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 &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

ED. B. 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 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. 18 70-1y

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 give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the 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, P[a.]

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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 speedily and punctually attended to. Office—In Baer's Block. Up Stairs.

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done on short notice. Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug28.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON tender 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. east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet 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 may 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. Parker. April 2

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. June26.

DENTISTS.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building. Main Cross Street. Somerset, Pa. nov13

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 you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any people among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge. mar18

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 table and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices by week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa. July 31.

DAVIS BROS.
House, Sign and Fresco PAINTERS.
SOMERSET, PA. March 12

SERKY'S TEA.
Guaranteed to preserve and promote the the beauty and freshness of youth to the ripest 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. Sliced lemon 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 attended to addressed Serky's Tea Co.
809 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa. March 19

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 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 unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug18.

CHARLES C. ORTON,
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 Tobies, 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. 3000 pipes, pipe stems, and all kinds of smokers materials.
Factory and Retail Store at No. 5,
MAMMOTH BLOCK. Jan. 15

NEW ARRANGEMENT.
Great Inducements to Cash Buyers.
One of the firm of Casebeer & Co. has just returned from the Eastern Cities, where he purchased
FOR CASH
The best and cheapest stock of GOODS that will be brought to town this season, consisting of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS, DYE STUFFS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE. CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.,
These goods we will sell
FOR CASH
Or on a short credit to responsible persons if paid promptly when due. We will also exchange them for
GRAIN, FLOUR, MAPLE SUGAR AND FARM PRODUCTS GENERALLY.
We will Pay CASH for
FLOUR, WHEAT, OATS, CORN AND MAPLE SUGAR.
Products must in all cases be delivered before the cash or goods are wanted. Those wishing to save money by buying at the
LOWEST PRICES
Can do so by giving us a call and comparing our prices and terms with other stores. Our long experience and ample capital enable us to do better for
OUR CUSTOMERS
Than any other store in this
TOWN OR COUNTY.
CASEBEER & CO. April 27

Ayer's
Hair Vigor,
For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a
HAIR DRESSING,
nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Mary Dell, late of Milford township, deceased.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the residence of Peter Weimer of Milford Twp., on Saturday the 14th day of June, 1879.
H. B. BARNES, Administrator. May 7

GRANDPA AND BABY.

Out on the lawn, one summer's day,
I left my baby boy at play,
And smiled to hear his gleeful shout
And happy voice ring in and out
Among the arches of the trees,
Then die away upon the breeze;
While all the playful echoes stirred
With merry laugh and lisping word.

But when I missed the cheerful noise,
Nor longer heard the prattling voice,
I rose, and to the window hied,
And, looking hence, this vision spied—
Oh, memory! though thy name be pain,
Paint, paint that picture o'er again!

The western sun his glory threw
Along the sword of emerald hue,
Save where, perchance in playful frown,
Some cool, green shadows nestled down,
And idle shifting with the sun,
Crept slowly eastward, one by one.

Beneath the elm tree's waving crest,
Where the wind tossed the birdlings' nest,
And where alternate sun and shade
Like changing fancies skipped and played,
The old arm-chair, secure and good,
With wide-spread arms, inviting stood;
And in its cushions, broad and deep,
Grandpa and baby sat asleep.

On rounded cheek and golden head
The sinking sun his radiance shed,
While on the grandsire's silver crown
A single ray dropped softly down,
And then, in benediction fell
On both, and wrapped it in its spell.

The breeze, in frolic, growing bold,
Tossed up the rings of shining gold
On baby's brow, then with the gray
In grandpa's head began to play.

In the warm palm, securely pressed,
One little dimpled hand found rest;
The other clasped a withered flower,
Culled, all at will, in Nature's bower.

Fixed was the look of sad content,
On the worn face, a trifle bent;
And forward drooped, to rest the chin
My baby's clustered curls within;
While on the collar of his coat
The gray and gold together float.

Such tinted one might vainly seek
And sleep on baby's lip and cheek;
But thin and pale the other one,
And sad and careworn, in the sun;
And so the evening shadows fell,
And deeper grew, but all was well.

The elm tree boughs now gaunt and bare,
Are tossed about the wintry air,
While pale, wan shadows come and go
Upon the lawn, all white with snow
But never more at eve or dawn,
On garden walk or grassy lawn,
May I, in vision fair, behold,
That little head with crown of gold;
Nor evermore on summer day,
That other one, with crown of gray,
Aneath the dreary, drifted snow,
The silver head, and gold, lie low;
Yet evermore, in joy or pain,
Oh, memory! paint that scene again.

