The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 48. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1452.

Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

Is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held able for the subscription.

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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. 13-tf.

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

ED. H. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, *Somerset, Penn'a.*

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 26, '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.

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 G. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 79-1y

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. july15

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

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend promptly attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing Press 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, P

COFFROTH & KUPPER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office—4th 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.

COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office—In Beer's block. Upstairs.

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done on short notice. Inquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug 28.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main St., one door south of Journal office.

DR. J. E. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr. 23, '79-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Harnest 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, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

DR. G. B. MASTERS Has located in Somerset for the practice of his profession, and tenders his professional services to citizens of town and surrounding country; office in building recently occupied by Dr. Miller; residence with Mrs. Forney. April 23

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 Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. aug11

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office above Casebeer & Frame's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this county.—I further claim a good set of teeth for $5, 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. may19

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. His table and rooms can not be surpassed, all better 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. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa. July 31.

SERKY'S TEA.
Guaranteed to preserve and promote the the beauty and freshness of youth to the expert age.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE. One teaspoonful steeped in one quart of water, strained, and to be drunk hot or cold, clear or with cream and sugar. Steep a second time in it, makes a delicious summer drink. About one quart of tea should be drunk daily.
Price 50cts. and $1.00 per Box. Sufficient in small box for 25 days.
Orders by letter promptly timed and addressed to Serkys Tea Co.
809 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa. March 19

DAVIS BROS.
House, Sign and Fresco PAINTERS.
SOMERSET, PA. March 17

BANKS, ETC.

NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Buyer and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with prompt ness. Accounts solicited.

Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1 000.

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 until a sale or rental. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug28.

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 Havana and Domestic Tobacco, we claim to be manufacturing the best in the State. We call the attention of Retail Dealers to our quick and price s. In our Retail Store we carry the highest and finest, as well as the cheapest grades of Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos in the market. 3000 pipes, pipe stems, and all kinds of smokers materials.

Factory and Retail Store at No. 5, MAMMOTH BLOCK. Jan 15

PATENTS
without fee for our services, or for improvements on old ones, for useful or other compounds, trademarks and labels, caveats, assignments, interferences, advice, Patents Foreign Patents, and all cases arising under the Patent Laws promptly attended to.
REJECTED Patents by the Patent Office may be secured by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, our models are kept in Patent business only, and we can make more searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.
INVENTORS Who may be discouraged at the delay of months, or even years, which is the average time now required by other agencies to secure Patents, should avail themselves of our superior facilities. We make no charge for our services unless we secure a Patent. We refer to Postmaster, Supt. Money Order Div., and 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 to Europe. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO. Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

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

LADIES! USE "Domestic" Paper Fashions.
15377 Ladies' Cloak. 3 Sizes. Age of 10 inches, bust measure. Price, 20 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

BOSS LIQUID BLUEING.

The Boss Liquid Blueing is Manufactured by an entire new process, rendering it free from Acids or an objectionable agents. It will not streak or spot your clothes but leaves them a beautiful blue, and cannot be excelled for bleaching. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale by all grocers and dealers. Send for Price list and Circulars. Manufactured by JERE BAUMAN, Pittsburgh P. March 19

HORSE BOOK Sound 25 cents in stamps or currency for a new HORSE BOOK. It treats on diseases, has 25 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, a table of the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Dr. Wm. M. Hall says, "I have bought books that I paid $5 and $10 for which I do not think as well of as I do yours." SENT FREE AS A CIRCULAR. AGENTS WANTED. B. J. KENDALL, M. D., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. April 16

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 prosecuted. Send stamp for particulars.
W. C. BERINGER & CO., Box 783, Pittsburgh, Penn'a.
Oldest Claim Agency in the State. feb. 26 '79

