# The Somerset Herald.

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*The Somerset Herald,*
*Somerset, Pa.*



*ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.*

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

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

S. T. TRENT,
*ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.*
*Somerset, Penn'a.*

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Colflesh has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 20, '78.

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. 14-1y.

W. J. & R. 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 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 76-1y

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. mh19

F. J. KOOSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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 Office Row.

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

H. S. ENDSLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

COFFROTH & KUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be quickly and faithfully attended to. Office—on Main Cross street, opposite the Shanksville Block.

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

E. R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
Inquire at Cassheer & Co's Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 28.

*PHYSICIANS.*

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr.6, '78tf.

DR. R. SEUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, out door west of the Barner House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding county. Office at the old place, a few doors east of Glade House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cassheer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, excising, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years active practice in Shanksville, has permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional service 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.
jan.15, 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.
June8.

*DENTISTS.*

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Duffott & Nutt's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Cassheer & Frantz's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. Discouraged borrowing 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.—In addition to making a good set of teeth for $8, and if dissatisfied he will refund the money, I guarantee to any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that have made teeth for them in the last 10 years, that their teeth have not caused them more than one dollar in money, or any pain whatever, if they will call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
April 3

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
SALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, durable and handsome, inserted in the most skillful manner. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to secure my services will do so by addressing, stating address as above. jy12-72

*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 tables and rooms can not be surpassed, all being kept clean, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. The best hostler can be had at the hotel. Possession given at any time, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
S. E. Cor. Diamond,
Stoystown, Pa.

Sign of the
1876 SWINGING CLOCK, 1878.
CORNER OF WEST MAIN AND HOBAUGH STS.
JOSEPH HERR,
The Veteran Watchmaker, is prepared at all times to furnish you a first-class time-keeper, either in the line of
WATCHES OR CLOCKS.
Repairing specialty. Work guaranteed.
Jan 1

*BANKS, ETC.*

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 payable in denomination 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.
aug14.

CHAS. O. ORTON. CHAS. H. FISHER.
ORTON & FISHER,
*CIGAR MANUFACTURERS,*
FACTORY NO. 7.
Wholesale and Retail
DEALERS IN
CIGARS & TOBACCO.
We are now manufacturing for the wholesale trade, better cigars than have heretofore been manufactured in Somerset county. As for Havanas and Common Tobacco, we claim to be manufacturing the best in the State. We call the attention of Retail Dealers to our stock and prices. In our Retail Store we carry the highest and finest, as well as the cheapest grades of Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos in the market. 2000 pipes, pipe stems, and all kinds of smokers material.
Factory and Retail Store at No. 7,
MAMMOTH BLOCK.
Jan. 15

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

"DOMESTIC" SO SIMPLE IT REQUIRES NO CARE. SO PERFECT IT NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE. SO STRONG IT NEVER WEARS OUT. SO LIGHT A CHILD CAN RUN IT. "DOMESTIC"
LADIES!
USE
"Domestic" Paper Fashions.
15½ Tailor Cloth, 4 Gloves, 15½ Stockings, Best Needles, Pins, 10 cents.
They are especially designed to meet the requirements of those who desire to dress well. They are unsurpassed in Style, perfect in Fit, and so simple that they are readily understood by the most inexperienced. Send 5c. for catalogue. Address,
"Domestic" Fashion Co.,
NEW YORK.
Dec 4

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Andrew Smith, late of Quemahoning township, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, March 1, 1879, at the house of the deceased.
JOHN SMITH,
Jan 22 Executor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Samuel Swartz, late of Quemahoning Twp., Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 1st day of March, 1879, at the residence of deceased.
HIRAM SWANK
Administrator cum testamento annexo.
Jan 22

