Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

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JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 10. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1878. WHOLE NO. 1414.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

ED. S. SOULL, 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 as law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '70.

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.

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—in Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Somerset, Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's. All business entrusted to his care attended to 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. July 18

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., [illegible] are reasonable for me. Enquire at Cauffman & 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 Barner 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. G. MILLER, after twelve years of active practice in Shanksville, has again 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 Barner House, where he can be consulted at all times when not professionally engaged. ☞ Night calls promptly answered. dec. 11 '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 26.

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 & Ned'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 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. mar13

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST,
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.
Artificial Teeth, war anted 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. jelle-71

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL,
STOYSTOWN PA.
This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the travelling public. Its table and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices by week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
S. E. Ot. Hammond, Clerk. Stoystown, Pa.

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the inestimable 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 untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 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 skillful 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.

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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 express are prepaid in denominations of
JNO. HICKS LA RUE M. HICKS
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug28.

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

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DEALER IN
FLOUR AND FEED
Groceries, Confections,
Queensware, Willow ware.
Salt, Fish,
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&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 letting 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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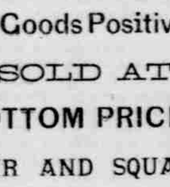
PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET.



AIR TIGHT, NOISELESS AND AUTOMATIC.
Sent always clean and free from dust, and no odor can escape.
Specially 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,
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Nellis' Original & Walker's Movable Point HARPOON HORSE HAY FORKS.
The only single, double or chain Forks that can be used, only or chain without becoming liable for infringement.
Nellis' Cast Steel Hooks and Iron Tendons.
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May 29

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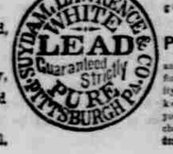

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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 St., 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 disease of what ever 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 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,
82 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,
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February 6

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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, Tinware, 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.

AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[The following portion of a poem with the above title does not appear in any of his published works, but was contributed in 1833 to the New York *Mirror*, the predecessor of the *Home Journal*.]

The quiet August noon is come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark you soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June when earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds made love to flowers
And woodlands sing and waters shout—

When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell!

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.

Miss Ingersoll's Letter.

"That is a very handsome house of Mr. Strong's," I said, referring to one visible from the window at which I was seated; "it is quite an ornament to your whole village."

Little Miss Ingersoll sighed, as she always did when Mr. Strong or his belongings were mentioned.

She was a tidy old maid of about fifty, who kept the village school, and during the two months of summer holiday, rented her only spare room for a boarder. Five years ago I was the boarder, and my hostess had made me at home in the most genial sense of the word.

We were fast friends in a month, and had exchanged many confidences, so I was not surprised at the new one reposed in me, after that long sigh.

"You'll soon be going," said my hostess, "and I must clean house before I open school. I never clean house now without a heartache."

I looked sympathetic, though the speech was rather vague.

"But for one house cleaning," said my companion, "I should now be Mrs. Gerard Strong, and live in the house you were just admiring."

I did open my eyes then. Before my mental vision there stood a portly figure, a broad, red face, surrounded by irongray hair, the figure and face of Mrs. Gerard Strong, the wife of Gerard Strong, the millionaire, the great iron founder, whose factories and the colony of workmen therein employed, really made the village of Strong's Corner, an offshoot from an older village of scattered houses, called by the unmusical name of Pott's Mills.

"Yes, my dear," continued the little old maid, wiping a small tear from the corner of her faded blue eyes, "he was my lover thirty-two years ago. It it a long time to look back upon—more than your whole life. Gerard was not the rich man then that he is now, but the son of the blacksmith at Pott's Mills."

I looked at the prim little figure in its dress of cheap print, most daintily made, and finished with soft white ruffles at the throat and wrists; at the cosy sitting room, that was but scantily furnished though exquisitely clean, and brightened by muslin curtains and saucers of garden flowers; and at the school room beyond, whose doors were open to admit the air.

I thought of Mrs. Strong's velvet lined barouch, with its superb horses; of her magnificent dresses, and the probable grandeur of the inside of that house, whose walls were so imposing, and contrasting the positions, curiosity got the better of courtesy, and I asked:

"How did it happen?"

My curiosity was rewarded, whether I deserved it or not. Miss Ingersoll evidently not unwilling to tell the story, for she smiled and said:

"Do you really care to hear about it?"

"I really do."

