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 collections &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

E. 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. 28, '78.

VALENTINE K. 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.

WALTER 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. KIMMELL, 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 I. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs, Corner Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business transacted with promptness and fidelity. 29y10

F. J. KESSLER,
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 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. TENSLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, P

COFFROTH & SUPPES, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and generally attended to. Offices—In Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

J. C. EGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Somerset Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
Can be done at any time.
Enquire 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 or the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main St., one door East of the Post office.

DR. J. S. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristinger's store. apr 22, '79-tf.

DR. S. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barner 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. Farmer.
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.

DENTISTS.

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

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frazer's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to enlarge my facilities that I can now put good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $6, 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.

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. The table will forever 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.

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

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, equal to tea; 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 to the Depot,
809 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

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 N. HICKS

Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,

JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug28.

LEGAL SALE

By virtue of a decree of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county I will sell the real Estate of John Polster, at public sale on the premises in Milford twp., on

Saturday, August 2, 1879,

at one o'clock P. M.,

A tract of land in Milford township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 66 acres, more or less, of which 30 acres are cleared; 10 acres in meadow with dwelling house, grist mill, saw-mill, barn and other buildings and orchard on the same.

TERMS.—One-third on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year with interest on deferred payments from day of sale.

Ten per cent. will be required as soon as the property is struck off.

R. H. DULL,
June 18 Assignee of John Polster.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

Sealed proposals will be received on and before the 12th of July next, at the office of the Secretary of the Jefferson township School Board, in Bakersville, for the building of a frame school-house in the said township. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Secretary.

JOHN SCHLAG, Secretary.
J. G. BARCLAY, President.
July 2.

SETTLEMENT
OF THE SUPERVISORS
OF SOMERSET TOWNSHIP.

ELI BOWMAN, DR.

Amount of duplicate	$743 05
CR.	
By work	$655 62
" salary	86 25
" expenditures	2 29
" exoneration	2 74
" attending settlement	1 50
	$748 32
Balance due Eli Bowman	5 27

A. J. SAYLOR, DR.

Amount of duplicate	$835 56
CR.	
By work	$829 09
" salary	99 09
" orders, etc	7 28
	$922 29
Balance due township	13 27

JACOB J. BAKER, DR.

Amount of duplicate	$831 96
CR.	
By work	$780 18
" salary	82 43
	$862 61
Balance due Jacob J. Baker	69

JONATHAN NEIDOW, DR.

Amount of duplicate	$809 87
CR.	
By work	$597 86
" material	59 56
" salary	127 90
" cash	5 00
	$790 32
Balance due township	19 55

ADAM S. MILLER, Township Clerk.
JERE S. MILLER,
CHRISTIAN STRENG,
GEORGE C. LICHTY,
June 11 Auditors.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

of Milford School District, Somerset county, Pa for the year ending June 30th, 1879.

RECEIPTS.

Gross am't of tax dup. for school purposes	$1792 26
State appropriation	307 08
Cash from former Treasurer	238 97
Total	$2338 41

EXPENDITURES.

Paid teachers salaries	$1630 00
" fuel	71 75
" repairs	170 37
" salary of Secretary	15 00
" salary of Treasurer & Col.	99 92
Exonerations, deficiencies, errors	134 07
Miscellaneous expenses	32 60
Amount in hands of Treasurer	384 90
	$2338 41

E. D. MILLER, JONATHAN RHOADS
Secretary. President.

AUDITOR'S REPORT

We the undersigned Auditors of Milford School District, Somerset county, Pa., having carefully examined the above accounts of the Treasurer, find them correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

WILLIAM WALTER,
PETER DULL,
JAMES M. MEYERS.
July 9 Auditors.

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

$2500 A YEAR. Agents wanted. Business legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ONE BY ONE.

BY RICHARD REALF.

One by one earth's wrongs are smitten,
One by one its errors fall;
One by one are carved and written
Truth's great triumphs over all.
One by one the dreary places
Glow with green and gush with light;
One by one God's finger traces
Moons and stars upon the night.

One by one are rent and riven
All the links of hell's hot gyves,
One by one the chords of heaven
Gently, strongly clasp our lives;
One by one earth's bitter weanings
Leave us nearer to the skies,
One by one life's higher meanings
Break like sunlight on our eyes.