*MISCELLANEOUS,*

A. J. CASEBEER & CO.
DISSOLUTION.
The partnership heretofore existing between A. J. Casebeer and Wm. B. Fronie, has been dissolved by the withdrawal of Wm. B. Fronie. The books are in the hands of A. J. Casebeer, and all accounts must be settled, either by note or cash.
The business will be continued at the
OLD STAND,
On the South-west Corner of Diamond, by
CASEBEER & CO.,
Who will keep a good supply of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
On hand, and as they buy their
Goods EXCLUSIVELY For CASH
will be able to sell their goods on
BETTER TERMS
For the purchaser than any other
*STORE IN TOWN.*
THEY WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE THEIR OLD FRIENDS TO CONTINUE THEIR PATRONAGE, AND GIVE AN INVITATION TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL TO
GIVE THEM A CALL.
Dec. 25.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
By virtue of a writ of Vent. Fi. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Bedford Co., Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale by public outcry, at the Court House in Somerset, on
*Thursday, February 13, 1879,*
at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate viz:
All the right, title, interest and claim of Isaac S. Horner, of in and to the following described real estate, viz:
No. 1. A certain tract of land situate in Paint Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., containing 57 acres more or less, and about 8 acres clear and 2 acres in meadow, with a one and a half story plank dwelling house and frame stable thereon erected, adjoining lands of Catharine Allison, John Hitshow, Amos Whitaker and the Park tract.
No. 2. Containing 104 acres more or less, of which there are about 8 acres clear and 8 acres in meadow, balance well timbered, adjoining lands of widow Grundy, Joseph Barefoot, William Allison and tract No. 1.
No. 3. Containing 72 acres more or less, of which there are about 3 acres clear and 1 acre in meadow, with two one and a half story plank dwelling house and frame stable thereon erected, adjoining lands of John Hitshow, Jacob Ripple, and J. L. Hemperding, with the appurtenances.
Taken in execution as the property of Isaac S. Horner at the suit of Abel J. Kegg use of Daniel Gessna.
*TERMS—CASH.*
EDGAR KYLE,
Jan 22. Sheriff.

D. I. C.
Is an absolute and irresistible cure for
DRUNK-
enness, Intemperance and the use of Opium, Tobacco, Narcotics, and stimulants, removing all taste, desire and habit of using any of them, rendering the taste and desire for any of them perfectly odious and disgusting. Giving everyone perfect and irresistible control of the sobriety of themselves and their friends.
It prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from using stimulants or narcotics.
Package, prepaid to cure 1 to 5 persons, $2, or at your Druggists, $1 75. Temperance and charitable societies should use it.
It is harmless and never-failing.
HOP BITTERS M'F'G CO., Sole Ag'ts
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
*The Hop Cough Cure*
Destroys all pain, loosens the cough, quiets the nerves and produces rest. It never fails in performing a perfect cure where there is a shadow of hope.
Try it once and you will praise it.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE COLLEGE
(Pittsburgh, East End,) Pa.
Collegiate year opens September 12th.
Location 4 miles from Court House, over-looking East Liberty valley. Easy of access and free from smoke. Terms for boarding pupils reduced. For particulars and catalogue apply to
MISS HELEN E. PELETREAU,
Acting President.
GEO. A. BERRY, Treasurer.
Aug. 7

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that Dietrick Kreger has assigned all his property real and personal to Alexander Moore for the benefit of his creditors, all persons therefore indebted to the said Dietrick Kreger will make immediate payment to said Assignee, and those having claims against him will present them to the Assignee for settlement at the residence of the above Assignee in Milford township, on Saturday, January 25, 1879.
ALEXANDER MOORE,
Dec 18 Assignee.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Samuel S. Fell
to
Joseph Klee & Joseph Klee, partners, doing business as J. Klee & Bro.
Assignment dated 26th Nov. 1878.
S. Samuel S. Fell, of Somerset, Somerset Pa., having made an assignment to J. Klee & Brother of Pittsburgh, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the said Assignee to make immediate payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims to present the same for settlement at the office of W. H. Koontz.
KLEE & BRO.
Assignees.
Dec 18

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE
Whereas Conrad Felton and wife of Allegheny township, on the —— day of December, 1878, made voluntary assignment to Geo. G. Walker, for the benefit of creditors, of all the real and personal estate of said Conrad Felton; notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said Assignee to make immediate payment, and those having claims against him to present them duly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned at his residence in Allegheny township, on Saturday, January 18, 1879.
GEORGE G. WALKER,
Dec. 18 Assignee.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.
By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county Pa., I will sell at public sale in Stoystown, Somerset county, Pa., on
*Tuesday, January 21, 1879,*
the following real estate, to wit:
A certain house and lot of ground situate in Buckstown Somerset county, Pa., fronting on the Bedford and Greensburg turnpike on the south, adjoining lot of Christian Shank on the west, lands of Adam Stober on the north, and lot of Aaron Critsey on the east.
Terms cash—ten per cent. to be paid when property is bid off, respite on confirmation of sale. Sale at 1 o'clock on day of sale.
WILLIAM REEL,
Jan. 1 Trustee.