MISS PURCELL'S DIARY.

January 3.—They say it is a piece of egotism to write in a diary, because you can't help writing as if you expected somebody to see it. Never mind; it's begun; and I hereby solemnly record that the weather is fine and the wind southerly, and if we don't have the January thaw, it's because nothing could thaw in Mrs. Whyte's presence. She received me when I came as if she were the Grand Duchess of Mangel-Wurzel, and she looked at my little trunk as if it were a servant's bandbox, and presented me to her Prince Mangel, otherwise her brother-in-law, Mr. Gervais Whyte, as if she begged pardon for reminding a Whyte that such worms crawled the earth. But she found this worm 'up on end.' She was about presenting me to some more of those about her, when I remarked, with my head at its highest: 'Pray don't take the trouble—I am not accustomed to promiscuous introductions. I will go to Miss Julia at once.' I enjoyed seeing Mrs. Whyte's eyes open then; they let some light in her brain, I fancy. 'By George!' I heard the prince say, as we swept out of the room together, 'Greek meets Greek!' And then the music went on, and we threaded two rug velvet-floored halls before arriving at Miss Julia's door in the wing. On our way we met the duchess' husband, Mr. Gyles White, a long and solemn man, as becomes him. He said he knew me from my resemblance to Miss Julia. Well, well!

As for Miss Julia, she is a sight. A misshapen little creature not up to my shoulder; she is very short, she is very stout, she has almost a hump; take any view and it seems that her head is set on wrong side before. But her face—ah, that is nearly heavenly, except when she gets angry. She can't walk; but she has a crutch with a tap of which she recalls you if your mind wonders, and her own mind wanders most of the time. It is dreadful. They all told me not to do it. But I remembered mamma's injunction not to forget that Miss Julia had once passionately loved my father, and had hidden it all when she found by the terms of the will if he married a cousin he would be penniless, and to go to her, if she ever needed me, as if she were my mother. To think of the romance in this little image! But she has magnificent eyes for all. So has that young prince below stairs, Mr. Gervais. Something about him reminds me of papa—the grand air, perhaps.

January 10.—This looks like a diary—a whole week gone. But there's no time. 'Miss Julia is very peculiar.' She says she is dying of lonesomeness, that she hardly sees anybody from morning till night, unless Mr. Gervais comes in and reads the Bible to her. 'And I don't want to hear the Bible!' she cries. 'As if I were an old woman with one foot in the grave. I want a good roaring love story. Find me one, my dear.' The grand duchess opens the door and says good morning; Mr. Gyles Whyte does the same, and adds, gently, that he hopes his cousin is well; nobody else comes, except Mr. Gervais. He sits an hour with her, and I take that time for my afternoon walk.

I go down stairs only to dinner, where there is always company, slip into my seat after the others are placed, and am, of course, never introduced. If Mrs. Whyte is obliged to mention me, she says, in a poor-relation way, 'Miss Purcell, the cousin and companion of Miss Julia.' It makes me shudder to think of the life this poor Miss Julia lived without me. Mr. Gervais is the only one who has seemed to think of her as anything but an animal that must be fed and clothed. I have been reading her bundles of old letters that she has had me rummage out. When I came from my walk the other night, Mr. Gervais was still sitting there, and she was talking about the letters.

January 23.—Another week. Or, let me see, is it a year? Miss Julia interests me, though. Sometimes she praises me; the other day she slapped me. I took her hands, and said, 'Miss Julia if you had been my mother, I couldn't allow that.' And she dropped her crutch and threw her old arms around my neck, and sobbed out, 'Oh, if I had been! if I had been! Oh, my dear, don't you ever be a fool, and let love go by for a whim!' I turned my head and saw Mr. Gervais in the door; and when I had thrown on my cloak for a walk, I found him going along beside me. 'Well,' he said, abruptly, 'don't you think my fine sister-in-law will get herself into difficulty for maintaining white slavery in a free country?' Of course I laughed. 'So you are flesh and blood?' he said. 'You haven't meant one of these people should see you smile, or frown, or do anything other than in the capacity of a machine.'

Perhaps, I answered him, 'these people had not the importance in my thoughts he would give them; they were shadows. I came here at poor little Julia's cry out of Macedonia; I don't stay because they wished me, and I shouldn't go because they sent me.

When I had done, it was he that laughed. 'You are a tragedy queen,' he said. 'We are not so bad as you make us out. I doubt if anybody wants to throttle Miss July. People who do not make themselves loved run the risk of having their existence forgotten.'

'You do not forget her existence, Mr. Gervais.'

'She is a lesson in natural history to me.'