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that Samuel Stuff and wife, of Jenner Twp., have assigned all their property, real and personal, to Josiah Miller for the benefit of their creditors. All persons therefore indebted to the said Samuel Stuff and wife will make immediate payment to said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. JOSIAH MILLER, April 23 Assignee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. SPEERS.
DEALER IN
SELECT DRUGS, PURE CHEMICALS, &c.
Particular attention paid to the compounding of
PRESCRIPTIONS AND FAMILY RECEIPTS.
FISHING TACKLE A SPECIALTY
MAMMOTH BLOCK, Somerset, Pa.
March 19

PROVERBS.	PROVERBS.
"For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters."	"$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."
"Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy, and happy."	"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens, and cures continually from first dose."
"Ladies do you want to be strong, healthy, and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."	"Fair 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, Bankers, and Ladies send Hop Bitters freely."	"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.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF SOMERSET BOROUGH, For the Year Ending March 31st, 1878.

RECEIPTS OF THE BOROUGH.

Am't received from Geo. W. Hinrod	$870 36
" " " Geo. W. Rouland	193 10
" " " Henry Krieger	61 80
" " " Borough Scales	128 19
" " " Burgess Weller	64 10
" " " Jacob P. Kimmel	3 00
" " " James H. Shaffer	20 60
Note of Andrew J. Hoover	8 61
Am't received from Fickinger judgment	230 00
Total	$1690 32

EXPENDITURES.

Paid late Treasurer (balance)	$ 8 00
" for Roads and streets	34 81
" Lamp and Police service	241 00
" Salary of Burgess $100, clerk $12	112 00
" " Miscellaneous	72 79
Outstanding order of last year	179 45
Total	$1050 32

We the undersigned Auditors of Somerset Borough do certify that we have audited and examined the vouchers and accounts of the Borough statement and have found them correct and true in all particulars.
Witness our hands and seals the 7th day of April, 1879.
CHARLES C. SHAFER, [SEAL.]
GEORGE W. SNYDER, [SEAL.]
Auditors.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31ST, 1879.

RECEIPTS OF THE BOROUGH.

Am't received from John H. Huston Col.	$669 77
" " " Borough Scales	181 19
" " " Burgess Weller	24 18
Total	$875 14

EXPENDITURES

Am't of orders issued for Labor & Stone for Streets	$425 28
" " " " Pole & Lumber for service including oil, repairs &c.	291 99
" " " " Miscellaneous purposes including office rent	97 82
" " " " Printing, repairs to borough scales, Auditor's pay, &c.	
" " " " Salary of Burgess, Clerk and Treasurer	115 16
Total	$1029 25
of which amount there has been paid	$867 34
Amount still outstanding	162 91
Total	$1029 25
Balance due from Collector	$257 09
Amount of unpaid orders	162 91
Balance available for the new year	94 18
Total	$515 69

JOHN H. HUSTON, COLLECTOR, DR.

Amount of duplicate	$966 57

CR.

Amount of orders paid	$669 77
" " Exonerations & Com allowed	18 71
Balance due the Borough	257 09
Total	$966 57

We the undersigned Auditors of Somerset Borough, do certify, that we have audited and examined the vouchers and accounts of the foregoing statement, and have found them correct and true in all particulars.
Witness our hands and seals the 7th day of April, 1879.
CHARLES C. SHAFER, [SEAL.]
GEORGE W. SNYDER, [SEAL.]
April 16 Auditors.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.
Its effects are as wonderful as ever satisfactory as ever.
It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.
It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.
By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.
As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.
A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."
Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.
This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.
Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.
Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicine.

THE PAST.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

This common field this little brook—
What is there hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look,
Oftener than on the heavens blue!
No beauty lies upon the field;
Small music doth the river yield,
And yet I look, and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain.

'Tis thirty—can't be thirty years,
Since last I stood upon this plank,
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
And watched the pebbles as they sank
How white the! I still remember
Its margin glassed by hoar December,
And how the sun fell on the snow;
Ah! can it be so long ago?

It cometh back—so blithe, so bright,
It hurries to my eager ken,
As though but one short winter's night
Had darkened o'er the world since then.
It is the same clear dazzling scene—
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green;
Perhaps the river's troubled voice
Doth not so plainly say—"Rejoice!"