ELECTION NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on Monday January 13, 1879, at the store house of George Johnson, in Berlin, for the purpose of electing a project and directors of the Buffalo Valley Rail Road.
H. A. BRUBAKER,
Dec 11 Secretary.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of Daniel Trostle, late of Quemahoning township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted, to the undersigned notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the late residence of dec'd., on Saturday, Feb. 22, 1879.
WESLEY ESPY TROSTLE,
Jan. 8 Executor.


## COUNTRY SLEIGHING.

A NEW SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

BY EDMUND CLARANCE STEADMAN.

In January, when in the dairy
The cream and clabber freeze,
When the snow drifts cover the fences over,
We farmers take our ease.
At night we rig the team,
And bring the cutter out;
Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,
And help the fun about.

The windows glistened, the old folks listened,
To hear the sleigh-bell's pass;
The fields grow whiter, the stars are brighter,
The road as smooth as glass,
Our muffled faces burn,
The clear north wind blows cold,
The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle,
Each in her lover's hold.

Through bridge and gateway, we're shooting straightway,
The tollman was too slow;
He'll listen after our song and laughter,
As over the hill we go.
The girls cry, "Lie for shame!"
Their cheeks and lips are red,
And so with kisses, kisses, kisses,
They take the toll instead.

Still follow, follow! across the hollow—
The tavern fronts the road
Whoa, now! all steady! the host is ready—
He knows the country mode!
The firelns are in the fire,
The hissing flip is got;
So pour and sip it, sip it, sip it,
And sip it while 'tis hot.

The bells are ringing, the hostlers bringing
The cutters up anew;
The teams are neighing, for long we're staying;
The night is half-way through.
Wrap close the buffalo robes,
We're all aboard once more;
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
Away from the tavern door.

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow,
And swiftly homeward glide,
What midnight splendor! how warm and tender
The maiden by your side!
The sleigh drops far apart,
Her words are soft and low;
Now, if you love her, love her, love her,
'Tis safe to tell her so.

## A FORTUNATE ERROR.

BY VIXIL DUBRING

Quite an interested and anxious group had gathered in Mrs. Remington's dressing room, one pleasant morning in June.

It consisted of Mrs. Remington and her three unmarried daughters, and the subject under such animated and anxious discussion was where they should go for their usual summer holiday.

It had always been an interesting subject, and, to the maternal element, attended with considerable anxiety, but never such a matter of perplexity, almost amounting to despair, as now.

The contents of the various wardrobes had been laid out and examined; silks and muslins, cambrics and lawns, sufficient, it would seem, for a dozen, and yet the two elder Misses Remington declared, with tears in their eyes, "that they had nothing, absolutely nothing, fit to wear."

It is noteworthy with what surprising unanimity the two sisters agreed on this point, who so seldom agreed on any other.

Mrs Remington looked with dismay upon the finery spread out before her, after listening to the above assertion.

"I'm sure, my dears," she ventured to say, "some of these are hardly worn, and with very little alteration—"

"Now, mamma!" interrupted Bella, "why will you talk so ridiculously, when you know that there is not a thing here but what is wretchedly out of style? And as to altering anything, it always gives me a pain in the side to sew—and I am not going to the seaside all fagged out, if I never go!"

Of course this settled that. It is a little curious what a small amount of work will "fag" a girl "all out," who can dance until the break of day without the slightest inconvenience whatever.

"There's one thing certain," said Lucy, the second daughter, "we must each have at least one new dress."

"I don't know where it's coming from then," responded Mrs. Remington, sinking down wearily into a chair. "It was as much as I could do to get your father to consent to your going at all. It was two o'clock last night before he gave in, and then I verily believe it was from pure weariness and inability to keep awake any longer.

Mrs. Remington said this with the air of a woman determined to perform her duty at all hazards, and very anxious to obtain credit for the same.

But it seemed to have quite the contrary effect on Jessie, the youngest daughter, who had not before spoken, but now burst forth:

"I declare, if it isn't a sin and a shame mamma, for you to worry papa so!"

Mrs. Remington cast a reproachful look upon the speaker.

"I will say, Jessie, that you are the most ungrateful child I ever saw! I'd like to know how much money I'd get out of father if I didn't worry him, as you call it. But that's all the thanks I get for lying awake nights scheming and planning how to give you a chance to get settled in life."

