The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827

VOL. XXVI. NO. 52. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1878. WHOLE NO. 1404.

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.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

ED. H. 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 on law in Somerset and joining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '79.

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. 22-y.

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 C. 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 '79-1y

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

A. S. COFFROTH. M. R. KUPPEL.
COFFROTH & KUPPEL, 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. july13

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
[illegible] on the 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 Krisinger's store. apr. 22, '76-tf.

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

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tender 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 of active practice in Sharksville, has now permanently located in 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 29.

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.
[illegible]

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST.
Office above Casebeer & Fronz'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.
mar18

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. [illegible]

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL,
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset.

KNOW THYSELF
By reading and practicing the invaluable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION. Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless consequent ills and unusual miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 1000 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilled practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest steel engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
HEAL THYSELF

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

JNO. HICKS LAURA 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.
aug19.

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

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. 23

WANTED Farms to sell and exchange. We have hundreds of customers wanting to buy farms just now. Never know 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, 124 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Those in search of farms send for printed Farm Register.
Nov 28

THE
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.

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 Iris, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Conical Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for description and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July12.

A. J. NELLIS & CO., Mf'rs
Nellis' Original & Walker's Movable Point HARPOON HORSE HAY FORKS.
The only single, double or shear Forks that can be made, sold or used without becoming liable for infringement.
Nellis' Cast Tool Steel Castings and Iron Fittings.
The Famous Put Shall Hay Carrier.
To learn the cheapest and most practical way to put your hay in now or on stack, address
A. J. NELLIS & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.
May 29

MISCELLANEOUS,

GLENN'S
SULPHUR SOAP.
THOROUGHLY CURES DISEASES OF THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND ABRASIONS OF THE CUTICLE AND COUNTERACTS CONTAGION.
This Standard External Remedy for Eruptions, Sores and Injuries of the Skin, not only REMOVES FROM THE COMPLEXION ALL BLEMISHES arising from local impurities of the blood and obstruction of the pores, but also those produced by the sun and wind, such as tan and freckles. It renders the CUTICLE MARVELOUSLY CLEAR, SMOOTH and PLIANT, and being a WHOLESOME BEAUTIFIER is far preferable to any cosmetic.
ALL THE REMEDIAL ADVANTAGES OF SULPHUR BATHS are insured BY THE USE OF *Glenn's Sulphur Soap*, which in addition to its purifying effects, remedies and PREVENTS RHEUMATISM and GOUT.
It also DISINFECTS CLOTHING and LINEN and PREVENTS DISEASES COMMUNICATED BY CONTACT with the PERSON.
IT DISSOLVES DANDRUFF, prevents baldness, and retards grayness of the hair.
Physicians speak of it in high terms.
Prices—25 and 50 Cents per Cake; per Box (3 Cakes), 60c. and $1.20.
N. B.—The 50 cent cakes are triple the size of those at 25 cents.
"HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE,"
Black or Brown, 50 Cents.
C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop'r, 7 Sixth Av., N.Y.

The Great New Medicine

A Health-Giving Power
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
INVIGORATES THE LIVER,
PROMOTES DIGESTION, and
STRENGTHENS THE NERVES,
Thus effectually curing all diseases 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 languor 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, 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,
22 7th St. Bet. Wall 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 New Store on
MAIN CROSS STREET
And in addition to a full line of the best
Confectioneries, Notions,
Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.
We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the
BEST QUALITY OF
FAMILY FLOUR,
CORN-MEAL,
OATS, SHELLED CORN,
OATS & CORN CHOP,
BRAN, MIDDLINGS
And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
FOR
CASH ONLY.
Also, a well selected stock of Glassware; Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of all 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.

HOW DUKE LINTON DIED.

"I am dying," said my Aunt Nora to me, as I sat beside her one autumn eve.

For some time I had known that she could not live long, yet her words sent a shiver through me.

"I trust not aunt," clasping one of her wasted hands in mine; "you are no worse to-day than four months past. Surely you should not give up all hope?"

"Why should I care—why should I hope? Life is but one long torture to me; why should I mourn that it is to go? My woman's heart has borne too much, my child. Fate wove many a darksome thread over me."

I looked in wordless pity at her as she lay among the pillows, pale and wasted, and I knew that her thoughts had gone back into the past, by the light smile that curved her lips.