Yet nature surely never ranges,
Ne'er quits her gay and flowery crown;
But ever joyful, merely changes
The primrose for the thistle-down.
'Tis we, alone, who are waxing old,
Look on her with an aspect cold,
Dissolve her in our burning tears,
Or clothe her in the mist of years!

Then, why should not the grass be green?
And why should not the river's song
Be merry—as they both have been,
When I was there an urchin strong?
Ah, true—too true! I see the sun
Through thirty winter years hath run,
For grave eyes mirrored in the brook,
Usurp the urchin's laughing look!

So be it! I have lost, and won!
For, once, the past was poor to me—
The future dim; and though the sun
Shed life and strength, and I was free,
I felt not—knew no grateful pleasure;
All seemed but as the common measure;
But now—the experienced Spirit old,
Turns all the leaden past to gold!

MRS. WILKIN'S DUTY.

She always tried to do it, but like the kitchen work of poor housekeepers, it was never done up. Tim insisted that there was more than belonged to one family.

Aunt 'Liz'beth took in a good deal for other folks; and once he slyly chalked a sign upon the front door, "Duty Done Her." But then Tim had arrived at that peculiar age when a boy has no rights, and is needed to run errands, and it is probable that duty—his aunt's, not his own—interfered with his comfort, even more than that of older people.

In truth, Mrs. Wilkin's duty was not a convenient article to have about a house.

It was a bristling, aggressive affair, always springing up unexpectedly, like one of the dogs so unanimably petted in some households for their sole virtue of being always in the way. Moving forward, one runs against the creature, and it growls; moving backward one steps upon its tail and it snarls. It lies upon the back piazza to be carefully stepped over in the day time and disastrously stumbled over at night; and haunts the front steps to bark at every visitor coming in, and howl at every member of the family going out.

Mrs. Wilkin kept no dog, but her duty sniffed an opportunity and pounced out of her hiding place when there came a timid little knock at the dining-room door in the early morning, and its answering revealed a small, quiet faced, brown robed figure—face and dress both past the freshness of their youth—carrying a basket.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wilkin."

"Come in?" questioned Mrs. Wilkin, with only half an invitation in her voice.

The acceptance was a half one likewise.

The little brown figure stepped in certainly, and poised herself on the outer edge of a chair nearest the door.

"I called to see if you didn't want to buy some knitted articles, or to engage some work of that sort," she began, in a gentle, deprecating voice.

"Well, I don't," interposed Mrs. Wilkin, positively. "I do all such work myself."

"I didn't know. Many ladies haven't time, and I am glad to do it."

"I suppose so, but I consider it my duty to do all I can myself and set other folks the example, whether they follow it or not," said Mrs. Wilkin, with a slight gesture like emptying her hands of all responsibility. "If I was goin' to give out work at all it would be some hard jobs that it would be a help to be rid of, not the pick and choice little easy jobs that I call rest and not work, but then I ain't as particular as some, and so I do all kinds myself."

A faint flush crossed the visitor's thin face. She was not quite sure that she had been called indolent and advised to go to work and earn an honest living; the words only had an uncomfortable sound; so her lips kept their timid, gentle smile, though they trembled a little.

She held first one hand, in its thin cotton glove, and then the other, to the fire; moved uneasily, glanced down at her feet with a dim thought that if they had always chosen the smoothest path it had yet been rough enough to wear out her shoes much faster than she could replace them, and then she rose to go.

"Wasn't you rather hard on her, 'Liz'beth?" asked Mr. Wilkin, with a regretful glance toward the door as it closed.

Mrs. Wilkin returned to her seat at the breakfast table and surveyed him over the shining coffee pot.

"Hard on her? I only told her what I do, and if that pricks her conscience and makes her uncomfortable it's not my fault. But you needn't worry; she just said 'Good morning' as sweet as ever. She's one of the weak kind that can't be stirred up, and haven't spunk enough to say their souls are their own. I wonder what such folks are good for; they'll never do the world any good, that's sure. They haven't courage to help put down any evil if it was right under their noses; they'd only stand and smile. The very sight of one of them provokes me. I consider it my duty to speak out when I see things going wrong."

