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

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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 joining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '79.

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

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

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

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

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 15 79-1y

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.

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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,
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SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
Inquire at 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.

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. 12, '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 county.—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. je12-72

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

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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.

$2500 A YEAR. Agents wanted. Business legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St Louis, Mo.

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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

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:o:
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 supons are prepaid in denominations of

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

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

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Oculist and Aurist,
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY,
No. 256 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.
All diseases of **EYE, EAR and THROAT,** and **Catarrh** successfully treated. Operations for **Cataract,** "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hairs," **Cancer** and Tumors of the lids, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Conical Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases. July12.

WALL PAPER!
Spring Stock immense! Paper from 6c up! All the new style of Dados, Borders and Friezes. Papers of every grade, style and quality, at lower prices than can be found in the city. Sample Screens newly prepared with latest parlor papers. A fine display of New Goods for every room a house contains.
New York Paper Store.
Bet. 6th and 7th Aves. 173 Smithfield Street.
March 20 PITTSBURGH.

FITS, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS, POSITIVELY CURED, the worst cases of the longest standing by using DR. HERBARD'S CURE. "NO HUMBUG," IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS. Will give $1,000 for a case it will not benefit. A Sample Bottle free to all addressing J. E. DIBBLEE, Chemist, Office, 1,323 Broadway, New York. Feb 20

$45 PREMIUM WATCH AND CHAIN—a Seven-winder. Free with every order. Outfit free. J. B. Guylord & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET.

AIR TIGHT, NOISELESS AND AUTOMATIC.
Seat always clean and free from dust, and no odor can escape.
Especially adapted for use in Hospitals, Hotels and Families. Can be used in the Bedroom without giving any offence.
Prices, 10, 14 and 18 Dollars.
Address, with stamp, for circular,
PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET COMPANY,
No. 30 Water St. Brooklyn,
Long Island.

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.
aug15.

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 purchase

The Great New Medicine

A Health-Giving Power
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
INVIGORATES THE LIVER,
PROMOTES DIGESTION, and
STRENGTHENS THE NERVES,
Thus effectually curing disease of whatever name or nature. It is worthy of a trial. RELIEF guaranteed.
VIGORENE
Is AGREEABLE to the taste, GRATEFUL to the stomach, and acts efficiently as a CATHARTIC, ALTERATIVE and DIURETIC. Its action is not attended with any unpleasant feeling, neither is langour nor debility experienced, but on the contrary, refreshment and invigoration.
Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. To those affected with an engorged condition of the liver, as Biliousness, characterized by a dusky complexion, a coated tongue, a pasty, bad taste in the mouth, a capricious appetite and sluggish action of the bowels, with a sense of fullness in the head and of mental dullness, VIGORENE proves most valuable.
Its effect upon the kidneys is no less happy, a turbid, irritating urine is quickly cleared up by it.
Inflammatory and Chronic RHEUMATISM will soon disappear by a persistent use of VIGORENE.
For the cure of Skin Diseases and Eruptions of all kinds, VIGORENE is most certain.
VIGORENE is composed of the active properties of HERBS, ROOTS, GUMS and BARKS, that Nature alone furnishes, great care being taken by us that they are gathered at the right season of the year, and that they possess their native virtues.
That VIGORENE has the power to PURIFY THE BLOOD, INVIGORATE the LIVER, and STIMULATE the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, is indisputably proven by those who have given it a trial and have been permanently cured.
We do not ask you to try a dozen bottles to experience relief, for we GUARANTEE you will feel better from the first few doses.
VIGORENE is astonishing the world with its cures, and is throwing all other TONICS, ALTERATIVES and INVIGORANTS, into the shade. Put up in large bottles, double strength. Requires small doses, and is pleasant to take.
Price, $1.00 per Bottle.
WALKER & BADGER MFG. CO., Prop's,
23 John St., New York, and Jersey City, N. J.
"THE OBJECT OF EATING," a new book every one should read, sent free upon receipt of a one cent stamp.