O, the weary months of sorrow!
O, the long and solemn years!
O, the yearning for the morrow,
That should give joy for tears!
O, one unresting heart's great anguish!
O, the wasting of the fame—
And the love that could not languish,
And the spirit singed with flame!

Let it pass: the blessed throbbing
Of the purple heart of morn
Drew his pulses from the sobbing
Midnight—setting in her scorn;
And the calm soul's higher thirsting,
And the light of truer eyes—
There are but the upward bursting
Of the seeds of sacrifice.

Therefore—though the iron shackle
Clasp and clench the writhing spheres;
Though the red fires flame and crackle
Through the ghastly, shuddering years;
Though the green earth weep unshriven
And thick mildew blast the sun,
Still shall all, save man and heaven,
Pass and perish, one by one?

THE LADY IN THE BLUE HAT.

A PARISIAN COMEDY OF ERRORS

The Marquis de V. has an income of 200,000 francs a year. Hence the sun does not rise in his apartments until 11 o'clock. His valet superintends the brushing of his master's clothes with one eye, and reads the morning papers with the other. The bell of the outer door rings, and the valet, after the bell has rung two or three times, and he has heard the voice of one of his master's friends outside, finally consents to go and open it.

"I have been making a racket here for twenty-five minutes," said the visitor, who was Paul de L., bounding into the room.

"Monsieur did well to knock," said Clestine, the valet, following him with a slow, dignified step. "He might have rung till the day of judgment, for my servant was brushing the clothes of my master, and I was reading my morning paper. It is remarkably bright and interesting this morning."

Paul explains to the valet that he has come to persuade his master to commit matrimony, but he finds Clestine a foe to his project, for Clestine is afraid that a lady at the head of the house will either dismiss him or give him something to do.

So Paul asks to be shown to the apartment of his friend.

The valet knocks directly at the door of his master's bedroom.

"Who's there?"

"I, monsieur," said the valet. "I have come to announce the arrival of Monsieur Paul."

"Paul! Let him come in. Paul!" he cried, in a loud tone, "why didn't you come in? What are you putting on all that style with me for?"

"I have come to talk about matrimony," said Paul entering.

"Matrimony! Thunder!" cried Mederic, bouncing out of bed. "You go and order breakfast," he cried, to the valet. "I'll need all the strength I can muster. As for you, Paul, don't lisp a word of your outlandish idea until we are fairly set at the table."

"This looks bad," said the viscount, to himself."

"That's all right," said Clestine, the valet, casting a triumphant glance at Paul.

During breakfast Paul fairly spread himself in cracking up marriage. He proved conclusively that it stood in the first rank of civil contracts, and was altogether the most admirable of the sacraments of the church. As he listened to himself he became infatuated with his own eloquence; in fact, he soared at times to almost inaccessible heights, and Mederic disputed his argument with considerable ingenuity. After an hour or two of this sort of thing Paul exclaimed:

"Let's get down to business. We ought to have begun with it. I have a cousin who is a widow. She has such blind confidence in me that she is willing to accept any one I'll pick out as a husband for her."

I don't want her."

"She's a pearl."

"Not any for me, thank you."

"She's an angel"

"All the same to me."

"She's young and pretty."

"What of it?"

"She's rich and well educated."

"That's none of my business."

"Sunday she'll attend morning mass at St. Roch. She'll be at the right of the pulpit, and she'll wear a blue hat with white trimmings. Go and see her."

"Not I."

"If she don't fix you at the very first glance I will never say another word."

"You've already said too much."

"I won't stir until you promise to go there Sunday."

"Well——I'll go—but what good will that do you?"

"You'll be charmed."

"I'd like to bet on it."

"I'd be betting on a certainty."

"What's this treasure's name?"

"I'll tell you when you've seen her—that is, if the first sight of her does the business for you."

Mederic was at the church door at the time appointed, looked in and saw nobody answering that description. But as he turned away he met in the church porch a charming woman, whose hat seemed to him to be blue, with white trimmings, or was it rather white with blue trimmings? He saw blue gauze, with satin, blue tulle and white silk capriciously tangled together—was this a blue hat? One needed to be more than a man to decide this question. The young lady took a seat at the left of the pulpit.

"That settles it," said Mederic. "Paul is right. She is very good-looking. I'd like to know her name and where she lives."

"It seems as if that gentleman were following me," said the lady in the blue hat, as she entered a moderately pretentious house on Algiers street after the service.

