The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 40. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1444.

Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

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 able for the subscription.

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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary 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. Office in Mammoth Building.

S. U. TRENT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining 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. 12-1y.

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.

WILLIAM O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 13 79-1y

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. jy5'78

P. 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 adjoining counties. Office in Printing House 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 & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be quickly and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—In Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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

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

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
Inquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 26.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krisinger's store. apr. 2, '76-tf.

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

DR. E. H. 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 Blade House.

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.

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 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 unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered. dec. 11, '74-y.

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.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Gaitrich & Nell's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. 30tf

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frease's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than any other place in this county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $5, and if there is any one who can make them for less money I will make it to the advantage of the purchaser 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
SALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, lightest and handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to benefit by my better, can do so by enclosing stamp. 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 traveling public. Its tables and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first class, with a large guide ball attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. Four mules horsting can be had at the lowest possible prices, by week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessor, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use
WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.
The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood Diseases. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your druggist will not supply you, I wants for one box to Barrick, Keller & Co., 76 N. 4th St. Phila. Feb. 5

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 prepaid in demon [illegible]

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. aug18.

CHAS. C. 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 Havana 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 Tobacco in the market. 2000 pipes, pipe stems, and all kinds of smokers materials.
Factory and Retail Store at No. 3,
MAMMOTH BLOCK.
Jan. 15

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL
REPORT
OF THE
SOMERSET COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
For the Year Ending December 31st 1878.

By cash rec'd on acc't of new policies issued during the year 1878	$271 28
By cash received on account of renewals continued	402 40
By cash received on account of assessments collected	431 16
	$1104 84
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Balance due Treasurer per last report	$237 28
Paid Peter Zufall, damages to house in full January 31, 1878	32 75
" Solomon Spiord " " " in full February 9, 1878	10 00
" Jacob Layton " " " in full April 30, 1878	3 00
" Val B. Wertz " " burn in full August 8, 1878	205 66
" C. A. Williams for adjusting loss Wertz' Barn	8 81
" W. Whipperman lost horse December 1, 1878	83 33
" Interest on borrowed money applied to Wm. Mays' ex ate	120 00
" Printing Co. for blanks & reports	16 25
" Rent also hall	25 00
" Postage and stationary	27 83
" Salary of Sec'y and Treas. 1 year	400 00
	$1184 79
Balance due Treasurer	79 45
Cash premiums and assessments in course of collection	1985 49
	$2049 04
Amount of premium notes in force liable to assessment	47,004 87
Total capital	$47,904 86

Whole numbers of policies issued 2506

DIRECTORS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

Samuel Barclay, Abram Beam, Benjamin Kline, James Parsons, Joseph Krisinger, Joseph J. Saylor, Josiah J. Walker, C. L. Miller, John Berkley, J. O. Kimmel, John Hicks of Somerset county, Pa.; Leonard Bittner and C. A. Williams of Bedford county, Pa.

OLD OFFICERS CONTINUE.

Samuel Barclay, President; John Hicks, Secretary, Treasurer and General Agent.
By order of the Board,
JOHN HICKS, Secretary.
Feb. 12

DOMESTIC SO SIMPLE IT REQUIRES NO CARE. DOMESTIC SO PERFECT FAILS TO PLEASE. DOMESTIC SO STRONG IT NEVER WEARS OUT. DOMESTIC SO LIGHT A CHILD CAN RUN IT. "DOMESTIC"

LADIES!
USE
"Domestic" Paper Fashions.
1537 Ladies' Cloak, 9 Sizes, 10 to 42 inches, first Network. Price, 30 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

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Somerset County to pass on the exceptions found and report the facts with an opinion, and to make a distribution of the funds in the hands of Cyrus Rayman executor of Ann Maria Zarfoss, deceased, to and among those legally entitled there to, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office in the borough of Somerset on Tuesday the 11th day of March, A. D. 1879, at 10 o'clock A. M.
JAS. L. PUGH, Auditor.
Feb. 19.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Nancy Simpson, late of Quemahoning Twp., deceased.
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, March 15, 1879, at the residence of Wendle Winters.
JACOB J. BOWMAN, Administrator.
Jan. 29

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Jonathan Wendel, late of Somerset Twp., deceased.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the proper authority, 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 Tuesday April 15, 1879, at the house of the Administrator.
ISAAC WENDEL, Administrator.
Feb. 5

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. J. CASEBEER & CO.
DISSOLUTION.
The partnership between A. J. Casebeer and Wm. B. Frease, has been dissolved by the withdrawal of Wm. B. Frease. 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. 22.