"But then everybody ain't alike, 'Liz'beth," interposed Mr. Wilkin.

"Needn't tell me that! it's plain enough," snapped Mrs. Wilkin. "Just look at this neighborhood—peaceable, orderly place two years ago; and now there's a mill started and all sorts of vagabonds brought here to work in it. If I'd had my way they wouldn't have come; and now they're here somebody ought to keep a sharp watch on 'em. But that's the trouble; there's so many mild, easy folks that want to sit still and do the knitting work of life, that there's precious few left to take care of the good of society."

"I don't see as the mill folks have done any mischief yet, 'Liz'beth."

"Of course you don't see, and nobody else sees; but I know there's something going on when the lower part of the mill—that old empty store room back where it can't be seen from the street—is lighted up two or three times every week," said Mrs. Wilkin, triumphantly. "I've watched the twinkle through the shutters tight as they're shut, and seen folks slipping in through the door, too. It's time it was looked after, and I'll do my duty if anybody else does. There may be a gang of thieves or counterfeiters starting for all we know."

A suppressed giggle made Tim suddenly cough and put down his coffee cup.

"Timothy!" exclaimed his aunt, severely, "if you can't drink coffee without doing it so fast that you choke yourself, you'll have to go without it. I'll do my best to bring you up right, whatever may come of it."

Bringing up Tim in the way he should go was one of Mrs. Wilkin's strong points. He was the son of her niece; and Belinda had married in opposition to her aunt's advice. Mrs. Wilkin protested, and then washed her hands of the whole matter.

But when the poor man was so inconsiderate as to die and leave Belinda with half a dozen children just when she needed his help, Mrs. Wilkin's opinion of his general "slackness" was verified.

The family were poor, of course. She didn't believe in sending in many things—self dependence was a duty—but she offered to take Tim.

"Having the boy to raise makes me more careful about the morals of the whole place," she said, returning to her original subject, "and as for there being no thieves around here, I've thought for some time that the meat went pretty fast from our smokehouse."

"Don't now, 'Liz'beth, I—I'm sure no one's stole any," said Mr. Wilkin, with a startled, uneasy look. "You couldn't have counted the hams and everything."

"No, I don't count, but I can miss them for all that," confirmed Mrs. Wilkin, decidedly. "I know there's more go than we use."

"Anyway it can't make difference. I wouldn't 'Liz'beth, there's plenty, you see, more than we want," urged Mr. Wilkin, urgently, but rather incoherently. Then he caught up his hat and started for the barn.

Mrs. Wilkin looked after him with a pitying disapproval.

"When you've more than you want yourself, leave it handy for somebody to steal! Well, that's a new commandment, I do declare!"

"Not so dreadful new neither, Aunt 'Liz'beth," interposed Tim, stoutly, "'cause the Bible folks was taught to leave some of their harvest so the poor could come and get it. I read it myself; only it wasn't called stealing then, as was to be left handier than all stowed away in smokehouses."

"Timothy!" began Mrs. Wilkin. But Timothy suddenly remembered that the chickens were waiting for their breakfast, and chose to interpret the exclamation as an admonition in that direction.

"Yes'm, I'm goin' to feed 'em right away," he observed, seizing a basket of corn and darting through the door by which his uncle had departed.

In truth it was not altogether easy to mould Tim into the desired shape; there was too much individuality about him.

Encasing him in Mrs. Wilkin's code of manners was putting too large a boy into too small a jacket; he was always bursting out at the elbow or tearing off the buttons. Mrs. Wilkin sighed at this new evidence of the number of things that needed her attention; but England never expected every man to do his duty more strongly than Mrs. Wilkin expected to do hers.

That evening the mysterious lights appeared again in the store room of the mill.