FOR SALE BY
G. W. SPEERS,
DRUGGIST, Somerset, Pa.
February 6

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

U can money make faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. March 27

AFTER THE QUARREL.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

Hush, my pretty one. Not yet.
Wait a little, only wait.
Other blue flowers are as wet
As your eyes, outside the gate
He has shut forever. But
Is the gate forever shut?

Just a young man in the rain
Saying (the last time?) "good-night!"
Should he never come again
Would the world be ended quite?
Where would all these rose-buds go?—
All these robins? Do you know?

But—he will not come? Why, then,
Is there no other within call?
There are men, and men, and men—
And these men are brothers all:
Each sweet fault of his you'll find
Just as sweet in all his kind.

None with eyes like his? Oh—oh!
In diviner ones did I
Look, perhaps an hour ago.
Whose? Indeed (you must not cry)
These I thought of—are not free
To laugh down your tears, you see.

Voice like his was never heard?
No,—but better ones, I vow;
Did you ever hear a bird?—
Listen, one is singing now!
And his gloves? His gloves? Ah, well,
There are gloves like his to sell.

At the play to-night you'll see,
In mock-velvet cloaks, mock curls
With mock-jeweled swords—that he
Were a clown by! —Now, those curls
Are the barber's pride, I say;
Do not cry for them, I pray.

If no one should love you? Why,
You can love some other still:
Philip Sidney, Shakspeare, ay,
Good King Arthur, if you will:
Raphael—*he* was handsome too.
Love them, one and all. I do.

Scribner for June.

DANDELIONS.

"Have you got the front room and the chamber just above it all dusted and in perfect order, Leslie?"

"All in order, mother."

"Very well, then, brush out the kitchen, and get down the best crockery, and see that there is no dust on it."

"I will, mother, only don't hurry me so. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know.

"I know 'twasn't, child, but we have nothing to do with Rome now-a-days. So hurry and do as I've told you, and then you can take the basket and run out in the meadow and pick a mess of dandelions for dinner. Your father likes them, and I reckon they won't go amiss with our new boarder—that is, if he comes out on the morning stage. If not, maybe he'd relish a few cold, that is if there's plenty of vinegar on them."

Leslie Sawyer looked out into the spacious porch where her fleshy, good-natured, mother stood bending over a cloud of steam issuing from a newly painted wash tub.

"Mother," she said shortly, "I'm tired; pray let Mertie go. She hasn't been doing a thing this morning."

Mrs. Sawyer looked over to the open door-way as Leslie spoke.

"Yes, Myrtle," she said, "you go, that's a dear, for I know Leslie must be tired. Take the basket and that old knife sticking up over the farther beam, and go up just beyond the wall. You know where they grow. In farmer Hilder's meadow, close by the one where your father pastures Old Whitey. Come, Myrtle, hurry, as it is most time for the stage to be in."

A fragile, willowy figure rose up from the stone door-step. It was clad in a neatly fitting calico, with a spotless linen collar about the round, white throat. A large straw hat concealed her features, but as her hand went out for the knife and basket, it fell down by her side and revealed a wealth of softly tinted brown hair, two wondrous brown eyes, heavy lashes, gracefully arched eye brows, a fair brow and a mouth like a cherry. Her complexion was faultless, and a dash of carmine in her cheeks betokened health as well as beauty. But at her mother's second command to hasten, she looked up in a rebellious way.

"I hate digging dandelions. It spoils my hands. Can't Archer go, mother?"

"Archer is in the field with father," responded Mrs. Sawyer, as she shook the drops from the spotless linen she held, over Myrtle's upturned face. "But if you don't want to go, Leslie will, I suppose."

"And I should be a heathen to let her," cried Myrtle, cheerily, recovering her good nature, and wiping her wet face. Never mind my hands. I don't care—I'll go."

So she danced off; the gate shut with a click behind her; her straw hat soon disappeared from view. Mrs. Sawyer went on hanging out her clothes, Leslie washed the best crockery, and the old clock in the kitchen pointed to stage time.