PROVERBS.	PROVERBS.
"For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters."	"Men will be vain of such a cure that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."
"Read of, prove and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy, and happy."	"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens, and gives continually from first dose."
"Ladies do you want to be strong, healthy, and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."	"Pale skin, rosy cheeks, and the sweetest breath in hop Bitters."
"The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."	"Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters."
"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bank men, and Ladies use Hop Bitters Daily."	"Sour stomach, sick headache, and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."
"Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health perfect wrecks from intemperance."	"Take Hop Bitters three times a day and you will have no doctor bills to pay."

For sale by
GEORGE W. SPEERS,
Somerset, Penna.

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

PATENTS
obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for medical or other compounds, trade marks and labels, Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Appeals, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the Patent Laws, promptly attended to.—Inventors should bear in mind that only those patents issued by the Patent Office may still, in some cases, be profitably sold by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, and engaged in Patent business exclusively, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.
INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device, we make examinations and advise as to patentability, free of charge. All correspondence strictly confidential. Fees low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.
We refer to, Washington, to Hon. Postmaster General D. M. Key, Rev. F. D. Power, The German American National Bank, to officials in the U. S. Patent Office, and to Senators and Representatives in Congress; and especially to our clients in every State in the Union and in Canada. Address
C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Susan Keiser, late of Jenner township, 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 at the office of Baer & Baer, in Somerset Boro. on Saturday, March 29, 1879.
SOL. LENHART, Administrator of Susan Lenhart.
Feb. 12

DEAR SIR:
If you are in want of anything in the way of
GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, Pistols, Ammunition, Gun Material, Fishing Tackle, or any other Fine Sporting Goods please write for my Large Illustrated Catalogue and Price List which I mail free. Yours truly,
JOHNSON'S GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.
Feb. 19-1m

For Sale or Rent.
GREEN POINT FARM.
Two and one-half miles west from center of Cumberland, at intersection of the National Road with the old Somerset Turnpike. This farm contains 250 acres of limestone land, 125 acres under cultivation, the rest in timber. Bearing orchards of apples, peaches, pears, a vine and and small fruits. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, bank barn, stone stable for 30 cows, spring house with never failing spring of water, hog-pens filled, sheds, pens, corn cribs, and all other appurtenances to a first class farm.
The above property will be rented with or without stock. Possession given on or before the 1st of April. Details given on application to.
S. H. FUNDENBERG, Cumberland, Md.

ALL SOLDIERS
Who received wounds or injuries during the late war, even if not slightly disabled, can now obtain pensions back from day of discharge under new pension law. Rejected cases also reopened. Send stamp for particulars.
W. C. BERINGER & CO., Box 983, Pittsburgh, Penn'a.
Oldest Claim Agency in the State.
Feb. 19 3m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Ezra S. Berkley, late of Brothersvalley Twp., deceased.
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 at the residence of dec'd, on Saturday, March 29, 1879.
EPHRAIM J. WALKER, JOSEPH MILLER, Administrators.
Feb. 19

TWO OF THEM.