"I'd thank you for not doing so. I'm not going to Long Branch or to Cape May. In the first place, I know that papa can't afford it. And then I promised Mary Crofton that I would visit her this summer."

Though Mrs. Remington affected to be displeased at this announcement, she was secretly relieved.

Bella and Lucy were very well satisfied with these arrangements, too.

Jessie was very handy at furnishing up and altering dresses, and if she was determined to bury herself in a country farm house she would not need to do so much of that for herself, and could, therefore, devote more time to them.

And so busy did they keep her during the two weeks that followed, that Jessie was glad enough to see the big trunks all packed and waiting in the hall.

To save expense, Mrs. Remington had arranged to dismiss the servants and shut up the house, with the exception of one room for her husband, who was to take his meals at his sister's.

"Of course she won't charge him anything, so that will be one item saved," remarked Mrs. Remington, as she regarded complacently the effect of Bella's new dress which her management had secured.

"As though papa would saddle himself on them for nothing," was Jessie's indignant rejoinder, when Uncle William has such a hard time to get along."

"Well, if your father chooses to pay when he needn't, and it isn't expected of him, it's his own loss. For my part, I don't see what's the good of having relations if you can't make use of them."

Mrs. Remington certainly believed in making her relatives useful, carrying out that belief to its fullest extent wherever it was practicable, as some of them knew to their cost.

Even her love for her daughters partook of the selfishness of her intensely selfish nature, her chief anxiety being to get them 'off her hands,' and in a manner that would be as advantageous and reflect much as credit on herself as possible.

But they were gone at last, and Jessie was at liberty to make her own simple preparations, which did not take her long to complete.

The father and daughter had a nice quiet evening together.

Jessie was going on the morrow, and, as sitting opposite him, pouring out his tea, she saw the hard lines soften in his careworn face, and how happy he was in her society, her heart reproached her for leaving him alone.

"I've half a mind not to go, papa; it seems too bad to leave you hear all by yourself."

But Mr. Remington, a hard worked surgeon in one of the poorest districts in the city, would not hear of this.

"I insist on your going; you have been working hard, and need a change. My life would be much the same, anyway!"

"You may expect me in three weeks, papa," smiled Jessie, as they parted at the station the next morning. "You'll want your little housekeeper by that time, I know."

And Mr. Remington went back to the corroding anxieties which had made him an old man before his time, thanking God for this bit of sunshine, and which left its glow in the heart long after it had vanished.

There were only a few passengers for Sweet Deaf, a small country town in this State, though there were the usual loungers upon the platform of the station as Jessie stepped out.

But they soon scattered, leaving her to stare blankly around for the conveyance that she supposed would be waiting for her.

She walked all around the station, looking in every direction, but not a vehicle was in sight, except a neat looking dog cart, drawn by a pair of spirited black horses, who stamped their feet and tossed their heads as if impatient to be off.

A man stood beside the festive creatures, who yet seemed to be under perfect control.

"There, Jennie! Be easy, Kate!" he said, patting the satin smooth skin and speaking very much as a mother would to a child.

The station master was standing near a pile of trunks and parcels.

"Is this your luggage, miss?" he said, as Jessie approached him.

"Yes. I was expecting friends to meet me, but they are not here. There must be some mistake."

"I know most of the people about here. What might their names be?"

"Crofton."

"Why, bless me, you've got off at the wrong station. They live at Baybridge, five miles beyond."

"When does the next train leave here?"

"To-morrow morning."

Jessie looked the dismay that she certainly felt at this announcement.

"It's too bad, I declare," said the good-natured official, pitying Jessie's evident distress.

Then, as his eye fell upon the owner of the dog cart, who was looking toward them, he added:

"Perhaps it might be managed, after all. Here's John Manning, their next neighbor. He could give you a lift as far as their farm. John, here's a young woman that's got off at the wrong station. She wants to go to Crofton's. I tell her that she can ride with you."

The young man removed his straw hat, revealing a forehead broad and full, and whose whiteness contrasted strongly with the healthful brown of his cheeks.

"I shall be very happy if the young lady has no objection to riding with a farmer."

The admiration so clearly visible in the honest blue eyes that met her own, made Jessie's cheeks redden.

"If it will not be too much trouble."