She could plainly see them, for just beyond her own back gate an open field sloped directly and steeply down to the building.

The road afforded a public and more circuitous mode of reaching it, but from the hill top the suspicious store room was directly in range. Mrs. Wilkin determined to take a more thorough observation than the kitchen window allowed, and throwing a shawl over her head she picked her way carefully down the icy path and crossed the path to the gate. The snowy field lay white and glistening in the moonlight, and, standing in the shelter of a post, watched the door below.

But before she discovered anyone entering there she heard sounds in another direction—steps in the yard behind her.

What if she should prove beyond all doubt that her meat was stolen and detect the thief!

With that quick thought she turned her head cautiously.

Yes, some one tried the smokehouse door and entered.

Breathlessly Mrs. Wilkin waited until the figure re-appeared passing along the shade of the house, and then as it emerged into the clear moonlight she leaned eagerly forward to catch a full sight of it.

It was easily recognized. Mr. Wilkin, beyond all question, stealing meat from his own stores!

The revelation was astounding. In her astonishment Mrs. Wilkin incautiously loosened her hold on the gate post, took a step forward, and her feet slipped upon the treacherous ground.

She sat down violently, and in an instant was speeding down the hill toward her original point of investigation.

For once the path of duty was smooth before her—entirely too smooth, and icy.

She could not check or guide her progress, her feet struck with force against the mysterious door, pushed it open, and slid into the hall.

Thieves, gamblers, or whoever they were, she must not be discovered by them, flashed through Mrs. Wilkin's mind—more an instinct of self-preservation than a thought—and springing to her feet she slipped behind some boxes piled near by.

The noise attracted attention, and in a moment the store room door opened and a boy looked out.

"Guess it's only the door blew open; it don't catch good," he reported.

"Lock it then, James, and bring in the key," said a voice from within; and to Mrs. Wilkin's consternation the order was obeyed, and she was a prisoner.

The boy left the other door slightly ajar as he re-entered. A gleam of light shone into the hall, and there were sounds from the room beyond—a scratching of pens, and a woman's voice; it sounded wonderfully like that of the little knitting woman, directing and encouraging.

"Well done, Susan."

"Now don't be disheartened, Will. Of course while you work in the mill, and can only study at night, you can't get along just as some do who can go to school all day; but what you learn may be of more use to you. We care most for things that cost us trouble."

There were a few simple mathematical problems, and then a reading, and the words, spelled out with great difficulty by some, were Bible words.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind;" "Vaunteth not itself;" "Seeketh not her own;" "Thinketh no evil;" "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things."

It was easily understood. Mrs. Wilkin leaned forward a little, and could peep into the room. Fifteen or twenty boys and girls from the mill gathered into a night school. Then those wonderful words read so slowly and emphatically, seemed to suddenly assume a new and deeper meaning than Mrs. Wilkin had ever thought of their possessing—some things do show much more clearly in the dark than in the light.

As the timid little woman, who would have been frightened at her own voice in any other audience as large, explained in her simple, gentle way, the passage read, it occurred to the listener outside, that some one was keeping a "sharp watch" on these mill people, after all, and that this might be a better way of doing it than would be practiced by any police force.

It was a very informal school. One girl had brought her best dress that the teacher might show her how to mend a rent in it, and another was trying to knit a pair of mittens for her brother.

Every winter has its thaws. Mrs. Wilkin had a heart down under all the crust of opinions that she had christened duty; she became interested despite her uncomfortable situation.

The position was unpleasant. She did not like playing eaves-dropper to this innocent gathering, but there seemed to be no help for it. She could not escape through the locked door; and boldly revealing herself and explaining her absurd suspicions, and the remarkable way in which she had come there, was more than even her thought could endure. So she kept her place, hoping that she might slip out among them unnoticed. But when the lesson hour ended, they departed slowly, by twos and threes, the open door flinging a flood of light out into the hall.

At last only one lingered, and Mrs. Wilkin listened intently as she caught his voice.