"Well, my dear, thirty-two years ago when I was a girl of eighteen, there were no factories or workmen about here, and instead of the bustling place that it is now, the village was a collection of farms, lying far apart. My parents owned a small place, and we were quite contented to farm for a living, while Gerard Strong was the son of the village blacksmith, but not contented at all. He was my warm, true friend from the time we were little children, and he would tell me often of his hope to get away from Pott's Mills, and make his fortune as a great machinist in Pittsburg or some other great city.

"You should have seen him how his eyes would flash and his shoulders straighten back when he talked about going into the great world to make his fortune. He was always a handsome man, and had a passion for working in iron, and a hope to be one day at the head of a great foundry."

"As he is now," I ventured to remark.

"Yes—but I can't tell the story if you keep on interrupting me."

I asked pardon, and promised to offend no more, and then Miss Ingersoll remarked:

"I suppose it is teaching so long makes it confusing for me to be interrupted. I never allow it.

"Where was I? Oh, I remember. Well, as I was saying, Gerard used to tell me all his hopes and plans. His mother's brother was a great machinist in Pittsburg, and he hoped at some future time to be allowed to learn the business he liked so well, there. In the meantime he bought all the books he could afford, studied hard, and hammered out horseshoes upon his father's anvil.

"But when we talked of the future, though I listened and encouraged Gerard, there was no love-making between us. Young folks were more reserved in those days than they are now.

Here the little lady drew herself up primly, and looked as if she defied any contradiction. But I ventured no remark, and she continued:

"In October, during my eighteenth year, when we were in the midst of the fall house-cleaning, my mother was taken very ill with acute rheumatism. Her room was a small one next the parlor, and with the kitchen on the other, and I could run in from cooking or cleaning to attend to her every few minutes. Well, if you ever nursed rheumatism you know what a busy nursing it is, with rubbing and bathing and keeping down the pain as best you can. I was young too, and though accustomed to work, had never tried to clean house alone before.

"I had the upper rooms all done, and was busy in the parlor, when my mother had a dreadful spell of pain.

I must tell you we had a large old fashioned mirror over the mantle piece, that my grandfather had brought himself from England, and that we prized greatly. In the frame we had some few pictures and cards, stuck in at odd times, and left there from year to year. The parlor itself was seldom used, and only open twice a year for thorough cleaning—in the spring and fall. Perhaps if I had not been so hurried and worried with mother's sickness and the cleaning coming upon me, both at once, I should have noticed a change in the arrangements around the frame of the mirror; but as it was I cleaned the room, in the interval of nursing, and shut it up, for, as it happened, six long months.

"It was on Wednesday that I had finished the room, tacking down the carpet, putting up fresh curtains, blacking the stove, and making everything shine. I had washed the mirror in the morning, and it was at noon that mother was taken so bad, so the afternoon's work had to be done quickly to finish the room by dark."

I was wondering what all this detail had to do with Miss Ingersoll's life of single blessedness, but dared not interrupt the quiet flow of words that were pouring from her lips.

"It was all done on Wednesday," she said. "Thursday and Friday mother was very ill, but on Saturday she began to mend, and on Sunday she was well enough for me to go to church. The first news that I heard when I got there was that Gerard Strong's uncle in Pittsburg, the one he had so often told me about, had written to him to come to his foundry and learn his business, and Gerard had gone."

"Oh!" I said, but a warning glance kept me from further remark.

I went home and cried all the afternoon and half the night. I never knew how much I loved him until he had gone off without a word of farewell to me, to make his fortune.

"Then I cheered up a little, thinking that he would certainly write to me and I coaxed father over to the village as often as I could, that I might ask at the post office for a letter. I never had one in my life, dear, but I hoped one would come from Gerard.

"It was a long winter to me, for mother never left her room at all, perfectly crippled with the rheumatism. In April we cleaned house again, at least I did, and father said as mother could not help, I could have Jerry White, a half-witted lad, who did chores for all the farmers, to help with the carpets and do the heavy work.

"Of course we had to clean the parlor, for it had never been opened all winter, and Jerry came in to lift down the pictures and mirror. He was on the ladder, going to take down the mirror when he said:

"Lawful sakes, Miss Clara, if here ain't Jed Strong's letter, just where I stuck it last fall!"

"You might have knocked me down with a feather, then."

"Oh, Jerry!" I said "how came you to stick it in the frame?"

"Well, there's a lot of such things there," he said, "and I thought it was a good place."

"But why didn't you give it to me?"