Over the meadows, now and then tripping in the tall grass, and seeming in frantic haste, went a tall, manly form clad in a clean linen suit and carrying in one hand a carpet bag, and in the other an umbrella. Eagerly his eyes traversed the broad field as if in pursuit of some friendly farm-house, but as none appeared in sight, he gave way to his disappointment in low smothered tones.

"I declare! it's too bad I missed my way. I am almost sorry I ventured to walk from the station. I suppose had I waited for the stage I should have been there ere this. But this is just my luck! Halloa!" and he stopped suddenly, for hidden in the tall grass was a demure little figure, who, at the upsetting of a little wicker basket, had uttered a quick sentence of:—

"There! every one spilled, I do declare!"

Then Mr. Philip Warren started back deftly, and with his calm eye took in the whole picture. The green meadow, the blue tufts of violets at her feet, and in their midst a girl with soft brown hair, trembling mouth and wondrous brown eyes. Over her shoulders hung a large straw hat, beside her sat a basket filled with these same blue violets, and in her lap one or two dandelion roots. It was plain to be seen that she had been dispatched for the latter but the former had overruled, and so had now the day. Philip saw that at a glance, but as he looked two other eyes sought his, which at once recalled him to his senses. Doffing his hat politely he accosted the stranger.

"Pardon, miss, but will you be so kind as to direct me to farmer Sawyer's? I undertook to walk from the station and have lost my way, I think. I am to board there for a few weeks. My name is Philip Warner; perhaps you have heard them mention me."

The girl rose up slowly, shaking as she did so the violets and dandelions from her lap, and Philip saw how youthful she was in appearance. Certainly not more than sixteen years had passed over her sunny head.

"I have heard of you," said she; "I am Myrtle Sawyer, and I live in that large white house. There it is just peeping through the green trees."

Philip Warren bowed as if to a queen.

"Then you are the daughter of Farmer Sawyer," he said, "and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you every day for four weeks. Truly I am fortunate, for I hardly fancied this country village boasted of so fair a maiden as the one I now behold."

Myrtle blushed.

"You flatter me," she said smilingly, then dropped her eyes shyly. Philip was infatuated.

"Not at all," he said warmly. "Trust me, I mean everything I say. Now I have one favor to ask of you. Will you permit me to tarry here till you return to the house, for by your basket I judge you to be in search of wild-flowers, and such is an occupation I greatly enjoy," he added, as he righted the half upset basket, with a graceful apology for his careless manner of deranging its contents.

Myrtle laughed. Philip immediately thought of robins and nightingales, but he did not say so.

"Indeed," she said, with a charming blush, "I was not sent to gather flowers, but to dig these great coarse dandelions for our new boarder's dinner. I have been out full an hour, and seeing this charming spot, I forgot all, and look! have picked darling violets instead. Aren't they large? And isn't this lovely? Don't you think it is?" holding up a tiny green leaf tightly curled about a slender blue blossom.

"Indeed it is," Philip answered, but his eyes were on her face and not on the flower. "It is sweeter than any I have yet seen."

Myrtle colored. His compliment was too plain not to be understood. But she only shrugged her shoulders.

"I must go to work," she said, briefly. "Yonder is our house. Follow this path, and you can't miss your way."

"And so you won't let me stay and help you?" Philip said reproachfully, as he again took up his carpet-bag. "I am very tired, Miss Sawyer, and the rest in this meadow will, I am sure, refresh me. Please let me stay. You know we are to become fast friends during my stay, and if so, why not commence it now? So don't cast me off."

Myrtle laughed. She sent a glance into the handsome face beside her.

"Stay, then," she said shyly, and so he remained, digging the huge roots as fast as he discovered them, and indulging in little talks about the great city from whence he had just come, while she entertained him in her turn with snatches of country gossip.

At the end of an hour, good Mrs. Sawyer was astonished by the sight of Myrtle coming up the walk, chatting away to a stranger who bore a carpet bag strapped upon his shoulder, and in his hand a basket filled to the brim with dandelions. But her surprise was soon ended, for he at once introduced himself as their expected boarder, and gave an account of his meeting with Myrtle.