Mederic learned from the porter's wife that the blue-hatted woman had been a widow three years, and her name was Arabelle P—— de B; that she had lodged on the fourth floor above the basement, which, it must be admitted, was hard to distinguish from the fifth story. Almost before he knew it, he was ringing the bell of her apartments, and had been admitted. As he waited he began to cast about for some pretext of calling on her. He decided not to mention Paul's name until forced to do so. At that moment the door opened.

"Madam Arabelle," stammered Mederic, bowing.

"I am she," replied the lady, who seemed even prettier without the blue hat.

After a prolonged silence, Mederic began:

"I have—come—I have—come—"

"Oh, I understand," exclaimed Madame Arabelle, vivaciously. "You are the professor of German, and you have come on the recommendation of my friend, Madame Delattre. I beg pardon for not having aided you a little in introducing yourself. What hour can you devote to my daughter's instruction?"

"Any hour you like," he replied, bent on keeping up the romantic adventure, even to the undertaking lessons in German, of which he didn't know a single word.

"Are you free from nine to ten?"

"I am at liberty at all times—I would say my pupils have already gone to the country to spend the summer months," he replied, perceiving that he was talking like a fool.

"I can, then, without taking too much liberty, ask you to come any day, at any hour?"

"Exactly so, madame."

"Madame Delattre has been paying you, I think, ten dollars for fifteen lessons. I will give twice that that sum for thirty lessons.'

"Your kindness quite overwhelms me, madam."

"To-morrow, then, sir."

"To-morrow."

"At nine."

"Farewell, madam"

"Good day, sir."

The Marquis bowed respectfully and went out.

Arriving at home, the Marquis dispatched a note to his friend Paul, telling him not to say another word about or to the lady in the blue hat without his permission.

Madame Arabelle presented her little pink and white daughter, about six years old, to her "professor." Mederic kissed her forehead, made her recite the first chapter of the French grammar, and taught her a few words of the Flemish dialect, which they speak in the cities of French Flanders. These were hard as rocks; raised the "goose-flesh" on the lady in the blue hat, who assisted at her daughter's first lesson, dressed in neglige costume, which became her exquisite beauty. He discovered that she was as sweet as honey, and all who lived with her positively adored her. At a quarter to eleven she was obliged to dismiss him, which she did, as she did everything, with charming grace.

At the second lesson he discovered that she had an arm whiter than snow and a neck delicately poised on her breast and shoulders, and she came and went in his presence as if he were not a man. He was intoxicated with pleasure in spite of a cloud which mistook him for a teacher of languages.

At the appointed hour for the third lesson his pupil had not returned from her bath. The "professor" was told to wait. The lady in the blue hat was singing in an adjoining parlor, when he discovered she had the voice of Patti, the method of Madam Carvallio and the soul of Frezzolini. Pretty soon the little girl came in, the lesson in German began and the singing stopped. Mederic was fond of his little pupil, but just then he could have sent her away to Peru or even China. His bad humor melted like snow before the sun the moment her mother entered the room.

At the fourth lesson the Marquis discovered that Madam Arabelle was well acquainted with matters women are not in the habit of bothering their heads with. Charles X. was not the son of Charles IV.

The next lesson proved to him that she had a pretty fair tincture of gaography in her education. At least she knew where the handsome crystal dishes that litter up the cupboards are made—that the manufacturing corporations at Lyons sell handsome silk dresses, and the Indian Company beautiful laces. He discovered subsequently that she had the most delicate tact, for she asked him if he would like a part of his pay in advance since his pupils were all in the country.

"I have the money now," she hastened to add, as he forgot himself and stared at her like a lout, "and it will be more convenient for me to give fifty francs now than one hundred at the end of the month."

He also perceived with great pleasure that she had a taste for his conversation. After his 'lesson' was done, he sat hours together with her, holding his pupil on his knee. She knew there was such a thing as the Revue des Deux Mondes in existence. She had elegant taste in jewels, loved the pictures of the best masters, had a passionate enthusiasm for whatever was good, noble, and beautiful. All these discoveries overwhelmed him with pleasure, because he had the means of gratifying her most unbounded desires.

He had reached the eighth lesson in his course, he was in the full tide of his successful effort to teach his pupil the Flemish dialect, when the housemaid handed her mistress a note which informed her that her friend had secured a German teacher for her.