In the farm-house porch the farmer sat,
With his daughter having a cosy chat;
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.
A wee bit jealous the old man grew,
If he fancied any night come to woo;
His one pet lamb and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be *two* of you, child," he said—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old homestead bright.
There's neighbor Grey with his children four,
To be glad together. Had *I* one more,
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate, 'neath the old elm-tree,
Donald waited alone; and she
For whom he waited his love-call heard,
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she said, and knelt her down,
And kissed the hand that was old and brown—
"Father, there may be two, if you will,
And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night;
Two to make the old homestead bright;
I—and somebody else." "I see."
Said the farmer; "and whom may 'somebody' be?"
Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheeks,
That played with the blushes at hide-and-seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head.
"One of Neighbor Grey's children," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer; "make it plain;
Is it Susan, Allen, or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand
To help the farmer to understand (?).
"H'm!" said the farmer; "yes, I see;
It is *two for yourself* and *one for me.*"
But Bessie said, "There can be but one
For me and my heart till life is done."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

ROSE MATTHEW'S VALENTINE.

BY MRS. VAN BENSCHOTEN.

The sun was sinking in the west, and, as its rays fell aslant upon the gable-end of a weather-stained house, among the hills of a small village in Massachusetts, a beautiful face, stained with tear-drops, and a head of yellow hair, made golden by the sunbeams, looked from out a small window in the peaked roof, and straining her eyes to catch the beauties of the varying landscape, as if for the last time, saw in the distance the form of one she had learned to look upon as the dearest friend among her country acquaintances. Wiping the tears from her eyes, and brushing the golden tresses, she went slowly down stairs to have a quiet talk and say "good-bye," perhaps, forever.

Some half-dozen years ago Rose's mother had died, suddenly, and Mr. Matthews had taken it to heart so that the doctors, fearing serious effects, had sent him abroad.

Confiding his little Rose to his favorite aunt, in the little village of L., he went abroad to seek the needed change But, after many weary months of restlessness, he found he was growing weaker, and setting himself quietly down to die, in a little Swiss town, he wrote his aunt, "that he had left everything to Rose, except a small annuity to her, and that he wished her to keep Rose with her always, if possible."

But the Swiss air seemed to fill him with new life, and, contrary to his expectations, he began to improve. The little country doctor understood his case better than his great Boston physician had done, after a couple of years spent in quiet and observance of the health regulations prescribed by the little Swiss doctor, he found himself growing stouter and healthier than he had been for many years.

Sitting in the twilight, he thought of his little Rose, now budding into womanhood, and made up his mind to transplant her to the old country, giving her the benefit of travel, and a chance to make her mind whether her affections would take root either in the little Swiss hamlet he had grown so fond of, or in some larger city of the old world.

Rose had received word that her father would arrive in a few days, and after spending a couple of weeks at the old farm, would take her across the sea to live with him.

A letter from abroad, in the quiet village, was something wonderful at that time.

But, that one of their number, one that they had grown to look upon as a fair maiden belonging to their little town forever, was to go abroad to live, was past all comprehension. The old gray pastor came to see her, and with tears in his eyes 'hoped she would never fail to pray for her friends on this side of the Atlantic, or feel above the religion she had professed in the little white church.' The village maidens looked with wonderment, and almost with awe, on the beautiful wardrobe in preparation. The village dressmaker was at her wits' end to furnish patterns in the latest style, and give a city air to her customer's beautiful fabrics.

The gossips talked by the hour of 'the father's extravagance,' and some wondered if Rose wouldn't lose every bit of her religion if she was indulged in such follies."

Many hearts were saddened to think of parting with the beautiful village Rose, but no heart beat with such disappointment and throbbed with such anguish as her friends over in the farm-house on the hill. John Allen was the first boy she had dared to coast down hill with; the first she had received assistance from in her studies, for *his* arm and brain seemed so steady and reliable that she never felt any fear of accidents or ashamed of the assistance he offered. He was the only young man she would receive any attentions from now, as she was budding into womanhood.

Being some years her senior, he knew of the many trials of faith she would have to go through, the many chances of marriage she would have from those far above him socially, and so he had not trammeled her young heart by any promises or ties stronger than friendship.

It was from her he had received encouragement for his profession. It was her bright face that had given him power to give the best years of his life to it; and now, as he was nearly through his theological course, and an appointment in the ministry awaiting him, he bowed his head in grief, and felt as if this breaking up of his future dreams was more than he could bear.