I tenderly passed my hand over her faded hair, and, thinking of all the sorrow she had faced and struggled with, I bent forward, pressed my lips to her brow and murmured softly:

"My poor auntie!"

Her large eyes opened and turned to my face.

"Winnie, may I tell you?" she inquired.

"Certainly," said I, in surprise "what can you wish to tell me Aunt Nora?"

My one great sin—my one great sorrow," was her answer.

Was my aunt mad? Surely the approach of death had turned her brain! Her great sin! Why, her life had been one great sacrifice, her heart the abode of suffering, since that time so long ago when she stood, half crazed with grief, over the dead body of her promised husband, the handsome young heir of the Linton homestead, that was now without master or mistress, a beautiful but deserted spot. Ah, well I knew she had suffered, but none could say that she had sinned. She had lavished her wealth on the needy, and in many a cottage was her name spoken at the hour of prayer, reverently, with blessing after blessing upon it.

"Sinned?" said I, softly. "Auntie, dear, you are but dreaming. Will you not try to sleep?"

"Nay, child, ere long I shall sleep soundly, but I cannot die with it untold. Promise that you will not shink from me when I tell you; for, Winnie, since I took you to my heart you have won me to love you as I loved but one before. Promise me."

"Auntie, dear, nothing on earth could make me turn from you; no sin, however dark, could make me love you less."

She clasped my hand convulsively.

"Ah, child, you do not know," she said, "upon my hand is blood, the blood of the one I held dearer than aught on earth. Winnie, do not, I pray do not turn from me; remember I am dying!" for I had tried to withdraw my hand.

Aunt Nora," I cried in horror, "you cannot mean this! Surely, you of all on earth are not the one to shed the blood of a human being! Auntie, darling, you do not mean it."

"Child, listen, while I have the strength to tell, for I know that my hours are numbered. Do not condemn until you hear me. When I was young and fair I had many—too many lovers. Heiress to a noble fortune, possessed of rich beauty, it was no wonder. Life was a perfect dream of joy, for my father worshipped his only child, and I had been too young to weep when my mother died.

"Gayly as some light butterfly I danced along life's pathway, nor dreamed of sorrow or care.

"Friends I had, yes, many a one; but of all, I loved the best one fair-faced girl. We had met at school, and then I had fallen in love with her. It was not strange, for she was more beautiful than any picture I had ever seen, with long golden hair, large innocent blue eyes, and ripe red lips like those of a tender babe. Her skin was clear as that of a waxen image, and seldom held the least color. She was shorter than I, but perfectly formed, with tiny hands and feet.

"I with my dark eyes, and raven hair, and tall, slender figure, felt nothing beside her for beauty, although many said I was fairest.

"Be that as it may; when my father took me to E——, Lottie and I wept bitterly at parting; but my tears fell fastest, and she promised to spend the following summer with me in my new country home.

"Ah, Winnie, alas, the day came! I met Duke Linton, and loved him with the whole wild passion of my young heart. You do not know, child, how a woman of my nature can love. But his deep gray eyes, and haughty brow were stamped upon the heart of the careless young girl, and are still cherished in the bosom of the dying woman. And yet, O, God, that I who so loved him should have laid him so low!"

"In heaven's name, aunt, do not say you killed Duke Linton!" I cried in terror.

"Child," she said, "I did. It was I who drove the dagger to his faithless heart, I who bent above him when he breathed his last."

"Let me tell you all. I loved him as it is the fortune of few women to love, and he professed to worship me. How my heart throbs even now when I think of those happy days! God of mercy, why were they so few?"

She paused a moment, then went on.

"We were engaged, and the day set for our union. In a perfect dream of bliss I wrote to Lottie Dent. She replied and said she was going to visit me very soon.

"May had left us, and June roses were blooming ere Lottie came.

"More beautiful than ever, more careless and gay, she sprang into my arms when I ran to meet her.

"Do you know, Winnie, I believe in presentiments since then? For, as I stood with her clasped to my bosom, a chill came over my heart as though the icy winds of winter were sweeping across its naked chords.

"Ah, if I had then known why! But it passed, and I did not know that God sent it as a warning that I held a serpent to my bosom.

"Well, days flew past, and Lottie had met my lover. She liked him she said, but he was not the sort of a man she would choose. Her fancy had always been for eyes of gloom, and hair like the raven's wing.