'You are not so bad as you make yourself out,' I said. 'Now I am going to walk faster than you like. Good bye.' To my surprise he still stalked on beside me. 'I don't think you understand me,' said I.

'Perfectly well,' he said. 'But Mrs. Whyte has already remarked on the great danger of your solitary walks.'

'Mrs. White would have a great deal more to remark about if my walks were not solitary!' I cried. And then I stopped, red, red, red to my eyes. 'This is the one hour,' I exclaimed, in exasperation, 'in which I live my own life, am alone, can breathe. Please let me have my hour.' Then he stood aside, lifted his hat, and let me pass. How grave and how superb he was! And I—I was an angry child. I had no sooner crossed the crest of the hill than I threw myself on the snow and had one good cry that cleared my heavens. My nerves are getting used up.

February 2.—What a spasmodic diary! But really so little to say. It hardly seems worth while to chronicle Mrs. White's small beer, her dinners and her lions—and there's nothing else. The other day Mr. Gervais quietly took the vacant place beside me at the table. 'Now I shall have a fine time,' he said, under his breath. 'Being appointed to take in Miss Mayne, I absconded, and another has received the appointment. Something too much of this.'

'Have you really been so rude.' I said.

'I see. You are not in the conspiracy,' he replied. 'But if your sister-in-law meant to marry you to an heiress for whom you had an aversion, and who, for all you knew, had an aversion to you, what would you do?'

'Why have you an aversion? She is pretty. Her diamonds are ——.'

'I have enough of my own,' said he. 'And if I had as much as the national debt, would I choose this life instead of a cottage among the mountains, with books, pictures, music, dogs and horses, choice friends and few?' And therewith he was describing all our life at dear old Carecross. I don't know why he selected me for a confidante, but he went on talking. 'Did you know I was a mind-reader?' he said. 'I know exactly what you think. You wonder at me talking to you so.'

'Yes,' I said, looking up at him. I thought he started. For a moment his eyes rested on mine in a strange way.

'I will tell you why some day,' he said. 'I didn't know myself before. And then Mrs. Whyte was rising.

That night, when everybody had gone, I came down for the evening paper, which Miss Julia insisted on seeing before going to sleep, because some premonition told her that somebody's death or marriage was in it which she ought to know about. I hesitated a moment about going in, because I saw in the hall mirror Mr. Gervais standing before the library fire, while his sister-in-law reclined among her velvets on the lounge. 'She is a serpent,' Mrs. Whyte was saying. 'I was astonished at your imprudence with her during the whole dinner. She has come to the house, this Purcell beggar, for nothing under heaven but to marry you, Gervais.'

Miss Julia had no evening paper that night. I come here to marry Gervais Whyte! The Purcell beggar!

February 17.—The longest, longest fortnight! I don't know how I am going to turn out, am a little curious to see. I wonder what they are doing at Carecross; if they pity me in this exile; if they laugh at my Quixotism. But when I learned of this Mrs. Whyte and this poor little Miss Julia, after the letter her maid wrote, and the one dictated to Mr. Gervais, and the word brought by the messenger I sent to spy out the land, I was resolved to see it. She is very fond of me; it quite pays one; she calls me her comforter; sometimes she kisses my hands. She folds her hands and says her prayers in her chair. She never used to say her prayers at all.

Some of the 'high-flyers' who are visiting here were singing the other night; we were sitting in the moonlight, and I set the door open for her to listen. I haven't spoken to Mr. Gervais since the night Mrs. Whyte so emphatically announced my intentions. I have left the room as he entered on his daily call. I have walked on roads he never takes. But I never fail to encounter him, and it makes my blood run cold to look at him, to recall Mrs. Whyte's lesson, to observe his aptness at learning. He did send me some new books—*noblesse oblige.* I told James to put them back on his desk. And he put a bunch of violets in my hand as he passed while I spoke with Miss Julia's doctor; I left them on the hall table. Sunday before last he sat in the great square pew, where he could look me full in the face; but after the first I never glanced up, and last Sunday I didn't go to church. Yet I see he is troubled and pale; perhaps he is to marry Miss Mayne in spite of his aversion, and it worries him. Ah, that is shameful. I would not have thought it of one like him—so perfect as he is, as he is! To-day Mrs. Whyte casually remarked to Miss Julia that she thought Gervais would go to Europe if he married Miss Mayne. 'He speaks all the modern languages,' said she

'That is an advantage,' said I; 'for his future wife cannot even speak English.'

'I am glad,' said Miss Julia, afterward, 'that there's some one besides me not afraid of Mrs. Whyte. Not that I'm not afraid of her; I often feel like cowering and whimpering when she opens the door. But I call up all my nerves instead, and snap at her.'