"Because, you was with your ma, and I ran off as fast as I could, she was groaning so bad. I just stuck the letter here and run. Jed never said nothing about an answer or I'd a waited!"

"I understood it all then. Poor Jerry could never endure the sight or sound of suffering, and he must have brought the letter just when mother had the bad spell of pain on that unfortunate Wednesday. I took down the letter, and bidding Jerry wait till I came back, ran off to my room to read it, for I could not bear the the eyes of even the feeble minded boy to see my face then. I was half frantic to think of the letter having been so close to me all those miserable months.

"In my own room I opened it, and read the love, and tender words that came to me too late. Gerard told me of his uncle's offer, and his own delight at the prospect opened to him. He wrote with all the hopeful enthusiasms of youth, and of his own resolve to conquer fortune in the path he had always wished to tread. And then—heigho! he told me of his love, his dear love for me."

Here Miss Ingersoll looked so dreadfully sad, that I crossed the room to where she sat and kissed her, by way of expressing my sympathy.

"Yes, my dear," she said softly, "it is thirty-two years ago, but I can't bear to think of it yet. He asked me if I loved him well enough to be his wife, when he made his fortune in Pittsburgh, and promised to be true and faithful if I would wait for him.

"He wrote how he always loved me and would not speak until he had some prospect of making a home for me. He had intended to come up to the farm, and tell me all that was in the letter, but he heard how bad mother was and did not like to intrude.

"Just about nine-tenths of the love-scrapes of this life are caused by writing instead of speaking," I said, impetuously, "but I beg pardon for interrupting you."

"Well, my dear, all my trouble hung on that. I must confess, for Gerard, after telling me the reason he did not come asked me to meet him the next day at a creek, the trysting place for years and years for all the lovers of the village, and where more than half the summer courting was done.—There was a fallen tree there, just large enough to make a rustic sofa for two. Many a time Gerard and I had rested there, after a long walk, and there the poor fellow waited for me on that miserable Thursday afternoon, thinking all sorts of hard things, I have no doubt. For he wrote that if I did not meet him, he would know that I did not care to wait until a poor blacksmith's boy made his fortune.

'Well, my dear, after I read my letter, I wrote to Pittsburg, but I don't think Gerard ever got my letter for I never heard of him again for twenty years. Then he came back here. His uncle was dead and had left him a fortune, and Gerard bought up a lot of farms and started the foundry. He built the house you see from the window, and all the cottages for the work people, made the place, in fact and is adding every year to his wealth.'

'But did he not repeat his offer to you?'

'Bless you, child, he had been married years and years. Why his oldest son is twenty-four or five. He is in Germany now, studying. And there are two daughters married and living in Pittsburg, who come here now and then on a visit at Christmas or sometimes in the summer.' You've not seen the oldest children, but you have often seen Susie and the two younger boys, William and Frank?'

I nodded assent, for the two little boys, who were Miss Ingersoll's scholars' came often to the cottage, and I had seen a daughter of fourteen or fifteen in the village church.

The next week I left Strong's Corner, thinking I had heard the last of Miss Ingersoll's romance, but, four years later, having a month to spend in the country, a longing came over me for the quiet of the little cottage, and I wrote to Miss Ingersoll to inquire if I could have my own room. My answer contained this information:

"You remember the story I told you when you were here before? During the winter following your stay with me Mrs. Gerard Strong died. I was very fond of the boys, and Susie, the only daughter at home, came with them often to see me, after their mother died. Then Gerard Strong himself came to visit me, and one day he asked me why I never answered the letter he wrote to me before he went to Pittsburg, and I told him he thought I would be a good wife to him and a comfort to his children, and my dear, we've been married nearly three years. I cannot board you in the little cottage but I shall be more than glad if you will be my guest in the big house, you used to admire.'

I accepted the invitation, and found my friend a happy, bustling little matron, with her gray-haired husband apparently as much in love with her as if their courting had not been interrupted for a matter of more than thirty years, by Jerry's stupidity and a house cleaning.

The Postage Stamp.

Quite often John wrote home to his mother, for John "lived out," and his mother lived on a small rocky farm among the hills.

One day John picked up an old envelope from the wood box, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done duty and was therefore useless. "The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself when I write to mother again."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle, and carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said conscience; "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office won't know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action which he judges by."

"Yes," cried the best part of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp a second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. The boy won a glorious victory.