As the young man listened to those low, softly spoken words, he felt that nothing the speaker could ask would be any trouble at all.

Springing to work, he soon improvised quite a comfortable place for Jessie by throwing a thick, soft rug over the seat and helping her up.

After putting her luggage at the back, he mounted beside her and drove off.

Glad to be released, the horses bore them swiftly along the winding country road, dotted here and there with farm houses, nestled down among the trees and shrubbery. As soon as Jessie got a little used to it, she enjoyed her elevated and novel position, which gave her a fine view of the beautiful country through which they were passing.

Her companion seized at her each exclamations and comments, seeming to take pleasure in the pleasure so frankly and innocently expressed.

"Do you think you would like to live in the country?" he said, stealing an admiring glance at the glad young face.

"Above all things," responded Jessie—"that is," she added, after a moment's pause, "if papa could be here, too. I wish he could be, just for a little while; he would enjoy it so! Papa was brought up on a farm, and it would seem like old times to him. I heard him say once that he wished he had never left it."

"I had a strong desire when a boy to go to the city myself," said her companion, "but I am an only son—an only child since last winter (here the speaker's eyes saddened). I promised my father, just before he died, that I wouldn't leave the farm while mother, lived, and I don't know that I care to do so now."

"I wouldn't, if I were in your place," said Jessie, with a wise shake of her pretty head. "It's ever so much nicer here."

The honest young fellow, whose heart was in his eyes, inwardly hoped that she would always think so."

"That is where I live," he said aloud, pointing to a house in the distance, and which looked very pleasant amid the green vendure that surrounded it.

Young Manning drew the reins at the gate, inside of which a pleasant-faced, silver haired woman was standing.

"Here are your letters, mother," he said, tossing down to her, some papers and pamphlets. 'I hope you haven't been lonely. I'm going to take this lady to Mr. Crofton's. My mother, Miss Remington."

The young man took leave of Jessie with a feeling at his noble heart, such as he had never experienced before.

"How pretty she is!" he thought; "and as good as pretty, I am sure."

"What an honest and pleasant face! I wonder if I shall ever see him again."

This was what she thought.

Jessie did see him again, and often. The Mannings and Croftons were not only neighbors, but very intimate. Mrs. Crofton had been strongly attached to Mrs. Manning's only daughter, who died the preceding Winter. She spent a good deal of time at her house, and Jessie frequently went with her.

Mary was never weary of praising John; "he was such a good son, and so intelligent, steady and industrious."

John soon got over his shyness with the girl, who took so kindly to country ways that it seemed as if she had always lived there.

He used to walk home with her. Mary considerately lingering by the gate to talk with his mother, both well pleased at the turn affairs were taking.

There were rides and walks, picnics and social gatherings, at all of which John and Jessie had a fashion of getting off by themselves—a fashion that every one seemed to humor and understand.

And so the happy days went on, each day binding these young, loving hearts more closely together.

When Jessie returned to the city, which was too weeks later than she intended, she had a pleasant story to whisper into her father's ear.

"If you love him and he is worthy of you," he said, in reply to the query with which it ended.

Jessie's quick ear detected the sadness that underran these words.

"You know you promised to live with me when I was married, papa," she whispered, laying her cheek closely to his.—"And on a farm, too! Won't it be delightful!"

Bella and Lucy returned home with that conscious air of subdued triumph and importance peculiar to "engaged young ladies."

Having attained the end and aim of their existence, there was nothing further for them to hope or expect. From henceforth they were to repose upon their laurels, floating down the stream of life with no thought or care for anything but the present enjoyment.

Bella's captor was a stock broker, owning a fabulous amount—on paper.

Lucy's was the son of a millionaire, whose sole ambition seemed to be to spend as quickly as possible the money that his father had labored so long and hard to acquire for his benefit.

They made no attempt to disguise their surprise and disdain, when they had heard of Jessie's modest conquest.

"Only a farmer!" sniffed Mrs. Remington. "Never did I dream that one of my daughters would stoop to that! But, I suppose, if you have your father's approval, you don't care for mine."

"Of course you can't expect us to visit you," said Bella, loftily. "The connections of Charles Augustus are all of the highest and most aristocratic character, and it couldn't be thought of."

"Certainly not," echoed Lucy. "A wife has to take the position of her husband, which is something that you had better think of very seriously."

Jessie had thought of it, and very happy thoughts they were, too.