'It isn't right,' I said; 'and I'm sorry I am so ill-natured. But who could help it?'

'Nobody, my child. And you're not ill-natured—you're perfection.'

And I think she really believes it. But, as I said, we were sitting in the moonlight, listening to the singing, when I saw a shadow in the door, and Mr. Gervais came in and shut it behind him.

'Now you've shut out the music,' said Miss Julia.

'Do you call that music?' he asked.

'Antoine here can sing a thousand times better, anyway,' said she. 'Antoine, sing me the German song again.'

Sing for Mr. Gervis! And who had never asked me.

'You are dreaming, Miss Julia,' I said.

'Let me dream, to, Miss Antoine,' said Mr. Gervais. 'Won't you sing the song?'

I thought I had better sing than make a scene. So I did. I sang 'Adelaide.' I don't know why it moved me so; but it did. It did, although I was so angry with myself. I felt as if I were lingering beside my grave, and saying those passionate things to my lover, and, to save me, I couldn't hinder the tears rolling over my cheeks; and when I looked up there were tears in his eyes too; I saw them shine in the moonlight. 'It is divine!' said he, coming and taking my hand. 'Good heavens! your hand is cold as death!'

'I have been singing a death song,' I said.

And then he turned abruptly and went out of the room. I suppose he cannot help himself now—he is pledged; but, oh! why did I ever come here? why did I ever come here?

'You were singing a death-song, and your voice sounded like an angel's,' said Miss Julia. 'I wish you could have seen yourself, with your black hair and your blue eyes, and the tears falling in the moonshine, and the purple shadow of the room about you. I think Gervais is in love with you, Antoine.'

'Cousin Julia,' cried a harsh voice, as the Duchess of Mangel-Wurzel sailed in, 'I will be obliged to you to cease such childish talk. You may as well understand once for all, that Gervais is to marry a very different ——'

'Hoity-toity!' cried Cousin Julia. 'I will be obliged to you to leave my room.' And if the Duchess of Mangel-Wurzel had not obeyed at once, a smart tap of the crutch would have hurried her. She went, without doubt, to tell Gervais what we were talking of.

'That surprises you,' said Miss Julia. 'Did you think this is Mrs. Whyte's house? Well, it's not. It's my house while I live, and then it's the Alton Bay Lock Insurance Company's.' Cousin Julia's mind doesn't wander as it did when she was alone so much.

'I know all about it,' said I.

'That's good,' said she. 'I wanted you to be informed there was no fortune to be had from me.'

'And, Miss Julia,' said I, 'have you ever told them about me and Carecross?'

'Not one word,' said she. Dear, little Miss Julia! I couldn't have believed I would care so much about her.

March 10.—Poor Miss Julia's heart-disease, that has kept her in her chair for thirty years, gave her release this morning. She died at sunrise. Last night a cry awoke me, and a hand on my shoulder, and a voice far off, crying 'Follow me!' I threw on my wrapper in the thick smoke, and ran to Miss Julia, the whole world in a red glare about me. She was not in her room; and then I suppose I fainted, for I knew no more till a waft of cold air was blowing over me, and I was lying in Mr. Gervais' arms under the fir-trees. 'Oh, thank God!' he said. 'You are alive; you breathe; you are not dead! Oh, my darling! my darling!' And he was kissing my forehead, my cheeks, my lips, and I couldn't help myself. I struggled to be free, but I was so weak. 'It is wicked,' I managed to say. 'And Miss Mayne—'

'Why do you speak of her?' he cried.

'You know why' I exclaimed. 'Because you are going to marry her.'

'Is that why you drop my violets and send back my love-letters,' he murmured. 'I shall never marry anybody but you, Antoine. I never meant to since the day I read your mind at dinner. Tell me, tell me,' he whispered, as he held me—'tell me if I may!' And it's no matter about the rest.

As soon as I could I went to Miss Julia. They had the fire under control before long; it was only in the wing, and we were all comfortably housed again before dawn. But the shock was too much. Just as the color broke out in the sky she kissed me and was gone.

I was crying a little when Mrs. Whyte came where I was. Mr. Gervais moved to the window.

'Well, said Mrs. Whyte, 'I don't know that it is to be regretted. She was no pleasure to herself nor to any one else. It is extraordinary, Gervais, that there are no deeds or stock certificates of Cousin Julia's to be found.'

'Perhaps they are burned,' said Mr. Gervais.

