at any distance, from a handkerchief length to forty paces. This challenge Braslan—whose pistol and belt were lying on the floor a short distance from him—accepted, asking for time to "heel himself," which he proceeded to do by buckling on his belt. The two men went out into the street, appearing more pleasantly disposed toward one another than they had been at any time during the day. Placing themselves