"Day after day we three wandered about in perfect happiness, gayly plucking flower by flower, not caring though they faded.

"I did not mind the Duke and Lottie wandering off without me, but smiled to think they were such good friends.

"The day of my marriage was set, and on the 4th of October I would become a bride. I was busy in preparations, nor noted that which might otherwise have caused my heart to bleed.

"But one day—it was as summer was dying, in the first part of September—Lottie and I were standing by the side of the pretty lake that may be seen from the library windows.

"We each carried a pretty basket of ferns and late flowers, and I was thinking how beautiful Lottie looked in a floating robe of snowy white, the only color about her being the bright green of the ferns in her basket. Ah, yes; in her beautiful hair she wore a bunch of bright red berries, with their green leaves.

"In some manner Lottie's foot slipped from the stone on which she stood, and in a moment she was screaming in the water, her ferns floating about her and one hand grasping some shrub that grew on the margin of the lake.

"I was too much frightened to move, but stood with dilated eyes, gazing in horror on her sinking form, when some one rushed by me and in a moment Lottie was clasped to Duke Linton's breast.

"'Poor child, she has fainted,' he said to me. But I was not surprised that his very lips were white, for I myself was terribly frightened, and thought it was fear least a human life was being quenched before his sight that caused lip and cheek to pale. Ah, me! 'twas more.

"Days flew on and the first of October was fading. I threw a wrap about me and went into the garden to enjoy my dreams alone.

"With no intentions of doing so, I entered a small arbor into which the fading daylight scarcely penetrated.

"Upon a table in one corner stood a small basket of fruit, and beside it was lying a pretty dagger that Duke had been permitting us to admire in the afternoon. He had doubtless forgotten it was there. I picked it up. Winnie, it must have been the devil that made me do it, but as I stood with it in my hand I heard voices that I knew. Could it be? Yes, 'twas Duke and Lottie.

"Ah, child, think of what I endured while I stood there in the gathering gloom, and heard him tell her of his love to her and beg that, ere the chain that he hated bound him, she would flee with him and be his wife.

"No thought of me; no pity for the proud heart that he knew would surely break; no remembrance of the vows he had spoken so short a time before came to him as he vowed love and devotion to my friend. And she! Winnie, she listened, and—she promised to flee with him. Child, I think that I was mad. I saw him clasp her to his breast, and saw her raise her lips to his, then leave him and flit toward the house.

"He came forward, entered the arbor, and I shall never forget his face as he stood before me. Shame, cowardly shame made him shrink.

"As God hears me, I had not a thought of murder then, but the dagger was still in my hand; I raised the hand to point for him to go, and the steel caught my eyes; I raised the hand higher, took a step forward and buried the blade in his bosom.

"He fell at my feet, and, realizing what I had done, I knelt beside him and frantically called his name. He did not answer, and knowing that he was dead, I sprang to my feet and rushed toward the house. I gained my own room and bolted the door.

"All that night long I paced my chamber floor, and every chord of my heart strained to breaking. Friend and lover, both were false. Her fair face had won him, and he would have left me to bear my breaking heart and the world's cold scorn as best I might.

"Ere morning dawned I had come to a resolution. My pride was saved, and better place him in the cold earth than know he had deceived and cast me aside.

"One thought was mine, my pride was saved.

"I kept my room next morning till I heard a noise of many excited voices in the hall below, also tramping of many feet. Ah, they had found him! Now—now I must act my part.

"I opened the chamber door, fled down stairs and right up to the object on the hall floor. Then my woman's heart returned. One glance at the rigid face, one sight at the crimsoned breast and I fell upon the marble floor in a deadly swoon. Many kind friends ministered to me, none knowing that upon the hand that bore his betrothed ring rested his blood.

"Lottie Dent took strong convulsions when she knew of his murder, but left E——, next day, and I never heard from her again.

"They bore him to his grave, the last of the proud race of Linton. I, in my mourning garb, followed after, his almost bride; the woman who had taken his life.

"Since that time I have vainly tried to kill remorse by my lavish charity—the small voice speaketh still. Even now, as I lie on the bed from which I may not rise, as I linger on the border land of eternity, there is a fear that all was of no avail.

"Winnie—" in the broken voice were tears—"I took you from poverty when a child, educated and raised you tenderly. I loved you with a mother's love, and if you turn from me now, in horror, how can I face my Judge above. Winnie, child, are you near me?"