The Sun's Distance.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, in a letter to the London *Times*, says that yet another change has been made in the determination of the sun's distance from the measurements made during the transit of Venus by the British observing parties. The first estimate of 93,375,000 miles was reduced not long ago to 92,800,000; now a still further reduction of 200,000 miles has been made. There is cause for alarm to apprehensive and overheated readers, for on Tuesday last at 3:24 P. M. the sun was in apog — that is the earth reached that part of its orbit in which it was the greatest possible distance from the sun, or nearly 3,100,000 miles further than the alleged source of heat than it was on the 31st day of December last. Mr. Proctor says that the photographic work of the expeditions ended in failure, the distance deduced from the best measurements being nearly 100,000,000 miles a result hopelessly incorrect. The last Greenwich estimate Mr. Proctor regards as a satisfactory approach towards the value, about 92,333,330 miles, which other measurements have shown to be approximately correct.

Elevator Struck by Lightning.

HENRY, ILL., August 1.—The Donley elevator, owned by Nicholson & Pulliston, was struck by lightning during a terrific thunder shower last night and burned to the ground with its contents, over 30,000 bushels of grain. The warehouse was worth $30,000 and the grain about $15,000.

The Detroit *Free Press* calls it shirt-sleeve weather. No callers admitted except on business.

Weather Probabilities.

Every one who reads the daily papers is familiar with the "weather record," issued from the "War Department, office of the Chief Signal Officer," at Washington. These reports give, first, a general statement of what the weather has been for the past twenty four hours all over the country, from Main to California, and from the lakes to the south Atlantic States; and then the "probabilities" or "indication" for the next twnty four hours over this same territory. The annual reports of the chief signal officer show that in only comparatively few instances do these predictons fail of fulfillment. The reason these prophesies are so true is a simple and yet wonderful one. The weather itself tells the observer what it is going to do some time in advance, and the telegraph sends the news all over the country from the central signal office at Washington.

We shall see presently how the weather interprets itself to "Old Probabilities." Although it has proved such a fruitful subject of discourse in all ages, yet I am afraid many people who pass remarks upon it do not really think what the weather is made of. Let us exmaine its different elements. The atmosphere has weight, just as water or any other fluid, although it seems to be perfectly bodiless. We must comprehend that the transparent, invisible air is pressing inward toward the centre of the earth. This pressure varies according to the state of the weather, and the changes are indicated by an instrument called a barometer. Generally speaking, the falling of the mercury in the tube of the barometer indicates rain, and its rise heralds clear weather. Sometimes the rise is followed by cold winds frost and ice. What these changes really indicate can be determined only by comparing the barometric changes at certain hours in a number of places very far apart. This is done by the signal service. Observations made at about 140 stations, in different parts of the country, at given hours, and the results are at once telegraphed to Washington, where our faithful "weather clerk" receives them, reasoning out of them the "probabilites" which he publishes three times in every twenty-four hours. But the atmosphere varies not only in weight but also in temperature. The thermometer tells us of such changes. Besides this, the air contains a great amount of moisture, and it shows as much variation in this characteristic as in the others. For the purpose of making known the changes in the moisture of the atmosphere an instrument has been invented called the "wet-bulb" thermometer. We are thus enabled to ascertain the weight or pressure, the temperature, and the wetness of the air; and now it only remains for us to measure the force, and point out the direction of the wind. This is done by the familiar weather vane and the anemometer. The vane shows the direction, and the anemometer indicates the velocity of the wind. It is by a right understanding of all the instruments that the signal service officer is enabled to tell what the weather says of itself; for they are pens with which the weather writes out the facts from which the officer makes up the benefit of all concerned. Thus however wildly the storm may seem to come, it sends messengers telling just were it arose, what course it will take and how far it will extend. But it tells its secrets to those only who pay strict attention.

Married Politeness.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.

And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. "I beg your pardon" comes as readily to the lips, when by any little awkwardness he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the fashionable stickler for etiquette. This is because he is a most thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best—why should he hesitate to show it, not in sickly, maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure and honoring her in public as well as in private. He knows her worth, why should he hesitate to attest it? "And her husband he praised her," saith holy writ; not by fulsome adulation, but by speaking as opportunity occurs in a manly way, of her virtues.