'No. The fire injured nothing in her room; it was all in the halls and Mr. Whyte's office. Well, at any rate, it sets you free, Miss Purcell. We shall not need your services longer. As for wages, I hope you understand there were none. I hardly know Gervais, what we had best do while the repairs takeplace.'

Mr. Gyles Whyte slowly opened the door and came in. He was the color of ashes,

'You are very welcome to stay in the house while you please, Mrs. Whyte,' I said.

She wheeled upon me.

'Welcome!' she exclaimed, 'to stay in the house? Really, the girl is—'

'The owner of the house,' said Mr. Whyte.

'What!' she screamed. 'Have you influenced that idiotic old woman to make a will—'

'Miss Julia had nothing to will,' I said. 'She gave all her property years ago to the Alton Bay Lock Insurance Company for an annuity, which has been regularly paid and spent. And as for the house, my father bought its reversion of the company before I was born, that she might never be homeless. And that is why it is mine.'

'I don't believe a word of it,' said she.

Mr. Whyte took his wife's hand. 'There is a worse misfortune in store,' he said. 'You must be brave. The fire has destroyed our bonds, and they were not registered.'

Gervais made a sudden movement forward.

'Mr. Whyte,' I said, 'you have been kind to me, you have been kind to poor Miss Julia. This house is your's and your wife's as long as either of you live.

'But, my darling, did you understand that my wealth went with Gyle's?'

But I could only cling to him, laughing and crying together, and saying that he was wealth himself, and that I loved him, I loved him, in a way he never expected me to do. I couldn't tell him about Carecross and all its vast property, the mills and mines, the fields and cattle and rent-rolls. I want him to love me a little longer in my poverty, and some day it will be time enough for him to find me over and over again a millionairess.

His Peculiar Position.

The sight of a strong, healthy man loafing on Clifford street with a snow-shovel on his shoulder was sufficient to attract the attention of every one who passed him, and to the inquiry as to whether he was searching for a job of shoveling snow he replied:

"I am, sir, but I haven't any luck in striking work. It is pretty late for snow, I suppose?"

"Well you can't look for more than a foot of snow after the middle of May, even in this country," said the other.

"No, I suppose not. If we only had five or six inches I could make three or four dollars and get along somehow. As it is I am placed in a very peculiar position."

"How?"

"Why all the ready capital I have is locked up in this thirty-five cent snow-shovel, and no snow to work on. If I had my money in a lawn-mower or house plants or garden seeds I might realize some profit, but now I don't know what I shall do."

"You are not to blame if it doesn't snow. You don't run the weather."

"That's true," slowly replied the man, "but my position is peculiar, just the same. People won't give me credit for my honest intentions. I need work—I'm just hungry for work, but you wait and see how folks use me."

He knocked at the door of a private house and a woman appeared.

"Do you want the snow shoveled off your walk this morning?" politely inquired the stranger, as he held up his shovel.

"No, sir!" was her emphatic response.

"I'll do it very cheap, madam."

"No matter, you can't have the job!" she snapped.

"You see how it is," observed the man, as he returned to the walk and leaned against a shade tree with leaves as big as his hand. "My capital is locked up in this shovel, and no prospects of snow for six months. Considering all circumstance, would you like to advance me ten cents until December?"

The citizen thought he would. There was something about the circumstances worth five times that money.

Smart Boy.

Dr. Lillienthal recently stepped into a schoolroom during a recitation in geography, and was invited by the teacher to ask the class questions. He courteously complied.

"What is the capital of Pennsylvania?"

'Harrisburg.'

'What is the largest city in Pennsylvania?'

'Philadelphia.'

'What building is there in Philadelphia that is dear to the heart of every patriotic American citizen?'

That was a poser. The class was troubled, but made no answer. The doctor repeated the question.

'What building is there in Philadelphia that is dear to the heart of every patriotic American citized?'

'I know,' said a little fellow on a back seat, as he stretched up his arm to its full length.

'Tell us what it is then, my boy,' said the Dr.

'The Mint,' was the confident answer.

"Why is this thus?" It isn't unless you put the u where the i is.

Killing a Kangaroo.

"We were to assemble next morning at our friend's station for breakfast, after which we were to join a large party that had assembled at the place selected for the hunt. It was a lovely morning, with a fine, brisk wind blowing, just sufficient to dry up all the moisture from the atmosphere.