"I am here, auntie," I sobbed; "I will not leave you. You have suffered for the sin, and many of God's children have offered prayers for you at His throne. He will forgive. His mercy surpasseth all understanding, and he will not remember against you that one sad act, for surely, auntie, you were mad."

"Yes, darling," she said wearily, "but I feel sleepy. Pray you beside me while I sleep."

For hour after hour I knelt there, pouring out prayer after prayer for the parting soul, for I felt that it was leaving. Hour after hour till the dawn came on, and the sun, rising high, fell upon the stark and rigid face of my aunt. Dead. Aye with the crimson stain upon it, the soul had appeared at the high bar.

Kind had she been to me, kind as a mother. Standing above her coffin, they told of her virtues, her sorrows, her charities, her goodness, and I heard one of them say:

"Her lover was murdered, you know, long—long ago. But none ever knew who did it."

Ah! it is well.

They laid her beside him in the old churchyard, yet is she kindly remembered by the villagers, who call her the "generous Miss Nora."

A Little Lesson.

We ought not to complain too bitterly or be too much disheartened at the misfortunes that may befall us, as we never can be sure that the events, however apparently untoward may not turn out to be misfortunes at all in the end. The principle is well illustrated by the following case:

A seaman on board a man-of-war had both his legs broken by the bursting of a bomb on the decks in the midst of a battle. He was taken below and his case was soon examined by the surgeon. The surgeon decided that the left one was so badly fractured that it must come off. The next morning, being occupied himself with the cases of some of the officers he sent two of his assistants to perform the amputation. They somehow or other made a mistake, and took off the right leg—which in this case was the wrong one.

The surgeon, when he came to see what had been done, was much incensed against the assistants, as was also the seaman himself. The latter, however, declared that he would not submit to another amputation, but would take his chances with the wreck that remained to him, and live or die as fate might determine.

Contrary to the surgeon's predictions, he got well. The left leg recovered and became serviceable as ever. He had a wooden leg made to replace the other.

Sometime afterward he was in another battle. A shot came from the enemy's ship, and, sweeping the deck, struck our seaman and took off—his wooden leg. He seized hold of the capstan to steady himself, as soon as he had recovered a little from the shock, and the astonishment of seeing the splinters of his wooden limb flying by his side, he snapped his finger, saying:

"How lucky it is for me that those blundering fellows took off the leg they did! For if they had taken off the other one I should not now have any leg at all."

School Room Exercises.

John, bound the state of matrimony.

The state of matrimony is bounded on the North by solitude, on the East by double trouble, on the West by vexation.

What are its chief products?

Peevish babies, scolding wives, hen-pecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt ham, and sour pies.

What is said of its climate.

It has a more varied temperature than that of any other state in existence. In that portion of it called Honey Moon the climate is salubrious and healthy, the atmosphere is laden with the sweets of the flowers of Hymen. In some parts the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception when they expect most warmth, and in some other parts there is the burning sensation of the torrid zone.

Sarah, has John given a correct outline of the state of matrimony.

Can't say, sir; never was in that state. Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in it with him, and when I return I'll answer the question.

Well, Sarah, as you seem to be ignorant in Geography, I will examine you in Grammar. Take the sentence marriage is a civil contract. Parse marriage.

Marriage is a noun, because it's a name. And though Shakespeare asks what's in a name, and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name, shows that the rule established by the bard of Avon has at least one exception For marriage certainly is of very great importance, and being a noun, therefore a name, ergo there is something in a name.

Good, what is the case of marriage?

Don't know, sir.

Decline it and see.

Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. Had rather conjugate.

Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case marriage is?

Yes, sir. It is a very common case, and I wouldn't care if it was a little commoner. I 'spose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's case.

Can you decline marriage?

Jane blushes extremely, and answers,

Had rather not, sir.

Well, Sarah, what person is marriage?

Second person, sir, because the person you speak to is the one that is going to marry.

What number is marriage?

Plural number now, sir, because Bill and I are two at the present time.

A Piute chief owns a high silk hat, and is so careful of it that his but being leaky, he kept it covered with skins in a hole in the ground.

There is no peace for the bald-headed; just as tidies are going out flies are coming in.

A Big Mistake.

Recently our church has had a new minister.

He is a nice, good, sociable gentleman; but from a distant State, of course he was totally unacquainted with our people.