Though words seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially as they are natural. The children grow up into a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of the mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the thoughts and feelings they engender, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother—why should he thank her? father never does. Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearth-stone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence and politeness to any one and every one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead—and smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

Election at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, TENN., August 1.—In the county election to-day the National Greenback party elected their entire ticket of thirteen candidates by majorities ranging from 4,000 to 6,000, polling about 16,000 votes. At the Fifth ward polls an affray occurred, in which a Councilman, Dick Dougherty, a National, shot and killed Joseph Day, a colored Democrat. The quarrel originated about politics. Day fired at, but missed Dougherty, who shot Day through the body, from the effects of which he died in twenty minutes. Dougherty was arrested.

A Singular Occurrence.

Four or five City Hall officials were sitting on the steps on the Woodward avenue side, Saturday afternoon, discussing politics and the weather, when a smallish man, seeming to be in considerable mental distress, approached them and inquired:

"Gentlemen, is there a scientific man among you?"

"Certainly there is," they replied in chorus.

"And you must be familiar with the laws governing storms?"

"We are," was the prompt answer.

"Well, then," continued the stranger, "I wish to relate what may seem like a singular occurrence. I live on Division street, and though it began raining the other night, and continued for twenty-four hours, not a single drop of water fell upon my garden."

"Is that possible!" gasped one after the other.

"It is the solemn truth, gentlemen, and I'd like to know by what law of nature you can account for it. It was a long-continued drenching storm, yet not one drop fell upon my garden."

There wasn't even room for a suggestion. The crowd was astonished and silent. After a long minute one of the gentlemen turned to the stranger and asked:

"You must have a theory, haven't you?"

"I have."

"And what is it?"

"My theory, gentlemen, is that I rent rooms on the third floor, and had no garden for the rain to fall on."

Five men rose up in chorus, brushed off their coat-tails, and followed each other into the hall in Indian file. —*Free Press.*

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post office the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him.

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a full lot of blacking, a good stout box, and the whole outfit goes for two shillin's!"

"Goin' away Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just about now."

"Goin' on a 'scursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money and said:

"I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Littl Ted—of scarlet fever; aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, gon up to Hevin; left wun brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it b—but he had his arms aroun' my neck when he—he died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a boquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched.

Fun on the Farm.

We often hear the remark, "How dull farmers must be!" or who would live in the country, where there are no opportunities for fun? Well then—if you want to know what genuine fun is, just pitch in and help break a pair of three year old steers. First, you catch a steer and tie him by the head to a post in the barn-yard. Then you catch the other one and put a rope around his horns. Then your father tells you to untie the rope gently, while he and the hired man hold the critter. Just as you slip the knot, away go the steers with a bawl and a bellow—or rather a pair of bellows—and there arises before your vision a confused mixture of horns, heels, tails, ropes, father, hired man and cries on your stupidity that reminds you of the pictures of the volcanic eruption in the old geographies. And that is only the beginning of the fun! By and by your father gets hold of one rope and the hired man hold of the other, and race down the lane—the steers "neck and neck," and the old man performing the curse on the serpent. Then there is the time in haying, when father undertakes to show you how to mow over a bumblebees' nest. He ain't afraid of these bees, nor needn't be—just go right along—they never sting unless you fight 'em; and then "whish!" get out of the way! and father's swath comes to a sudden stop and he departs for the house and hartshorn on a dead run, at the business end of a dozen yellow-legged bumble bees. Oh, no, there isn't any fun on a farm.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Freaks of the Lightning.

DES MOINES, August 1.—Joseph Warren Cooper, brother of the Winterset, Madison Co. P. M., was killed by lighting yesterday while stacking hay. His companion, Mr. Hildebrand, was severely stunned. Two horses were killed and the stack set on fire. The amphitheater and judges' stand at the Fair Grounds at Winterset were totally destroyed by the storm last night. Other damages, but generally of a trifling character, are reported from along the river. The severity of the storm was very unusual, and some tears are entertained of damage to the crops.

Philopena in Germany.

The German method of managing the pleasant play of philopena is as follows:

When a couple meet after eating philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other until one of them pronounces the word "philopena." This the warning—now the sport is to begin.

Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady. She invites him to walk in, and at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away.

If she asks him to take off his hat, he must resolutely keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or if at the table she should hand him any article which he accepts, she wins the forfeit.

During all this time he endeavors to take her by suprise, for the acceptance of any offer from the other wins the game. Both are costantly exercising there wits to prevent being caught and the sport goes on all evening.

Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present, and says: "Knowing that I shall lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is." If she is caught off her guard by the smooth speech, she loses, for he immediately claims forfeit.

If neither wins at the first meeting, the sport is continued to the second, and it may happen that half a d