No words about the future had passed between them, but the trusting hand held within his own, and the brown eyes looking up to him from out a mass of golden hair, lighting up the face with such an eager, bright look, told him of what was in store for him when he had reached the goal he was trying for.

Rose met John Allen silently and sadly. She sat down in her little rocker, without daring to look up, until John said, in his quiet way, 'Rose, wouldn't you like a walk up the 'Peak' to-night? We may never have another chance, and it is very lovely!' Rose stopped her nervous rocking, and donning her jaunty little imported hat, which, to John's eyes, made her look prettier than ever, went out beneath the rays of the setting sun.

We will not dwell on that quiet walk. The coming home in the twilight, with the 'good night' on the low veranda. Rose's pillow was wet with tears that night, because John was letting her go from him without exacting any promise from her but that she would write him every week.

John Allen sat by the window that night, looking toward her home, thinking of the dark and dreary future before him; and, not till the morning light began to break, did he realize now the darkest night of his life had passed.

Mr. Matthews arrived, and was pleased and proud to see the little Rose he had left behind him in such delicate health now grown to such a beautiful and stately maiden.

As he folded her to his heart he told her 'how much she looked like her mother, and how happy he would be in her society,' until Rose murmured to herself, 'I shall never leave him alone again.'

The days flew by, and Rose bade adieu to all of her friends.

John Allen has had no chance since their quiet walk to look into the brown eyes so dear to him, and, as he calls with the other neighbors, the night before her departure, to say 'good-bye,' nothing in his manner tells of the anguish within.

But Rose notices the pale, haggard look, and longs to cheer him. But no word or look from him encourages her, and so she bids him 'good-bye,' with a slight tremor in her voice, and a gentle pressure of the hand.

Mr. Matthews and Rose arrived safely, and were soon ensconced in their home across the sea. But it was not in the little Swiss hamlet that Mr. Matthews had intended to settle down quietly in, but in the gay and giddy Paris

The excitement and beauty of this city had such a charm for Rose that Mr Matthews could not think of taking her from it.

He saw that something was wearing upon her mind, and often questioned himself if he acted wisely in bringing her from her old home and associations; but he could not bear to think she could ever care for any one more than she did for him. So, thinking he might drive away the shadow by continual changes, he kept her in this gay and festive train.

All admirers of the handsome American were treated well, so that Rose could have all the esports she wished without feeling obliged to depend on him.

But to them all she had been coldly polite, until a gentleman from New York brought a letter of introduction to them in Paris.

He was tall, finely formed, and one of the most brilliant conversationalists Rose had ever met.

Even Mr. Matthews felt more in his welfare and acquaintance than he cared to admit.

Rose had never forgotten her promise to John Allen, and had not failed in writing to him every week since her arrival at Paris, until after a two months' acquaintance with Mr. Fred Heywood Then her letters grew shorter and less frequent, until she began to be ashamed of her 'girlish folly,' as she called it, and when she looked in the little locket, hanging on her chain, and saw the plain, matter-of-fact face, with that far away look in the eyes, she found the comparison between it and Fred Heywood's so marked that she closed it with scarcely a sigh of regret

It was Valentine's Eve, and Rose sat amid the gathering twilight, thinking of the last Valentine's Day she had spent in America.

The ride in the moonlight, through the keen, frosty air, enveloped in buffalo robes, and tucked away so carefully that she could scarcely move her arms; watched over by a calm, quiet fellow, who anticipated her slightest wish, and over whose quiet face a smile stole every little while in answer to her pretty little sayings.

Then the little note in the morning, brought by the hired man, from the farm-house on the hill.

But over the bright picture a shadow fell—a shadow of uncertainty and unrest.

Rose could not tell why this picture looked so dismal to her this evening, unless it was because John Allen was so sober and old-fashioned; and, somehow, she was tired of such prosy fellows.

Now, Fred Heywood was bright and cheerful, and *so polite?* She was positive he loved her better than matter-of-fact John Allen did. And so her eyes took a softer look, and a brighter glow came over the fair young face as she built castles in the air, of the near future, when she should have the pleasure of saying 'yes' to the question she longed to have asked her by Fred.