"Now, Tim," said the little knitting woman, "I like to have you come, you know that, and I'll help you all I can, but you really must tell your aunt about it."

"Well, you see, I don't know what she'll say," began Tim irresolutely.

"But that shouldn't hinder you from doing your duty."

"Don't know about that," said Tim, still doubtfully. "You see Aunt 'Liz'beth's got an awful amount of that sort of thing, and it's such a partic'lar kind that other folks can't get much chance to do their's only when hers is a napping. Why, Uncle Reub gives my mother lots of meat, but he just slips it off and don't tell."

"Well, if you don't know what is right for you, I do know what is right for me," said the little teacher with a quiet laugh; "and I can't let you come again until you inform your aunt how you spend your evenings."

Mrs. Wilkin nodded vigorous approval, but it was very evident that Tim departed in a state of dissatisfaction.

There was a sound of a crutch tapping on the floor, and Mrs. Wilkin remembered that a little lame brother had sometimes gone about with the knitting woman. They two were left alone in the room, and went around shaking out the fire, and putting up books and papers.

"Only ten cents a week for each one—that's so little," said the boyish tones musingly.

"Yes, but it isn't so very much that I can teach them," answered the little woman humbly. "And then it's all they can afford to pay, poor things! And you know we began more for their sakes than our own, though we do need money. Courage, though, Johnny, it all counts, and you shall have your overcoat pretty soon now. Besides this is a work that blesses both ways—in what we give as well as what we get."

If she could only pass that open door!

Mrs Wilkin was growing benumbed by standing so long in the cold. Finally the lights were extinguished, and the two came out.

Just then, fortunately, Johnny remembered that they had left a book behind them, and as the unconscious jailors turned back, the prisoner seized her opportunity and made her escape.

She was sitting alone by the fire, when Tim, who had made his homeward route sufficiently circuitous to include a call on his mother, returned. He sat down near her, twisted his fingers uneasily, and Mrs. Wilkin guessed what was coming.

"There's been an evenin' school started here Aunt 'Liz'beth."

"So I understand," responded Mrs. Wilkin coolly.

"Why, I thought"—began Tim, with wide open eyes of surprise, and then checked himself with the sudden reflection that it might not be wise to recall the conversation of the morning. "I'd like to go to it—that is, I have been once or twice," he said. "Fact is, Aunt 'Liz'beth, when we lived down the river, before you took me, there wasn't any school for me to go to, and so I'm behind the other fellers. Miss Kelsey makes 'rithmetic so plain, and helps me with my writin' and so—"

"You might do worse," said Mrs. Wilkin briefly. "Go if you want to. Only one thing, Timothy Stone, I won't have any ten cent business about it. Honest is honest, and it's worth more than ten cents a week to teach you anything, as I well know."

Tim forgot to be astonished at his aunt's knowledge, and overlooked the reflection upon himself, in the pleasure of expressing a desire that he had cherished secretly but hopelessly.

"She wouldn't take any more pay, 'cause she'd want to serve all alike, but, oh, Aunt 'Liz'beth, if I could only give her and Johnny something nice for Christmas!"

"Humph! I'll think about it," answered Mrs. Wilkin, not disapprovingly.

"'Liz'beth," began Mr. Wilkin nervously the next morning, "I wouldn't say nothin' to anybody about thieves, or watchin' them mill folks, if I were you."

"I don't mean to," replied his wife with an odd pucker about her lips.

"Well, I'm glad of it—I really am," said Mr. Wilkin in a tone of great relief. "I don't think anybody stole anything, and somehow it seems to me as if our duty now-a-days is a good deal like it was when them Israelites took Jericho—only just marchin' against the bit of wall that's right in front of us, and lettin' our neighbors take off what's in front of him. It sort o' seems that way, 'Liz'beth."

Mrs. Wilkin did not answer, but she took her revenge that evening, when Mr. Wilkin was going out.

"Reuben," she said, quietly, "if you see any thieves around our smokehouse, just tell 'em there's a couple of chickens hanging near the door, that I dressed a purpose. It's natural Belinda should like a change of meat as well as other folks."