That day was only the beginning of many more, each better and more enjoyable. Myrtle, being the youngest daughter of a doting father, had no menial labor to perform, so became the chief companion of Philip Warren in all his walks and meditations. She was a genuine, innocent, country maiden, one could see that at a glance, but for all her simplicity there was a nameless charm about her which won all hearts. Even Philip Warren acknowledged that, and was never so contented as when in her society. Indeed, the country air seemed to agree with him so well, that he lengthened his stay to eight weeks instead of four, and Myrtle's cheeks took on a rosier glow, and her eyes a brighter sparkle. Even the good farmer and his wife smiled at her fondness for the manly stranger, for to them both he was a likely young fellow, and if he loved their child, and she loved him, he should be blessed for her sake. So he remained on.

One day as Myrtle was on her way to the meadow, which was now her daily habit, Philip joined her, and as the two walked he said suddenly:

"Myrtle, I am in a great dilemma, and appeal to you to help me out. The other day I had a letter from home, stating that two magnificent carriage-horses I had ordered ere I came here, had arrived. They are minus names, and I wish for some sort of title by which to designate them; I appeal to you to propose something. And as I go to the city to-morrow to see about them I wish to order their winter blankets with the different names worked on the side before I return here." I am, you know, a great lover of horses, and as I want some romantic name, I appeal to you for advice in the matter."

"But I know of nothing suitable, Philip," Myrtle said. Then smiling playfully, she held up to his view a small green weed. "How shall this do?" she asked.

He caught at the meaning instantly.

"The very thing," he cried. "Dandelion it shall be, or rather 'Dandy' and 'Lion.' Good, Myrtle, that was a happy thought. And do you know little girl, that these names will serve to remind me of you? For do you remember that the first time I ever saw you, you were picking dandelions?"

"To be sure I remember, and you helped me, too, unmindful of your clean linen suit," answered Myrtle, softly.

"It's a day I shall never forget," said Philip Warren, and Myrtle was too happy to make answer.

The next day he went back to the city, and though the little country maiden watched for him long, it was full three weeks before he came to her again. Then he asked her to go with him to the meadow, as she flew to meet him with outstretched hands.

"Myrtle, said he, "listen to me, for I have something to tell you."

Myrtle bent her head toward him, confident of what that something was. But Philip looked at her gravely.

"Myrtle," he said, "I came into your home, as you well know, in search of health. My friends advised me to do so, and I am glad I did, as I have fully recovered. But since my return to the city have met with a severe loss, and I seek your sympathy. For, Myrtle, only two weeks ago, I buried my first-born—my baby girl—to whose advent I had long looked as the one bright spot in my life. But Myrtle, you are ill? You are not like yourself! Tell me what is the matter?"

"No, I am not ill," said Myrtle, calmly, the purple shadows beneath her eyes deepening. "What was it you were saying. Go on, I shall hear," she added—"but be quick, please."

Before she was aware of it, Philip Warren threw his arms about her.

"Myrtle," he said, passionately, "I have dealt you a cruel blow. Don't struggle so, darling; I know it, and have hesitated long about doing so. For this summer has been to me the one sunny spot in my life. I have watched you long, Myrtle, and I have thought that your dear heart had passed into my keeping when first you met me, and I know mine forsook me when I first saw your dear face. Yet I know it was wrong for me to win your affections. I tried to feel only a brotherly love for you, but I failed. It proved to be a strong one, and I was powerless to prevent it. Then I was in hopes that I had deceived myself, in regard to your feelings. This was for your sake, darling, not mine, and I suddenly told you of my affliction knowing that by this means I could tell for a certainty whether yours was sisterly affection or not. My *ruse* had its desired effect. I saw your cheek pale, your lip tremble, and I am wretched, for, Myrtle Sawyer, I love you, and I am the husband of another."

For a moment there was a silence between the two, then Myrtle spoke.