We arrived upon the ground in good time, and found those whom we were to join already waiting for us. The dogs which accompanied them for the purpose of the hunt were unlike what we had been accustomed to in the more civilized neighborhood of Melbourne. They were a kind of large, bony greyhounds—a cross between the greyhound and Scotch deerhound; and it was explained that instead of following their quarry by scent, they hunted entirely by sight. The district which had been selected was not very prolific in kangaroo, as it is deemed better to select localities where a few are sure to be found, but not in large flocks, as it is difficult under these circumstances to separate them, and the dogs are apt to select an animal for themselves, instead of all keeping to one in particular.

We were soon 'on to an old man,' who led us at a rattling pace. At first it was very treacherous work riding through the thick bush, and it was necessary to keep a sharp lookout simultaneous for the eyes, the knees, and the neck. The saddles used in the bush have large knee-pads, to prevent any injury to the knees; for it is impossible on all occasions, especially when riding after cattle through the bush, to prevent the face and eyes coming in contact with the branches, and also to guard against the number of hidden, fallen trees, which had been overgrown with ferns and grasses.

The horse, however, which had been bred in and is accustomed to the bush, is itself very careful; and if the rider has a tight hand, and sits steadily and easily, yet closely to his steed, he is almost sure to be carried safely through all difficulties. The pace, as I had said, was very great at first, but gradually slackened as we proceeded, and the animal began to tire.

Some of the party had already had enough of it, and a horse ridden by the owner of two of the best dogs in the pack had got badly staked. Presently we came to cultivated land, and here the kangaroo endeavored to intercept us by placing a pretty stiff log fence between him and his pursuers. But he might have saved himself the trouble, poor old man, had he known what a small batch of horsemen and dogs behind him could do in the way of overcoming these obstacles; and when he perceived that even this last effort was of no avail, and that he was still pursued, he evidently began to lose heart, and soon came to a standstill.

The dogs cautiously approached him now, cautiously, I say, for they were old hands, and well knew the terrible use the old man could make of his toes when driven to desperation in this way; and most of the dogs bore testimony of his powers by the large scars which were visible on their sides, for a kangaroo can rip a dog, or anything which attacks him, in the most wholesale manner, by the use of the sharp claws attached to his legs.

The dogs were now called off, and one of the party dismounted, getting behind the animal, while another faced him, with a heavily loaded hunting whip, in order to dispatch him. This was no easy matter, as the kangaroo would ward off the blows with his arms and hands, showing the skill of an experienced fencer. He would often endeavor to charge his opponent in front; but, fortunately for the enemy, who otherwise would not fail to feel the animal's fury, there was another behind, who would at this moment seize him by the tail, and, by a well-directed blow from his loaded whip on the animal's head, put an end to the combat."

Poisoned With a Postage Stamp.

Young ladies who think proper to correspond with rejected lovers would perhaps do well to take a hint from the following curious case, which is, however, authentic:

Mlle. Maxy, who lives on the farm of Pentecote, on the Belgian frontier, was on the point of being married, when she received a letter from an old suitor asking her to reconsider the matter, and send him an immediate reply.

A postage stamp was gallantly enclosed to defray the cost of transmission. The answer was duly written. Mlle. Maxy applied the stamp to her fair lips; but hardly had she done so when she felt a sharp pain in her tongue, and in less than no time that interesting member became horribly elonkated an inflamed and covered with noisome sores. The disconsolate one, Alfred Camin, by name, a farmer at Pichon, in the Nord, has been arrested; but he declared he used no noxious drug, but simply moistened the corner of the stamp with his own lips—a delicate way of stealing a kiss.

Such is the state of the case as it stands at present, but the tale carries its own moral.

Hay.

Recent investigations threaten to upset some popular notions. It has long been supposed that early cut is more valuable than that cut later. If the judgment of the cows were a test, there would be no question then about it. They will leave the riper hay, and even refuse to eat it at all, if they can procure that which has been cut earlier.

In the winter's dairy, the milk falls off more than ten per cent. when the young hay is changed for that cut two weeks later. This is sufficient to support the general opinion in spite of chemical analyses, which go to show that ripe hay is heavier, more bulky, and contains more nutritious substance, than that cut earlier. Perhaps the operations of the chemist can extract more nutriment from ripe hay than can the cow's stomach; but as the young hay feeds more profitably, it seems to be better to cut early.

When to Cut Clover.

The object in harvesting clover and grass generally should be to cut it at that stage of growth when it contains the greatest amount of nutriment. Much, of course, will depend upon the weather, but much also depends on the exact stage of growth at which the plant is cut. The end and aim, if we may so speak, of all the plants is to propagate their species. Hence, we find them springing up, flourishing, producing seed, and then dying. During periods of active growth they are constantly engaged in receiving extraneous nutritive matter with which the structure of the plant is composed, is constantly undergoing change—the sugar that abounds in the young and growing plant being largely changed during the ripening of the seed into husk, bran and starch in the grain, or woody fiber in the stalk.