A Mess Adventure.

There were a score or more women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical in some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant, in after years, for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes! they chorused."

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, now," said Johnson as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are 20 married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed the children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blackened the cookstove and made the beds, I'll donate ten dollars?"

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society," said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

Applying the Sermon.

The pastor of a church in a neighboring State, preached a sermon on the importance of saying "No," and in the course of it dwelt impressively on the moral courage required to use that monosylable at the right time.

After the sermon a collection was taken for a very deserving charity. When the congregation was dismissed, a certain man waylaid the pastor in the vestibule, and seizing him by the hand, thanked him effusively for the sermon, one of the most effective he had heard. The pastor modestly replied, "I'm glad you think so, but cannot see why you should."

"Why," replied the man, "when I went into church I was fully determined to give five dollars to that charity, but your sermon impressed me so deeply that I found courage to resist the temptation, and let the plate passer go by with an emphatic 'No.'"

Out in Wisconsin a horse kicked and killed a book agent, whereupon the citizens made a donation party for the horse, and he now has oats enough to last him a full horse lifetime.

He Wanted to See the Editor.

An exchange has the story of a man on the cars who was offered a newspaper.—He took it, looked at the heading, and then threw it aside with disgust, and remarked:

"I don't want any news from that paper."

"I supposed that everybody read it in these parts," I answered. "Has it been pitching into you?"

"Pitching into me? Great Cæsar! I should think they had. But just let me ever meet the editor of that paper."

"You never make anything by striking an editor," I said; "better grin and bear it."

"Yes, that's all right for you to say; but just let me meet that man! I'll show him how to run a newspaper."

"What did he do?"

"Do? He did a good deal. Here's how it is: I often went to Springfield on the last train at night, did my business in the evening, and came home on the first train in the morning. Well, one night I met an old crony, and we went to Music Hall and the theatre. When we came out we met some friends; of course I could not get right out, so I treated; then Jim treated, and the others treated; in fact, we were having a pretty good time, when some fellows came in and began to raise a row. In less than no time the police were in and had us. The next morning I was hauled before the court and was fined $7.40. I did not care much, because I gave a false name, and I knew my wife couldn't find it out; but the next morning, I'll be eternally confused, if that very paper didn't have it all in, and my name, too."

"Did your wife see it?"

"I should say she did."

"Did she make a fuss?"

"Fuss! Godfrey, Elisha! Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Then you know how it is. I have to go to Springfield in the daytime now. Just let me see that editor once.

Brief Advice to Dyspeptics.

Avoid pork, fat meats, grease, gravies, pastries, spices, confectionaries, tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks, beer, malt liquors of all kinds.

Let your food be plain, simple and wholesome—chiefly fruits and vegetables.

Let your bread be made of unbolted wheatmeal.

Take your meals regular; if three, let the supper be very sparing.

Eat slowly, lightly, masticate thoroughly. Beware of hot food and drinks.

Avoid luncheons by all means.

Exercise freely in the open air; never sit moping, but turn your mind entirely from your disease and troubles.

Keep regular hours; rise early; exercise half an hour gently before breakfast.

Bathe frequently, keep the skin clear; the pores open.

Keep your feet dry; let the soles of your shoes be thick, that no dampness may penetrate them.

Keep your sitting and sleeping rooms well ventilated. Impure air is enough to kill a well person—it kills thousands.

Wear loose fitting garments, especially about the regions of the lungs.

Banish the pipe, quid and snuff box as the plague, forever and forever. Of all the dyspepsia breeders and promoters, nothing exceeds the Indian weed.

Keep away from the apothecary; avoid all quack medicines and nostrums.

Finally, keep a conscience void of offence, pray God to forgive your past sins, gluttony and intemperance; for no one who lives temperately, as he should live, will ever be troubled with dyspepsia. The violation of law cries out for vengeance—and vengeance it has sooner or later.