But, somehow, as the evening shadows crept in, and the picture of that far-away Valentine Eve was o'ershadowed with the sombre hues of John Allen's ghost, the present picture and castle buildings seemed not half as pleasant as the castles built in the far-away farm-house among the hills.

Mr. Matthews looked on in silence. He knew the worth of her old friend, and was positive that he would attain some high position worthy of his energy and application, and would never have stood between him and Rose if he had found she had loved him as she was capable of loving. But this *new* friend, Fred Heywood seemed more suited to Rose's taste, and so he looked on, watching the end, fearing to give his influence on either side.

Valentine's Day came, freighted with soft winds and golden sunbeams, so different from the long ago frosty day among the hills of Massachusetts. Instead of the little note, in a great, ugly yellow envelope, brought by the hired man, and soiled by his dusty hands, two beautiful, filmy, lace envelopes, embossed with roses and honeysuckles, where handed her, on a silver tray.

Rose opened the first, and found nothing within but a simple line:

"Will you accept me for your Valentine?

JOHN ALLEN.'

Rose sat speechless for a moment, gazing at the familiar writing of long ago, listening for a familiar footstep that she thought must follow this writing, wondering where the writer could be at present, and what he would say at the change in her.

After many wonderments and misgivings she stilled the beatings of her heart, and the half-regretful thoughts of the past, and opened the other.

A beautiful picture of Fred met her gaze, and beneath it, in his bold hand writing, 'Your Valentine.' Then a nice little note, sealed with his own seal. She sat a long time toying with it before she could make up her mind to open it, and then as she gazed upon the page her eyes seemed to dilate and her face flushed with anger. Throwing the picture on the floor, she stamped upon it, saying:

'How dare he write in this manner about me?' until the picture was crushed to atoms; then seating herself on the sofa, she burst into tears, and cried until she heard her father's footsteps in the library a couple of hours after.

She went into the room, and seating herself on his knee, held the note before his eyes.

'What is it, Rose?' What is the matter?'

'Read it, papa, and see how fortunate I've been.'

Mr. Matthews took up the note and read:

'DEAR AL: Send me $500 as soon as you receive this, for I am 'dead broke.'

"You'll have it back in a few weeks, for the little 'country girl' is dead in love with me, I'm sure, and is only waiting to be asked.

'I'll make it all right with her tomorrow, as it is Valentine's Day, and in a few week's will have a grab at the old man's money-bags.

'Mr. Matthews thinks I'm all hunky, and I think he is about right. Lucky thing I came to Paris just now, isn't it?

'I might have missed this chance, and to tell the truth, I'm half in love with the little puss. Now, if it wasn't for that dark-haired girl in New York, I'd be dead in love with this one; but she is poor and this one is rich. I'll soon change round, no doubt of it, when I begin to get 'flush.'

'Don't fail me, Al, for I am 'run ashore.' Won't we have a good time at my expense, soon? I'll pay you all up, old boy. Yours truly.

FRIEND FRED

Mr. Matthews was determined to punish the scoundrel, but Rose begged him so to desist that only a coolly sarcastic note from him paid the penalty of Fred Heywood's imprudence. He left Paris immediately, mourning his ill luck, and vowing he would never write two letters in the same day again, for fear some evil genius would change their destinations.

Rose told her papa of her other valentine, and was surprised to hear 'that John Allen was in Paris and had called on Mr. Matthews, and only waited an invitation from her to throw himself on her generosity.' He had received a nice little competence from an uncle that had died within a few months; so resolved to hunt up Rose and learn the worst, why she had not written him, and if she was still heart-free.

He knew that travel would benefit him in many ways and if he found Rose married, he made up his mind that he could never settle down near the village where he had enjoyed so much happiness in years gone by.

Rose listened to her father in silence, then asked for his 'address,' penned a line to John saying: 'If you can forgive me, I will be your valentine. Yours, Rose.' Rose told John all about her escape from Fred's fascinations, but will never own that she would have accepted Fred if his valentine had been just as he intended. She says 'John's touched her heart, and brought to mind all the suffering he had experienced.'