"My slow going friend," said the lady laughing; "I am going to reply that luckily you didn't wait wait for her tardy letter of introduction."

"I have something to tell you madam," feebly articulated Mederic, who very well comprehended that he must hurry up his denoument if he did not wish his comedy to be changed to melodrama. The genuine professor was liable to enter at any moment.

"Good heavens! my dear sir, what is the matter? Are you going to faint away?" cried Madam Arabelle.

"Madam, I have a confession to make to you."

"A confession?"

"To me?"

"Madam, I love you."

Then Mederic talked to her an hour by the watch.

He executed a thousand variations on the same theme—"I love you." And what is surprising, his declaration was not idiotic in spite of his loving sincerely.

The lady was naturally disturbed, but she was too much of a Parisian lady to show her emotion.

"If I loved you, sir," she said, raising her eyes to his, "what would become of us?"

"I am not constructing high toned phrases I will only repeat what probably you may know. I was an orphan when I married. I had a great name and a small dowry, and my husband was very little richer than I. I endured our moderate circumstances without complaining, but he guessed the trouble and undertook to increase our means by speculation which ended disastrously; so that when he died he owed 100,000 francs. I did not hesitate a second to give up my small fortune in order to bequeath to my daughter an unblemished name. A rich relation settled an income on me on condition of my never marrying again. Tell me, sir, can I deprive this little daughter of those luxuries which are necessities to so delicate a child? I said, and I repeat, what would become of us if I loved you, since you are dependent on teaching German for a living?"

"It is that, Madam, that my crime looms up in gigantic proportions. I do not know a word of German."

"What! You have not even that resource?"

"No," said Mederic, smiling; "but I have an income of 200,000 francs, which will partly make up for it."

Then he confessed everything—his name, his visit to the church, and his talk with his friend—except that he did not mention his friend's name, as he wished to devise a theatrical sensation for the latter's benefit.

He had so submissive an air, his speech was so persuasive, that the lady of the blue hat consented to allow the extenuating circumstances in his favor.

She did not even insist very strenuously upon knowing the name of the officious friend who had trumpeted her merits so loudly.

"Doubtless," she said, gayly, "it is one of my banker's friends who persists in thinking I have done a fine thing, as the world goes. We live in a time so morally disturbed that they who do their plain duty are regarded as heroes."

Mederic went home intoxicated with joy. His head was in the clouds, and he felt like stooping now and then, lest he should knock off a star or two.

And yet the lady had by no means said 'yes.' Still less she had said 'no.'

The Marquis found his friend Paul at his house.

"My dear Mederic," said Paul, "I have a confession to make. When I came here three years ago, I swear by my hoary headed ancestors, that I had the most disinterested desire to see you married. I had a pearl in my hand that I would have given you on the spot, but it is well to distrust your first thought, because that is only good—it is second thoughts which are the best. When I found myself alone, I still said, 'Yes, Mederic shall be happy. I haven't a better friend in the world.' But as I walked along I began to reflect: 'Yes, I have a better friend now than Mederic—that friend is myself.' I returned to the beautiful widow's, and begged her not to go to the church of Saint Roch, or if she must go, at least not to wear the pretty hat she wanted to wear for the first time, for good luck. Then I mustered all my courage. I said to her, 'I love you my cousin.' And she said, 'My cousin, I know it.' And so my dear Mederic, I have come to invite you to the wedding. But now take my hand for I have betrayed friendship. One word, however, I have come and come again, several times in hopes of meeting you. I believed you had closed your doors on me, and felt like taking offense; but finally contented myself with writing to you."

"I did not get your letter."

"I thought you were furious at not meeting the lady in the blue hat."

"I did meet her; and met her to such purpose that I am engaged to her, and now ask you to my wedding. Only it was a white and blue hat. I wrote to you."

"I did not get your letter."

"I don't understand it," cried the two friends in chorus, with as much unison as if they had been actors at the opera comique.

"I want to own up," muttered the valet, falling on his knees before his master.

"There is only one culprit here, and that's I."