The financial distress of the three years that followed, made quite a change in the surrounding of all the above, with the exception of Jessie and her husband.

Out of the wreck of Mr. Remington's practice, nothing was left but the honor and integrity, which shone all the more brightly from the temporary gloom that surrounded them. His wife took their altered fortunes very hard, fairly fretting and worrying herself into the grave, where she was laid a few months after.

Penniless and unfitted for anything higher, the husbands of Bella and Lucy were glad to accept positions, one as a collector for the firm in which he was formerly a partner, the other a third rate clerkship.

Jessie does not see much of her sisters, but much country produce finds its way to them from the Manning farm.

Almost every pleasant afternoon a gray-haired, placid looking old man can be seen in the porch of the farm house, frequently with a grandchild on either knee. It is Mr. Remington, who often thanks God that one of his daughters married "only a farmer."

## How One Libel Suit Resulted.

Libel suits generally turn out adversely to the plaintiff, in nine cases out of ten he leaves the court rich in experience, but poorer pecuniarily than when he entered it. A case of this sort has just occurred in Altoona, Pa. Henry Becht sued the publisher of the *Republikaner* for libel. The case was decided in favor of the defendants, the prosecutor pay the costs, in default of which he was sent to jail for three months.

## Modes of Swearing.

TAKING THE OATH ON THE BAYONET—ON THE SWORD—AND ON THE CROSS.

A Writer in *All The Year Round* says:—

'Several oaths of the Middle Ages were borrowed from the pagans, as idols upon arms, the usual mode of adjuration among Northern nations; upon the scabbard of the sword; confirmation of the oath by joining hands; by taking hold on the hem of the garment; swearing by the feet of the abbot and monks; upon bracelets and others. Concerning the bracelet oath, Sir Henry Ellis has observed that Arngrim Jonas, in his work on Iceland, describes a bracelet of twenty ounces weight, which was kept upon the altar, and, being sprinkled with the blood of victims, was touched by those who took any solemn oaths. He says it was either of silver, or of silver and brass mixed. He adds, in another page, that for this purpose it was worn on the Judge's arm during trial. Sir Henry Ellis was reminded by this 'of a very remarkable passage in the Saxon Chronicles, made under the year 876, where when the Danes made peace with the English Alfred, at Wareham, in Wessex, they gave him the noblest among them as hostages, and swore an oath to him on the holy bracelet.' Of swearing on the sword, we have an interesting instance in the life of the great Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden. In 1540 he assembled the States, in which it was decided that the monarchy should be hereditary; whereupon the King drew his sword, and extended it before him, saying:

'In the name of the Holy Trinity, and by the power of Almighty God, who hath bestowed on us our children, and hath caused them to be the heirs of the Swedish Empire, we stretch over you the sword of justice as a testimony from us and our heirs, to you and all our subjects, faithfully to guide, guard, and rule you, and for confirmation, stand forth each one of you, and touching the sword with your corporeal fingers, thus repeat the oath of truth and fidelity, that to us and our heirs you have freely offered.' Hearing this, the State approached—Senators, nobles, citizens, peasants, all laid their hands on the royal sword, and each took the oath of allegiance and fidelity. Swearing on the cross was practiced by the Russians from early times; thus, in 1557, on the conclusion of a treaty of peace with Sweden, Ivan ratified it by kissing the cross before the eyes of the Ambassadors, a ceremony that was repeated by his representative at Stockholm, in the presence of the Swedish monarch. In the reform of the statutes of the Order of the Garter by Henry VIII, the knights were enjoined to make a general oath upon the Holy Gospels to obey the statutes 'without fraud or delusion,' touching the book and kissing the cross. Selden mentions an oath taken by the Spaniards, which is very curious. 'If I first designedly fail of this oath on that day, ye Powers above torment me my body in this life, and my soul in the next, with horrid tortures. Make my strength and my words fail. In battle, let my horse and arms and spurs and subjects fail me, when need is sorest.' This oath was confirmed by the parties sharing between them the consecrated wafer. The 'oath by the bosom,' formerly observed in Germany, had a curious and interesting origin. Women and boys were generally accustomed to carry on their bosom, suspended from the neck, a small copy of the Gospel; so the hand, when laid upon the breast, was, in reality, laid upon the Gospel. Chrysostom mentions a similar custom as prevailing in his time.

## Advice to Skaters.

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. It always ends in sorrow.