John never fails to send his little wife a valentine every year to remind her of her good fortune in marrying *him.*

Mr. Matthews has learned to reverence his son-in-law, and thinks his dignified manner 'just right for his profession.'

Aunt Mary says 'she knew those two would make a match. A valentine sent by an angle could not keep such souls apart.'—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Terrible Tragedy.

LAWRENCE, Feb. 27.—This forenoon at North Andover, Mass, Geo. Rextraw in a drunken frenzy struck his daughter, Mrs Smith, with a poker, knocking her to the floor, and she has since been insensible. Immediately after he delivered the blow he fell to the floor a corpse. It is thought the daughter will recover.

If is vulgar to call a man bow-legged. Just speak of him as a parenthetical pedestrian.

When the schoolmaster reduced the boy to submission it was an unfair contest, because it was tutor won.

See how I ride o'er the raging mane! exclaimed a man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.

The art of education has been reduced to so fine a point that even a hawser can be taut.

Men who stand around waiting for a drink show a lack of cents.

Eulogizing Jeff Davis.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—Pending the consideration of the Arrears of Pensions Appropriation bill in the Senate, before daylight this morning, there occurred one of the most exciting and interesting debates which has been heard during the session. For hours the Senators, many of them old and not robust men, had been seated in the close and overheated chamber. They were worn out, both mentally and physically, and it seemed as if the session would drag its slow length along without interest or excitement until the sunlight came. Suddenly, however, when the members were most exhausted, and the galleries most bored by the prosy and humdrum speeches of comparatively obscure Senators, who, on ordinary occasions, speak to empty benches, Mr. Hoar took the floor. His calm, self-possessed, almost impenetrable face was paler than usual. He had been at a dinner party, was in full dress, and, as he arose, his snow white hair and beard contrasting strongly with his keen gray eye and boyish, unfurrowed face, he presented a striking appearance. Senator Hoar is not a popular man among his associates, far from it; but he never speaks unless he has something to say, and, consequently, he is always listened to with attention. This morning it was evident from his manner that he was about to advance some proposition of more than ordinary importance, and when he moved to exclude Jefferson Davis, the late President of the so called Southern Confederacy, from any benefits which might be bestowed upon veterans of the Mexican war under the Shields amendment to the bill under discussion, it was at once apparent to those who knew the temper of the Senate that a great political debate was about to begin. Nor was this a mistake.

With a voice which was most impressive because of its forced calmness, the Senator declared that the name which was inserted in his amendment had not been singled out by any wish of his, or by the wish of any person who agreed with him politically. For that singling out Jefferson Davis was himself responsible. By his own acts he was conspicuous. By his attack upon the life of the nation which had educated and honored him he was singled out; and because of the facts that he had never given utterance to one word of regret for the past, or one word of cheerful acquiescence in the present. He was conspicuous because to-day, as ever, he spurned the clemency of the Government which he could not overthrow. It was for these reasons, Mr. Hoar said, that he would never consent to tax the loyal widows and orphans of the land that the name of Jefferson Davis might be placed upon the pension roll—the roll of honor of the United States.

These words had an almost magical effect upon the Senate. Members who a few moments before were half asleep in the cloak-rooms or lunching in the restaurant, came crowding into the chamber, wide awake and expectant. The weary watchers in the galleries were weary no longer, and from all sides there was a buzz of keen anticipation. Even this was hushed, however, when Mr. Garland, of Arkansas—gaunt, uncouth, and angular—took the floor to defend his former chief. He did so manfully, and with all the intensity of his Southern, backwoods nature. But he was no match for the trained and scholarly Massachusetts lawyer, and when he sat down there was a general feeling that he had not helped the man who led the "lost cause."