First I told Monsieur the Marquis that Monsieur the Viscount was out of town; second, I closed the door on Marquis the Viscount. I suppressed the letters of both gentlemen. To be brief, I acted like a rascal, and, what is harder to admit, like a fool. I wanted to prevent my master from marrying, and I was fool enough to put him in the way of it. If it hadn't been for my folly you two gentlemen would have met the next day after that fatal Sunday. You'd laughed a little about it at the club. Monsieur the Marquis would have retired from the affair as soon as he perceived the feelings of the Viscount toward his cousin, and that would have been an end of it."

"The rascal is right," cried Paul. "He has been the necessary obstacle which makes these things successful."

"Well," responded Mederic, "if my wife don't take a dislike to him, I'll keep him."

"Monsieur the Marquis does me great honor," said the valet, "but I am bound to leave his service. I have sworn to follow the example of my ancestors, who died bachelors, every one of them, and who never would consent to go out to service with married people. I must religiously keep the promise I made to myself."

Mederic married the lady with the blue hat. Paul married his cousin. The two householders are perfectly happy and there are plenty of children, two. Mederic has given up his German lessons. The little girl has an excellent teacher, but she thinks he doesn't begin to teach her as much or as well as her dear papa.

"I have been intending for several years," said the Marquis one day to his wife, "to ask an explanation; but we've always had something else to talk about when we've been alone. What kind of a hat was it that you wore at Saint Roch the first time I saw you? Was it white or was it blue?"

"Blue."

"Why?"

"Because I ordered a blue hat of my milliner. If I'd ordered a white hat she would have given me the same hat, but it would have been white."

She Was Willing to Pay.

No one can blame her for being mad; and she was mad, too. The little vagabond came into the hall on Fayette street, and wanted to sell some matches. She didn't want any matches; but he drew her attention by asking if her husband's name was John.

"Yes, his name's John and what of that?"

"Guess I hadn't orter tell," said the match peddler, sliding toward the door.

"Oh, yes, you had—what is it my boy? speak right out," replied the woman, struggling with curiosity.

"But I'm 'fraid he'll lick me," said the little wretch.

"O, no he won't;" jealousy was just beginning to warm up; "no, he'll not lick you; wouldn't you like a piece of cake, my boy," and she gave him a big chunk.

"Now, what is it—what did he do?" "O, not much; he was only a walkin' with her—at first."

That "at first" settled the matter; she was blazing with jealousy.

"Well—well, what did he do next? O, that villain! Come, young man, then what did he do? Do you know who she was? Come, speak up."

The boy opened the door and stood in the opening. He began to whimper a little.

"O, I can't tell you, mum; I didn't know ye'd care. Yes, I know who she was, but I can't tell ye; he'd kill me."

"See here, young villain, you'll never step out o' this house till you tell me;" but the boy dodged her and was on the steps. So she coaxed him:

"O, come back, my little man; I was only foolin'; jest wanted to see if you could be scared; come—come back in, and I'll give you something nice."

The boy reluctantly stepped into the doorway again.

"I don't want to tell ye," he snivveled; "I know he'd give me five dollars not to say a word about it, and I guess I'll go an' see him 'bout it," and then he slid towards the door again.

"Hold on—here what can I give you? I haven't got much money here—here's a dollar; will you tell me all about it now? Come, that's a good boy; now what did he do, who was she?"

He took the money, looked it over to see if it was good, stuffed it in his pocket, looked up at the woman, and replied in a whisper:

"He kissed her, marm—right here on the steps."

"O, that villainous deceiver!" she cried, wringing her hands. "But I'll make her wish she was cremated when I get hold of her! Here, boy, take this fifty cents; and now tell me who she was."

By this time the boy was down on the steps; but he looked back, smiled compassionately, and said—

"It was you, marm, when he went away to his work,"—and he went down the street at a high rate of speed.

The Borrowing Acquaintance.

The much-borrowing, intimate acquaintance is a peculiar sort of fraud. When he wants a little money he comes to you with the most serious air in the world, and solemnly and confidentially asks you to 'let him have' so and so, throwing into his manner an assurance indicating that there is no doubt of your giving it to him on the spot, and quite as little doubt of his returning it in the course of an hour or so.

When you meet him afterward he assumes a jocose style of address, laughs quite heartily, perhaps, at the idea of not having been able to pay you for two or three weeks, and goes off, leaving you with a confused impression of impending insolvency, which resolves itself into one of three propositions: That you are an exceedingly suspicious and ill-natured man to suspect or be annoyed at the little remissness of so sweet tempered a friend; or that your acquaintance is most remarkably ignorant of the current value of ready money and of the rates of interest; or that he has become a hopeless maniac since the last time you had the misfortune to see him.