The opening of the flower is the signal for the commencement of this change, which continues to go on until the plant has reached maturity—consequently the longer this change is permitted to continue the more this matter will decrease. The object, therefore, of the haymaker should be to seize on that particular period in the growth of the plant when it contains the largest amount of nutritive matter, and this is when the plant is in full bloom. Every hour that clover is allowed to stand after it has reached this point is at the expense of its nutrition, and if not cut until dead ripe, the stems have become so hard and woody as to be but little better than so many sticks. No crop is more easily injured by wet weather than this, and to have it just dry enough to stow away in the barn or stack, but not so dry as to cause the heads and leaves to shatter off in handling, requires the most discriminating judgment and closest attention. In order to cure clover hay of the best quality the sun should never be permitted to shine on it more than half a day after it is cut, when it should be put under shelter as soon as possible. So managed, it will retain its aroma and nutritive qualities in their greatest perfection, and be especially beneficial to milch cows in winter, not only increasing the flow of milk, but adding much to its richness, and imparting to the butter a color almost equal to that made in summer.

An Eloquent Prayer.

BY REV. JOSEPH COOK.

Almighty God, Thou hast created this valley. May we not desecrate it! Thou hast walked in this valley long before it was known to man. May we in some degree walk worthily in Thy glorious footsteps in the presence of these stupendous revelations of Thy power. May we be delivered from contempt to Thy word and commandment. May we loathe our leprosy and dishonesty, and selfishness, as Thou dost. Face to face with these precipices, may we acquire hearts as upright and downright as the rocks. From this house, which we dedicate to Thee, may Thy truth be proclaimed as bold as the hills and as tender as the voice of these waters. Our supreme prayer is that Thou wilt give us similarity of feeling with Thyself. What men say here the world will little note or long remember; but it will not forget what Thou hast said here. Let the keynote of our speech be Thy speech as uttered all around us. May all discussions of Thy truth here echo God. May they reflect Thee as these waters reflect the precipices. Wilt Thou here inspire poets, and artists, and statesmen, and reformers. May the influences of this valley be an antidote to the spirit of luxury, and be a rebuke to wealth that lives cheaply. May preachers and teachers find strength and tenderness here in this valley. Wilt Thou knit the hearts of all nations to each other and to Thyself. Our ancestors brought from the Holy Land the glad tidings of the Gospel. When the children of Europe and Lebanon come here, they may meet Thee, and may we meet them in the spirit of Christian brotherhood. When the children of the Himalayas come to the Sierras may they find peace and strength. When the children of the Yellow Sea come hither may they find instruction, and be treated with justice on the shores of the Pacific. The high noon is above us, the voice of God is sounding all around us. In the presence of these glorious works of Thine, we dedicate this house to Thy service, and we give ourselves to up to Thee, an irreversible, affectionate, total surrender, and beseech Thee to fill this temple, to the latest generation, with the love of God. Amen.

A Chance Shot.

Away over and up in Douglas County, Oregon, G. W. Smith shouldered his Henry rifle and strolled into the woods. There was snow on the ground and tracks—bear tracks—on the snow. Two miles across a valley and up a hill the hunter followed the trail. All at once a huge cinnamon bear appeared in his path, walking leisurely along. The crack of the Henry, a sharp reverberation among the crags, the thunderous answer of the beast, and the hunter took to his heels. On bounded bruin. Smith turned. In a terrible moment the bear closed and knocked the rifle into the air and its owner upon the ground. As he fell Smith heard the clear report of a rifle. Stunned as he was he thanked his lucky stars that some friendly hand had made itself in the nick of time, for the bear was lying by his side dead. Recovering, Smith looked far and near for his rescuer. He saw no one. Much puzzled, he picked up his rifle and looked into the magazine. He found but 8 bullets, and the mystery was explained. In starting on the hunt he had put 10 bullets in, had fired one shot, and so it must have been that the rifle discharged itself in the fall, providentially killing the bear.

A French change of sauce—from MacMahonnaise to Grevy.

Marriage is not an uneven game—it is a tie.

Use of Coffee.