Therefore, it happened that during his pastoral calls he made several ludicrous blunders.

One of them is as follows:

The other evening he called upon Mrs. Hadden. She had just lost her husband, and naturally supposed that his visit was relative to the sad occurrence.

So, after a few common-places had been exchanged, she was not at all surprised to hear him remark:

"It was a sad bereavement, was it not, Mrs. Hadden?"

"Yes," faltered the widow.

"Totally unexpected?"

"Oh, yes; I never dreamed of it."

"He died in the stable I suppose?"

"Oh, no; in the house."

"Ah—well, I suppose you must have thought a good deal of him."

"Of course, sir"—this with a vim. The minister looked rather surprised, crossed his legs, and renewed the conversation.

"Blind staggers was the disease, I believe?" he said.

"No, sir," snapped the widow, "apoplexy."

"Indeed; you must have fed him too much."

"He was always capable of feeding himself, sir."

"Very intelligent he must have been. Died hard, didn't he?"

"He did."

"You had to hit him on the head with an axe to put him out of misery, I was told."

Mrs. Hadden's eyes snapped fire.

"Whoever told you so did not speak the truth," she haughtily uttered. "James died naturally."

"Yes," repeated the minister, in a slightly perplexed tone, "he kicked the side of the barn down in his last agonies, did he not?"

"No, sir, he didn't."

"Well, I have been misinformed, I suppose. How old was he?"

"Thirty-five."

"Then he did not do much active work. Perhaps you are better without him, for you can easily supply his place with another."

"Never, sir—never will I see one as good as he."

"Oh, yes, you will. He had the heaves bad you know."

"Nothing of the kind."

"Why, I recollect I saw him, one day, with you on his back, and I distinctly recollect he had the heaves, and walked as if he had the spring-halt."

Mrs. Hadden stared at her reverend visitor as if she imagined that he was crazy.

"He never could have had the spring-halt, for he had a cork leg," she returned.

"A cork leg!—remarkable. But really, now, didn't he have a dangerous trick of suddenly stopping and kicking a wagon all to pieces?"

"Never; he was not a madman, sir."

"Probably not. But there were some good points about him."

"I should think so."

"The way in which he carried his ears, for example."

"Nobody else ever noticed that particular merit," said the widow, with much asperity; "he was warm-hearted, generous and frank."

"Good qualities," answered he unconsciously. "How long did it take him to go a mile?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Not much of a goer. Wasn't his hair apt to fly?"

"He hadn't any hair. He was bald-headed."

"Quite a curiosity?"

"No, sir, no more of a curiosity than you are."

The minister shifted uneasily, and got red in the face. But he returned to the attack.

"Did you use the whip much on him?" he questioned.

"Never, sir."

"Went right along without it eh?"

"Yes."

"He must have been a good sort of a brute?"

Mrs. Hadden turned white, and made no reply.

The minister did not know what to say, but finally blurted out.

"What I most admired about him was the beautiful waggle of his tail."

Then the widow just sat down and cried.

"The idea of coming here and insulting me!" she sobbed. "If my husband had lived, you wouldn't a done it. Your remarks in reference to my poor dead man have been but a series of insults. I won't stand it."

He colored and looked dumbfounded.

"No, no."

"Ain't you Mrs. Blinkers?" he stammered.

"And had not your old gray horse died?"

"I never owned a h horse, but my husband d-died a week ago!"

Ten minutes later the minister came out of that house with the reddest face ever seen on mortal man.

"And to think," he groaned, as he strode home, "that I was talking horse to that woman all the time, and she was talking husband!"

Two brothers lived in a village in Jersey. They were twins, and their extraordinary resemblance to each other caused many queer mistakes. The following story is told of them, but we do not vouch for it: An Irishman was offended by one of the brothers, and was a long time watching his opportunity for revenge. The twins were constantly together, and although Pat was pretty well able to manage one, he considered that the whipping of both together was a luxury he could not afford to indulge in. At last, however, he met one of them alone, but was not quite sure that he had the right man. He determined to inquire into the matter. "Is that you?" said he, "or are you only your brother?" The fellow, taking in the situation, answered, "Oh I'm only my brother." "Then it's well for you it isn't yourself that's in it," said Pat, as he walked off with a clear conscience.

Tom Corwin and the Runaway Slave.