"Philip, tell me everything. Had you told me before, you would have saved me a world of misery," and the sweet mouth trembled.

"I was a brute, Myrtle, yet I could not bear to break the spell your presence wove," said Philip, holding her hand guiltily, for she had withdrawn herself from his embrace. "But listen: two years ago my parents died, leaving me no property whatever. I disliked labor. I met a rich heiress, and married her for her money, and she me for my good looks. Ours was the old story. We quarreled; my health became broken; my wife went home for a season to her father, and I came here. I met you, Myrtle, and you know the rest. But my wife is fond of me in her way. She loves pomp and show, while I love quiet, and we differ much. She likes her fast horses and her wine, and her house and stables are built in the most modern style. And, Myrtle, in the latter there stand only two creatures for whom I have any affection. You know what they are, for you named them, and I love them for your sake. But, Myrtle, two weeks ago I buried from sight my first born and only child. This was what called me to the city, and explains my long absence. But we buried her, and as my wife wished to bestow a name on the babe who could never lisp the name of mother, I begged the privilege of naming her myself. Surprised at the interest I manifested, she humored me, and as the breath was leaving the little frame, I gave her the name of 'Violet,' because the first time I looked upon your face was in the time of violets. Then robed in white, covered with sprays of myrtle, we laid her away. My wife has hardly rallied from the shock, while I—I am doubly smitten. And now, Myrtle, I must go away from this village and from you. God forgive me for having blighted your whole life—but, Myrtle, I love you! I love you!"

"Oh, Philip," and two mournful eyes looked into his. "Go," she said, in a hollow voice. "I do not blame you. You have suffered, and so have I. Go and forget me, and I will endeavor to live for the sake of those who love me in that old farm-house over the hill, and to whom I must explain all."

So they separated, but like the "judge," he looked back as he climbed the hill, and saw the maiden standing still.

"Then he took up the burden of life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'"

* * * * * *

Four years passed. The old farmer and his wife had entered into rest. Leslie was married, and Archer also. Myrtle, too, had a home of her own, but she reigned in it a widow, beloved and respected by all. Her husband had just lived long enough to call her by the endearing name of wife for six short months, and then died, leaving behind him a good, noble memory, and a luxuriant home. Deeply did Myrtle deplore her loss, but after all he had never had the warmest portion of her heart. That had been given to him whom years before she had called her first love. Still she honored her husband's memory, and the beautiful pale-faced widow had many a friend among his kindred and people. During her married life she had remained in utter ignorance of Philip Warren and his whereabouts. But at the end of those four long years they met. It was at some private gathering, and their meeting was simple, only the warm hand grasp told of their feelings. And when the chance occurred, as it always does to some people, he drew her out of the crowd, and together they walked toward her home.

Then he told her of the death of his wife, and the vast property which she had left to him. And Myrtle in her turn spoke of her loss, and her wedded life, until in his joy Philip drew her close to him and held her captive, until she had assured him that her love for him was as strong as on the day they parted. Reaching home she showed him her beautiful boy.

"He is named for you," she said softly, "Philip, my king!"

But the sweet brown eyes were not looking at the boy then. They were raised to a more manly face than his, and two dear lips were whispering in her ears:

"My Myrtle! Mine at last!"

"Popular Music."

NEW YORK, April 25.—I have been talking with some of the music publishers here, with a view to getting out some of the interesting facts about the "popular" publications of the day. No compositions in the whole range of music meet with such financial success as those which ordinary people are accustomed to look upon as "trash." And, while a writer of high-toned melodies looks with contempt upon the composer of "Don't be angry with me, darling," the latter is consoled with the reflection that, even if his work is not asthetic, it pays. For instance, Will S. Hays, of Louisville, well known as an author of popular songs, has made a modest fortune out of a single ballad called "Mollie Darling." And he considers this one of the poorest he has ever written. But it bears the merit of simplicity, and by far the greatest demand is for songs of that quality.