2. Eat a few apples for refreshment sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice.

3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down where he has an inclination to do so.

4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and very sure to create a sensation.

5. Skate over all the small boys at once.

6. If you skate into a hole in the ice, take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.

7. If your skates are too slippery, buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that are not slippery.

8. In sitting down do it gradually. Don't be too sudden, you might break the ice.

9. When you fall headlong, examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up.

10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then let the wind cool you off.

11. After you get so that you can skate tolerably well skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up.

## Winter Rules.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder-blades—well covered; also the chest well protected.

In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet; always toast them by a fire ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases.

After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage, nor near the window of a car for a moment. It is dangerous to health, and even to life.

## A Case Of a Pig.

Some one should gather the late Mr. Lincoln's jokes and make them into a book. The following he used to tell on Tom Hamer, of Ohio. Mr. Hamer's client was charged with hog stealing. The case was clearly proven, and when it went to the jury Tom was indisposed to say a word.

'Don't give it up, don't give it up,' whispered the client.

'But I can't say nothing,' replied the poor attorney.

'But you must. Get up and yowl—holler, holler, man, or I'm lost, and I won't pay you a d——d cent.'

Thus instigated, Tom rose gravely and astonished the court by a dissertation on the laws of forcible entry and detainer. Then, turning to his jury, he gave a discourse on the nature and habits of hogs. He called attention to the prohibition of God through Moses, of hog meat as an article of food. He told how our Savior put the devil that afflicted the poor man into the swine, and the swine ran down a steep place and were drowned. But Tom asserted, however, that all were not drowned, but some escaping, gradually extended the breed of damned hogs—'for,' said Tom, 'if they are possessed of the devil they must be damned'—until all the hogs of earth had devils in them.

'Let any man owning a corn field or a garden patch answer,' demanded Hamer. 'Is there a fence that will turn a damned hog, gentlemen of the jury? I say not one. It will find a hole if there is one; if not, it will make one. It rattles down bars and lifts gates off their hinges. I have known hogs climb fences; yes, gentlemen, clamber up and fall down, but always fall on the garden side. The devil teaches them anatomy, gentlemen, for whoever heard of a hog falling on his snout? He always comes down on his rump, with a grunt that is a mingled expression of surprise and satisfaction. When a damned hog—remember, gentlemen, that I quote Scripture; I am not profane—when I say, a damned hog gets under your buggy he does not run out of the way like a sensible Christian animal; he, on the contrary, goes to backing and getting under every leg of the horse and wheel of the buggy, until the one is broken and the other is thrown down. Now, gentlemen, I put it to you: 'Suppose my client did kill, under the mistaken notion that they were his, six of these creatures denounced by the Almighty and damned by the Savior, is he to be held up as a malefactor and punished by imprisonment? But I deny, gentlemen, that it has been proven. The prosecuting attorney smiles. It is a swinish smile, gentlemen, and makes me ashamed of him.'

Homer sat down with a round of applause from the bucolic bystanders, while his client winked at the jury. In due course of legal forms the jury retired, and soon returned with a verdict of 'not guilty.'

'Well, I'll be d——s well as the hogs,' exclaimed Hamer, 'If I can understand it.'

'You can't eh?' responded the hog thief; 'well, I can. Eleven of the jury had some of the bacon.'

## Heading Off a Lawyer.

Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault-and-battery-at-sea case had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that at last Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony Dick had said that the night was 'dark as the devil, and raining like seven bells.'

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him:

'Was there a moon that night?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ah, yes! A moon—'

'Yes, a full moon.'

'Did you see it?'

'Not a mite.'

'Then how do you know there was a moon?

'Nautical almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in this world.'

'What was the principal luminary that night, sir?'

'Binnacle lamp on board the Challenge.'

'Ah—you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton.'

'What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?'

'Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator.'

'Sho, you're joking?'

'No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me.'

'I shan't.'

'Ah—you refuse to answer; do you?'

'Yes—I can't.'

'Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a question.'

'Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever was asked in my life. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no latitude on the equator.'

That shot floored Rufus Choate.

## A Stubborn Coroner's Jury.

Coroner's juries are, like all other juries, hard to understand. You can sound an individual, reach his motives, reason with and generally convince him of his error, but when you put twelve of these ordinary beings together you get a new creature, an unknown quantity, which cannot be measured by any