Dr. Graham, in 1852, was the proprietor of the Harrodsburg, (Ky.) Epsom Springs, since purchased by the Government as a Soldiers' Home. He had a favorite negro named Pierson, who was the leader of a colored band, and who, when not in the ball-room or pavilion, walked about in faultless broadcloth and kid gloves, and it is said, would seldom talk to a negro woman not four-fifths white, and never to a negro. In the height of the season, when he looked scorn upon the donor of a half dollar, and only smiled when the eagle shone in gold, he ran away. Being educated he had no difficulty to write his passes and go to Ohio, as he had often been there before.

He went to Columbus to amuse himself with the Legislature, and there he met the Hon. Tom Corwin. I do not remember the date when he was Governor.

"Tom said: "Is Dr. Graham here, Pierson?"

"No sah, I am alone," he said.

"Give my love to the family, and especially Miss Ella, when you go back," said Tom.

"I am not going back, sah; I raned away."

"Why, Pierson, did the doctor strike you?"

"He never so forgot himself," said Pierson.

"Did you get into any trouble?"

"I knows how to take care of myself," said Pierson, with dignity.

"Didn't you get enough to eat or wear?"

Pierson snapped a dust mote from his shining broadcloth and consulted a gold watch, but never deigned a reply.

Said the Hon. Tom Corwin, solemnly: "Don't you know, you misguided man, that a thousand of white men would look with envy at a position not half so easy and safe as that you fled from? You had no cares; you were fed and clothed; and if the doctor lost his fortune you would be just as easy with any other rich man, make money always with no need to spend."

Pierson replied gravely: "Mars Tom, that situation with all its advantages is open to you if you would like to go and fill it."

The bystanders roared and Tom started, and suddenly remembered business in the State-house. It was the only time in his life that he had no reply to give.—*N. Y. Star.*

How to Make Home Happy

Learn to govern yourself, to be gentle and patient.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayers, penitence, and a sense of your own short-comings and errors.

Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.

Remember that valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is often much more precious.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect; and we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forgiveness and forbearance ourselves.

Never retort a short or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things wherever opportunity offers.

Study the character of each one, and sympathize with them in their troubles, however small.

Do not neglect small things if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

Avoid moods, pets, and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to deny yorselves and to prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale bearers.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Be gentle but firm with children.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.

Do not allow them much spending money.

Remember the grave, the Judgment Seat, and the scenes of eternity, and so order your home on earth that you shall have a home in heaven.

An Understanding Arrived At.

About 10 o'clock this morning a tramp went into a B-street saloon and devoted ten minutes in a very zealous manner to the dinner-table. By the time he had masticated about a pound of corned beef the bar-keeper stepped up and remarked:

"This table is for drinkers."

"Then, why don't you bring on your drinks? I've been here ten minutes, and havn't seen a drop of anything. If it's a drinkin' table, where's the fluid?"

"I mean it's for the patrons of the bar," said the barkeeper.

"Then, why ain't they here? I 'spose you mean a man must spend money at the bar before he eats?"

"Exactly."

That takes me in. I took a drink here last summer and didn't eat a mouthful, and if I ain't entitled to a lunch on that drink then this system is a failure all around."

"But the place has changed hands since then," said the bar-keeper, picking up a bung starter.

"Ah, indeed!" replied the urbane bummer, "that fact, as your gesture would imply, raises a new and embarrassing complication, in our diplomatic relations, I will therefore recede, as it were, from my original position, and await the assembling of the Peace Congress."

He had been gradually backing toward the door as he spoke, and he dodged out just in time to evade the projectile hurled at him by the indignant saloonist.

The lightning-rod swindlers will soon begin to operate. Spare the rod—but kill the agent.

It is believed that Job never went to a dance in tight boots.

The Great Debate—In Brief.

Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, Democrat of New York, [rising and unrolling a spool of resolutions]—"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of privilege. I move that a committee of eleven be appointed, seven Democrats and four Republicans, to investigate Republican frauds in Florida and Louisiana."

Hon. Mr. Garfield (Rep.)—"I move to amend by including *all* frauds in *all* States, without regard to party."

Mr. Potter [jumping up excitedly and with a flushed face]—"No, sir! That ain't fair! I rose to a question of privilege, and I insist on having the privilege!"

Mr. Conger, (Rep.)—"I'd like to know what the gentleman from New York calls a question of privilege?"