The histories of some of these are full of interest. At this moment I think of rather an odd incident, where a ballad inspired purely by contempt for the meaningless stuff in fashion was accepted in earnest by the public and had an enormous sale. The song I refer to is "Put me in my little bed," and it isn't long since it was sung throughout the country by everybody, from squalling infant to fat and placid matron. The author, Dexter Smith, had written a number of clever verses, which he carried to his publisher. The gentleman, after glancing them over, handed them back, with the following doubtful criticism:

"These are very good, Mr. Smith,—too good, in fact. Yes, they are too good for me. Use them in the *Atlantic*, or some other place. What I want just now is something after this pattern."

And he read to the astonished writer some selections from several of the popular ballads. Smith was disgusted.

"It surely can't be possible," said he, "that the public wants such miserable stuff as this."

"It is not only possible," but true."

"Then I don't wonder that mine is too good for use. Good day."

And the young composer strode half-angrily out of the office, reflecting upon the degeneracy of the public mind. He was going along one of the narrow Boston streets, absorbed in his thoughts, when he heard a dirty little urchin yell to his mother, "Sa-ay, mam! Put me in my little bed!" There was his subject! And, going home, filled with a determination to write the most unutterable mess of dreariness he could think of, he composed the song which has since made him famous. His little joke was well received, and its reputation spread until the sales reached an enormous figure.

In this connection, let me give you the number of copies sold of a few of the best known publications of this kind: "Put me in my little bed," by Dexter Smith, 250,000; "Come, birdie, come," by the same author, 100,000; "Mollie Darling," by Will S. Hays, 40,000; "Silver threads among the gold," by Danks, (who is very popular) 75,000; "Come home, father," 50,000; "Evangeline," 25,000; "Tramp, tramp, tramp," 100,000; "Norah O'Neil," 100,000; "Sweet Genevieve," 20,000. Many of these still sell readily, and will doubtless continue to do so for a number of years. Songs written to suit the times frequently reach an immense sale, and, as in book publications, those which appear the weakest are not infrequently the most successful.

For His Mother's Sake.

Anecdotes of Morrissey are numerous, most of them highly complimentary to the manliness and good fellowship of the dead gambler. Simon Cameron narrates one, his authority being undoubtedly Senator Conkling, whom he seeks to disguise under the phrase "One of the best known Republican leaders in New York." A young man of promise, a clerk in a metropolitan dry goods house, left twelve thousand dollars of his employer's money in Morrissey's hell. Realizing the awful position in which his dishonesty placed him, the young man told his mother, who half crazed with grief told her father. The Republican leader aforesaid was called into counsel. He went to the gambler, told him the whole story, and assured him that disgrace and ruin would be brought upon an estimable family if the money lost by the young man was not returned. Morrissey listened quietly to all that was told him, and then said: "Well, that's all very well, but the young fellow lost the money fair; and as for him being a poor, innocent young dove that didn't know nothin' of the world, that's all stuff; he's been in our place often and won many a pile, but for the old woman's sake I'll see what I can do. Come to my house to-morrow morning, and like as not I can make the thing all right." The next morning the gentleman came as he was directed, and with the simple words, "Tell the old woman to keep her boy away from sportin' houses," Morrissey handed him the exact sum the young clerk had lost. "If such an action," said Mr. Cameron, in conclusion, "does not cover a multitude of sins, my seventy-nine years of life have taught me no lessons and rought me no knowledge."

THE BOY WHO ADVISED

One of our humorists thus writes: The architect who plans high front steps to a house is in league with certain boys who have a "large and assorted stock" of meanness born in their nature. Proof of this can be found any day in the week in Detroit, and the latest was gathered in no later that Saturday afternoon. A very nice young man, dressed in the nobbiest style, and sporting a cane which never cost less than a dollar, walked up the high front steps of a Jefferson avenue mansion and pulled the bell. It was plain enough, even to a street car driver, that the young man had an affection for some one in that house, and that he was about to meet his charmer. But it wasn't so plain to a stub-nosed boy, who was drawing a picture of an Indian warrior on the flagstones with a piece of indigo. He looked up, quit his work, and loafing along to the gate called out:

"Them air folks don't want any patent tooth-paste to-day.