The best way to cure this sort of person of his eccentricity, we have learned by experience, is to lend him so much money at one time that he will go away and die of joy. In most cases it doesn't take much.

"Well, I swan, Billy," said an old farmer to an undersized nephew who was visiting him, "when you take off that 'ere plug hat and spit two or three times, there ain't much left of you, is th'?"

Two colored youths, both bootblacks, have already this season lost their lives at base ball. "Death," says the Kingston *Freman*, "loves a shining mark."

All the children of President Hayes have been taught the art of swimming.

Nasby.

THE SAD HISTORY OF MR. SAMUEL POPMAN, DRUGGIST— WHY HE IS A GREENBACKER.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky)
July 1, 1879.

The most intense Greenbacker we hev in the Corners is Sam Popman, the drugger at Secessionville. Popman does nothing from morning till nite but devise finanshel skeems for the payment uv the Nashnel debt, wich, ez he hezn't never bin able to pay any uv his own, he is entirely competent to do. The histry uv Sam. Popman is one uv the saddest that hez grown out uv Sherman's crooel policy.

In 1861 Sam. Popman wuz a drugger at Secessionville, hevily in debt. He owd for his stock uv drugs, and he owd for the cloze his wife wore, and also for them wich adorned his person. So desprit wuz Samyoosel's forchoons, in consekence uv his predilecshen for hoss races and draw poker, and sich, that he seriously contemplatid skippin to Texas, and embarkin in the generally poplar and alluz profitable bizness uv steelin hosses on the Mexikin border.

The inflashen uv the currency consekent upon the expenses uv the war, changed Samoosel's career. He found his stock uv drugs goin up 25 per cent. a day. Jollop, wich he owed for at the rate of six cents a pound, shot up to 20, to 30, to 50, to anything he chose to ask for it, and it kep shootin up and up till the little stock he hed uv $5,000, wuz wuth $50,000, and no matter wat he bot, it went up on his hands, and Samyoosl found hisself wuth a $100,000 in no time.

Uv course Samyoosl to-wunst commenst to live in a style commensurate with his increased meens. He went and bilt an adishn to his house, puttin on two wings and an extenshun back, bildin in fact completely around the old house, and puttin another story on the top. Then his wife immejitly got two hired girls, and his two dawters wuz sent to a seminary in Looisville. Samyoosl, for his own pleasure invested in a fast trottin hoss, and jined the Kentucky Club in Looisville, and played poker ez much ez he pleased, and he pleased to do a good deel uv it. It did'nt make a partikle uv difference, for every dollar uv goods he bot doubled on his hands every day or two. Mrs. Popman utterly refoosed to do any work uv any kind, and spent the heft uv her time tryin on dresses, which she bot in Looisville, and takin exkursions to that city, to wear em. It was ruther a gorgeous time fo the Popmans.

In 1873 Samyoosl diskivered there wuz a change. The war had bin over some time, and the debt which it hed cost hed to be paid. Samyoosl didn't see any necessity for payin it at all. Samyoosl hed lived out all the profits he hed made by the raise in the valyoo uv his goods, and hed gone hevvy into reel estaite. He hed bot a large amount uv lands, wich hed bin goin up jist the same ez drugs, and hed bot em all on credit. He hedn't made eny down payments, but in place of actual money down on his noo purchases, he hed given mortgages on the property bot, and also on his house and store, and sich other reel and pursonal property ez he hed. It worried him.

Ez the kentry, under Sherman's rooinous polisy, begun to git down tu a gold basis, drugs begun to drop 10 per cent. a day, instid uv raisin 20, and reel estate commenst to foller drugs, and sich, with friteful accoracy. The land wich he hed agreed to pay $1,000 a aker fer, he coodent sell fer $15, owin tu the fact that nobody wantid it, and the quinine he hed paid $4 a ounce fer, dropped tu $2 20. Consekently Samyoosl wuz forst to succum, and he wuz skoeped.