No other Southerner seemed ready to second the effort of Mr. Garland, and for a moment there was a slight halt in the proceedings. It was only for a moment, however. Finding that there was nothing to be expected from his "ex-Confederate friends," Senator Thurman took the floor, and for 20 minutes made a most transparent bid for the support of the South in the next Presidential campaign. With carefully picked words he covered Jeff Davis all over with whitewash, and did everything possible to soothe the wounded feelings of the men from the cotton States. At the same time he was most careful to say nothing which could be construed into an indorsement of disloyalty. Jefferson Davis, he said, had not sought an office, and consequently had never had his disabilities removed; hence, in the eyes of the Senator from Massachusetts, [Mr. Hoar,] he was not worthy to be on the pension roll of the country, while Longstreet was honored with a Post Office, Key with a place in the Cabinet, Orr with the mission to Russia, and Mosby, who had boasted that he was the Marion in the second war, with places of high trust and profit.

To this Mr. Hoar replied with good effect, that all the gentlemen referred to, and others of the same class, had acquiesced in the results of the war, and having done so, he and all the men of his party were gladly willing to welcome them back to the enjoyment of every benefit which the community could bestow.

This taunt was evidently more than Senator Lamar could bear. With one hand flinging back his long black hair from his high forehead, and with the other nervously clutching his chair, he hoarsely cried out, "I regret and am surprised that the Senator from Massachusetts should wantonly, and without provocation fling this insult"—the sentence was never finished. Before Mr. Lamar could utter another word the gavel fell sharply, and the cool, monotonous voice of the Chairman [Senator Edmunds] called him to order. "I am in order," hotly replied the Senator from Mississippi, "though I suppose it is in order here to throw insults broadcast, while those who are insulted are out of order when they fling them back again. I appeal from the ruling of the Chair. The question was at once put. As usual when they are wanted, a number of Republican Senators were absent, and the Chair was overruled. Senator Lamar then spoke at great length and with much eloquence in behalf of Davis. He likened him to Washington and Hampton, called him their compeer, declared that they fought for the same cause, and together their names would go down to posterity. In conclusion, he appeared to think he was making a great point by declaring that since the war Jefferson Davis had never counseled insurrection.

During all the debate Senator Blaine had quietly kept his seat, a silent and close listener to everything that was said. He saw his opportunity had come, however, and with his usual vigor and dash he embraced it. Facing the Southern Senators, and speaking directly to them, he told them more plain truths than they had heard for many a day before. Referring to a remark made by Mr. Thurman, he said that the Democrats and not the Republicans were responsible for bringing the mangled remains of Jefferson Davis into the United States Senate, and so before the country. The Republicans wanted none of him, yet the Democrats were continually dangling him before their eyes. Continuing, he said:

"And now, forsooth, we are to pension him, and why? According to the honorable Senator from Mississippi, because he has never, since the war, counseled insurrection. I took the words down—since the close of the war he has never counseled insurrection. Should we not be thankful? Why should we not pension the man who has shown such loyalty that he has never counseled insurrection? I was amused at the words of the Senator, who, when pleading his friend's cause at the bar of the American Senate, gives as a reason that he has never since the war counseled insurrection. This is the man brought in here and compared to Washington and Hamden, fighting in the same cause and entitled to the same niche in history; inspired by the same patriotic motives, and to be admired in the same manner. I appeal to all sensible men, and confident of what their answer will be, ask if this is not just a little amusing. I turn to the Senator, and, in all seriousness, assure him that the man who led the attack on the American Union will, in the future, as he does to-day, fall so far short of occupying the same niche with Washington that no sane man will ever mention their names in the same breath."

From this point the debate was of a somewhat rambling and incoherent character, and there was some disposition on the Republican side to mince matters. Noticing this, W. E. Chandler, who had been in the press gallery all night, keenly watching the proceedings, sent word to Senator Zach Chandler, who was dozing in his seat, that there was not one Republican in the Senate who dared call Jeff. Davis what he was—a traitor. The old man was awake in an instant, and listening with open ears to the loud praise bestowed on Davis and the Confederacy which was coming from the Southern side. He at last obtained the floor, and by the delivery of the following speech created the most intense excitement:

MR. PRESIDENT: Twenty years ago, I, in company with Jefferson Davis stood up in this chamber, and with him, swore by Almighty God that I would support the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Jefferson Davis came direct from the Cabinet of Fran