The nobby young man gave a sudden start of surprise, but he instantly realized the vastness of the gulf separating him and that street boy, and he did not reply.

"Our folks don't want any clothes-wringers to-day, and you don't want to hear me!" called the boy.

The young man heard him. Several pedestrians also heard him, and as they looked up the young man wondered why no one answered the bell.

"I'm telling you young fellow up there," said the boy, "that we don't keep no boarding house here! If you want cheap board you must go around the corner and three blocks straight on. Do you propose to pay in advance?"

As no one came to the door the young man pulled the bell again:

"I'm telling you that you can't pass yourself off as a grasshopper sufferer!" shouted the boy. If you want some cold vittels go round to the side gate!"

Four pedestrians had halted on the other side of the street, and the young man looked down on the boy and softly said:

"Boy, can you catch ten cents?"

"We don't sign no petishuns here for a national monument to the inventor of a dish-pan!" replied the boy. What I'm talking to you is that you want to go around to the cook's door!"

The young man wished a wish containing 413 grains fine that the builder of those high steps had been dead for forty years, but the door didn't open, and the boy hung right to him calling out:

"Hain't I been telling you that you can't get in there? You may be the private watchman on this block, but you can't go around pulling front door bells and putting on airs! If I have to argue much longer I'll call the police!"

"I've got a half a dollar here, boy!" said the young man as he turned around.

"Let's see how it looks!" softly replied the lad.

But the half dollar was at home. The young man searched for it in vain, and the disgusted boy turned to the men across the street and called out:

"Isn't it agin the lay for a fellow to be taking a beeswax impression of a front door lock in the daytime?"

They started to come over, and the young man hurried down the steps and up the street. He gave them just one look. It was a look in which railroad collisions and steamboat blow-ups were equally mixed and they frosted with a Bogardus kick.

"Oh! ye kin wink at me and try to buy me off!" growled the boy, "but these principles of honesty were painted all over me when I was a baby, and they can't be rubbed out nor bought up for wealth!"

Just then a young lady threw open the door and smiled and bowed and got as far as: "Why, Fwed!" when she discovered he wasn't there. The footman was out and she had waited to "fix up," and "Fwed" had gone. She backed in and shut the door, and the mean boy got down to finish his Indian.

Anecdote of Lincoln.

All things are fair, so it is generally thought, in war, in a horse trade, or in a law case. It is probably on that bad rule that the late President Lincoln acted when he defeated an antagonist before a jury. The anecdote is thus told by Doctor Bateman:

He was often pitted against eminent lawyers during trials in the Sangamon County Circuit Court. On one occasion he was opposed to a very able advocate, who made a powerful, eloquent and convincing speech to the jury. The gentleman, moreover, was a man who was very precise in his dress, as well as manner and oratory.

But Mr. Lincoln had been observing him, and saw a flaw in his usually faultless attire.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said 'Old Abe,' when he arose to speak, "the gentleman who has just spoken has made a strong argument. He has quoted the law and evidence, and it is not for me to say that he is wrong. He may be correct in all he has said But I want you to take a good look at him. Look especially at the upper half, and then, gentlemen, tell me if any man who comes before you with his standing-collar buttoned 'wrong end to,' with the points sticking away out behind his ears, may not be altogether mistaken in his arguments."

The plan was successful. Mr. Lincoln had broken the spell which the eloquence of his opponent had thrown over the jury.

A Connecticut couple have been twice divorced, and were recently married again. They believe the third tie 'em's the charm.

A man was recently discovered standing upright on a New York sidewalk sound asleep. Nature evidently cut him out for a policeman.

Speak Gently.

A loud boisterous tone shows a want of good breeding. The first principle of politeness is to make those about you feel pleasant, and a rude, coarse manner of speaking is annoying to most persons. A good anecdote is related of a man, who went by the name of "Whispering John," which