The other drugger in Secesshunville wuz another kind uv a man. He acceptid the raise on his stock doorin the war period in a Crischen sperit uv thankfulness, and hived, very keerfully, all the money it made him. He lived in the same old house, thro it all, his wife continnered, in a Crischen way to bake her own buckwhete cakes and do her own washin, and he set his face like a flint agin fast hosses and expensive likkers. And this wuz wat worried Samyoosl. Wen the turn cum, his opposishun bed plenty uv muney in bank, and he marked down his goods with the saim childlike and Crischen sperit that in 1862 he marked em up. He sed tu hisself:

"I hed the benefit uv the rise—I will take the consekences uv the fall, blessid be the name uv the Lord," and he went rite along, and continnered tu do biznis and prosper, while the Sherif wuz clozin out Samyoosl. This other drugger never howled about hard times.

Samyoosl Popman firmly believes that he wuz destroyed by Sherman, and I agree with him. Hed Sherman gone on ishoolin twenty milyons uv greenbax a day, and payin em out, for hosses and mules and army supplise, the greenbax wood hev continnered to go up, and so wood Samyoosl's drugs and out-lots. And as all Samyoosl hed to do in them halcyon days wuz to mark up the prices uv his goods every mornin, he cood hev continnered to keep his fast hoss, and Mrs. Samyoosl cood hed continnered to live in Looisville, and bot satin dresses. Mr. Samyoosl feels it keenly. In the time before the prosperus days he wuz contentid with sod-corn wisky and stogy segars, but his appetite got attooned to shampane and Havanas, and finds it exceedinly diffikult to go back to the simple arcadian habits uv former times. Mrs. Samyoosl hez got her hand out in cookin and sich, and she utterly refooses to go back to the habits uv the old times, and consekently there is trubble in the Popman household. The dawters nev bin brot home frum the seminary at Looisville, and they cast contoomely on ther father, wich hezn't meens to keep em in the luxury they hev bin for 10 yeers accustomed to.

This is only case in a thousand here. Whene'er I take my walks abrod I see men bustid, and a leenin agin lamp-posts, moanin and wringin their hands in despair. They hev paster-lots wich they cut up into City lots, wich are gradoually growin up into hucleberry pasters, and won't sell for nothin. They look to ther old places uv biznis, wher they used to chirp cheerfully ez they marked up the price of their goods, and wher they thot nuthin uv takin a ten dollar note every day fer likker and segars, becoz they cood afford it, and they see other men in poseshun workin nite and day to support their families in comfort, and these men lay ther rooin to Sherman, ez I do.

It is a crooel outrage. It costs the Guvermint nuthin to print money, and ther iz no reason why it shood not hev kep on printin currency. What is a Guverment fer? Is it fer the peepel? Then why shood the Guverment cultivate a taste in Samyoosl Popman fer fast hosses and shampane, and then, jist for the sake uv payin off a debt, contract the currency and rooin him?

The other drugger at Seseshunvil remarkt that ef Samyoosl hed saved the muney he made by inflashun he wood hev bin safe agin the effeck uv contrackshun. But that he hed no sense into it. Inflashun shood hev bin perpetooal. When a temperance man sez to me that he wood like to git drunk uv a nite, only fer the reacshun that follows when he gits sober, I alluz remark that the troo safe guard agin that is never to hev no reacshun—to keep drunk all the time. The prinsiple I foller as to likker, is the one I wood hev adoptid in finance. To avoid the reacshun that follers inflashen, I shood never stop it. Keep on inflatin John Sherman don't understand finance at all.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Troo Financeer.

For the Fair Sex.

DRESSES FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

It is not an easy matter to select dresses for young girls of fourteen or fifteen years, as they are too tall for the slender designs used for smaller girls, while those appropriate for their older sisters are too elaborate for them. At present the furnishing houses provide simple girlish costumes made with a basque, long round overskirt, and a lower skirt that reaches to the ankles. There are also many dresses for misses made with trimmed skirts that simulate two skirts, but although this requires less material, it is not so economical as the separate skirt, because it does not allow so many changes to vary the wardrobe, nor will such named dresses ever wash well.

The trimmed skirts or simple dresses have the back laid in loose kilt plaits from the belt down, while the front and sides have a long apron sewed in with the belt, and fastened down the side seams; a narrow-plaited flounce is below this on the gored breadths of the lower skirt. The reverse of this style is seen in pretty wool dresses, and also in the white muslin dresses sold as confirmation dresses, but used for Summer evenings afterward. These have the front and side breadths laid in box plaits from the belt down to the ankle, where they are left slightly loose, are tucked in a cluster, and edged with