Much more coffee is used here than in any country on the globe, France being the only land that consumes anything like an equal amount. While tea has taken the place of coffee here to a certain extent within a few years, this is mainly in cities and large towns; and there is no probability of its becoming the national beverage, as it has become in Russia and largely in England. Coffee, although unknown to the Greeks or Romans, has been used from time immemorial in Abyssinia and Ethiopia; since the fifteenth century in Arabia, and since the sixteenth over the remainder of the East. Toward the close of the following century, the plant was carried by Wieser, a Netherland burgomaster, from Mocha to Batavia (Java), where it was widely reproduced, and ere long the shoots were sent to Amsterdam, and thence to the Botanical Garden at Paris. Coffee was first drank in Egypt and Turkey in the sixteenth century, having been brought from Arabia; and Leonhard Rauwolf, a German physician, was probably the first to make it known in Europe, through his travels published in the year 1573.

Coffee-houses soon sprang up in different countries of Europe, the earliest in Constantinople (1551) the next in London the year subsequent. This one was kept in Cornhill by a Greek, one Pasquet, the servant of an Englishman named Edwards, who had brought some coffee with him from Smyrna. The first coffee-house in France was opened in 1671, in Marseilles, and a few months later Paris imitated the example. Before the civil war, coffee-houses, as they are called, were very common in the West and South, and are still, the name being applied to bar-rooms—probably because most everything except coffee could be had there. The consumption of coffee has increased very rapidly throughout the republic, the poorest people drinking the pure article, so far as they can see it; while in Europe generally the comparatively well-to-do alone can afford the luxury.

The chief substitutes, such as barley, crusts, beans, chicory, are seldom employed in this country, most of the Americans preferring to go without than not to have the real thing. Coffee is an absolute necessity with us, being drank in the laborer's cabin no less than in the rich man's house from Maine to California, from Florida to Washington Territory. It is said that we import now about 300,000,000 pounds annually, valued at $25,000,000, and our yearly increase in the last quarter of a century is estimated at 8½ per cent. against 2½ in Europe, and 4 per cent. for the whole world.

Runaway Marriages.

The marriage laws in Virginia are very strict, a full accout of the age, parents' names, occupations and residence being required from both parties before a license is granted. A clergyman who marries minors without the parents' consent is liable to a fine of $20,000. It is probably owing to these safeguards about marriage that divorces are so rare in Virginia.

Before the war a village called Hard-Scrabble, just over the Pennsylvania line, was a sort of Gretna Green, and a quondam shoemaker, who had been chosen justice of the peace, officiated as god of love to join the flying lovers who hired him to escape the law. When they were very young, however the old man often reasoned with them like a father, and more than once sent them home to learn wisdom with age. On one occasion when the girl was a mere child, Quimby the shoemaker, laid down his pipe, and fixed his eyes on her blushing, trembling face. "Marry you?" taking up two bits of thread. "Yes I can marry you as quickly as I can tie this knot. But"—and the old man rose solemnly—"only God's hand can cut the knot asunder." For the first time, perhaps, the awful import of her act flashed upon the girl. She burst into tears and sobbed out "I want my mother!" "I'll take you to her my child; and as for you young man, go about your business." They were never married, and to the end of her life the woman had reasons to thank the old man for his interference. The papers have been filled lately with the runaway matches of two young girls, one flying from Vassar College, the other running away with a servant. Girls who have never probably chosen a dress for themselves, in one rash moment fix inexorably the fate of the future lives. The only argument they hear in the matter is the good looks of a young fellow of whom they know realy nothing. Girls so immature and unreasoning ought not be trusted to choose their every day companions. Parents are to blame if these companions lead them into lifelong misery.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Recovering the Dead.

DEADWOOD, D. T., June 16.—Six bodies have so far been recovered at Buffalo Gap, those of Davis, the freighter, going south, three men, names unknown, accompanying him, Oliver Rhodes and Frank Reed. The bodies of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Rhodes and her three children are still missing. The water rose rapidly and no chance was offered for escape. Nothing was known of the disaster at Buffalo Gap station, one mile distant, until 8 o'clock the following morning, too late to render any assistance to the helpless people. Beaver creek has now gone down and men are at work clearing away the debris with hopes of saving some of the freight, but it is scattered for miles and progress is slow. No way of getting any authentic news from the scene except by freighters coming in.

She entered a music store, and accosted the pensive blue-eyed clerk, said:

"I want a copy of Beethoven's Sonatas."

He hastened himself and politely handed her a nicely bound volume. After examining it, she handed it back, saying:—"Haven't you got them by another author?" The clerk attempted to explain, but she wouldn't listen to him, and with a classical air she walked out of the store.

Pensioners on Pain.

Some people suffer for years with kidney or liver disorders, not knowing that Kidney-Wort can relieve and cure them. It strengthens the bowels, purifies the blood, drives out the pain, and renews the sufferer's life. Sold by Druggists.

No matter how hard the times may be, or business depressed, the wages of sin shall not be reduced.

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