The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 12. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1468.

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 liable for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

& COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Baer's Block. Up Stairs.

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

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.

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

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 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 the citizens of town and surrounding country; office in building formerly occupied by Dr. Miller; residence Grove.

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

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Office above Casebeer & Frease's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the price of artificial teeth in this place. The constantly increasing demand for teeth has induced me to enlarge my facilities that I can get up sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am making a good set of teeth for $8, and if any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that have teeth that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get them made free of charge.

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL. STOYSTOWN PA. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Its table and rooms can not be surpassed, all being with a large public hall attached. Also large and roomy stabling. 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.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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

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 cupons 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'S TOBACCO STORE.

Citizens and visitors will find it to their interest and comfort to buy Cigars and Tobacco at my store. I believe I can undersell any establishment in the county, and am certain that my stock cannot be excelled in quality. Cheroots and cigarettes for beginners in the practice of smoking, and Tobies and Pipes for those accustomed to narcotics, are kept on hand. Very choice brands of Chewing Tobacco and Cigars have just been received and are disposed of at less prices than have been heard of since the war began. A choice lot of Pipes on hand. The best Fine Cut in the market is sold over my counter.

CALL AT THE SIGN OF THE INDIAN GIRL, NO. 3, MAMMOTH BLOCK.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Daniel L. Shaffer, late of Shade Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement, at the residence of said deceased, on Friday the 26th day of September, 1879.

Aug. 13 PHILIP F. SHAFFER, Administrator.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

Have been the *standard remedy* for the cure of **Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Fever and Ague, Sick Headache,** and all derangements of the stomach and liver for over *fifty years.* Read this: *"Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of an attack of Liver complaint of eight years' standing."*—Wm. Evans, Joliet, Ills. Price, 25 cts. a box. R. E. Sellers & Co., propr's., Pittsburg, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

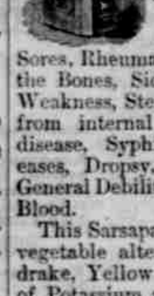
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Samuel C. Pile, late of Somerset Borough, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

July 30 GEORGE W. PILE, Administrator.

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.

KIDNEY-WORT

Permanently cures LIVER COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION and PILES.

DR. R. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY TROUBLES it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of PILES, and it has never failed to act efficiently."

E. M. SUTTON, of Burlington, says, "As a Liver invigorator it is without an equal. I use it to prevent and cure headache, and all billious attacks."

NELSON FAIRCHILD, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."

C. S. HOGABON, of Berkshire, says, "one package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

BECAUSE IT IS THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT ACTS ON THE LIVER, BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the whole system of the poisonous humors that otherwise develop in Billiousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Kidney and Urinary diseases, or Rheumatism and Lumbago, and which in women, disorder every function and bring on weakness and disease.

If you want to be well in spite of yourself, use KIDNEY-WORT. It is a dry vegetable compound, and One package will make six quarts of Medicine.

Buy it at the Druggists.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore!
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forever more.

There is no death! he Tdust we tread,
Shall change 'neath summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry rocks they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May-day.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
And bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sing now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again,
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead!

BLACKING THE RANGE.

"Which of us is going to do it, I'm sure I don't know," Mrs. Cartwright exclaimed with a shudder, holding her dainty skirts still closer around her, as if anticipating contamination from the very atmosphere of so plebeian a locality as the kitchen.

"I haven't the first idea of how to set about such a horrid job!" sobbed Belle. "I do think it was perfectly shameful for father to die and leave us all in this miserable condition!"

"And my hands and clothes would be perfectly ruined if I should attempt it!" protested Lillian. "I think it was more than shameful for the servants to desert us like this as soon as misfortune came upon us. And we have got to take extra care of our dresses and things now, for goodness only knows when we will get any more."

"Well, since there must be a victim, I will undertake the part," said Amy, stepping forward and rolling up the sleeves of her pretty morning dress, with a determined air. "I have read that Queen Victoria had all her daughters instructed in every necessary domestic art, and it seems ridiculous that independent American women should be so helpless when fortune frowns and servant girls desert them. I for one feel heartily ashamed of my ignorance, and am tempted to look upon our present reverses as a well merited dispensation. I have no more knowledge of the art than any of the rest of you, but I guess I am endowed with sufficient Yankee ingenuity to fathom its mystery."

"You always did have such ultra notions about things," observed Mrs. Cartwright with a sigh. "But if you think you can do it, I am sure it will be an immense relief to us all. If we have to go on in this way we shall all be in our graves before long."

Yes, the Cartwright family were in a pitiable plight indeed. Three weeks before Mr. Cartwright, then apparently in the full flush of health and business prosperity, had dropped dead in the street from a stroke of apoplexy, leaving the overwhelming revelation to come to his family that his business affairs were so hopelessly involved that bankruptcy was inevitable, and that the only support left to his wife and family was what little profit could be derived from the sale of the house, which was already mortgaged for nearly two-thirds its value.

Ill news flies fast; and as the panic reached the servants they with one accord packed up their things and deserted the sinking ship for other and more secure places, leaving the aristocratic lady and her delicately-reared daughters to grapple with the mysteries of housework as best they could.

A most wretched two weeks had followed.

Mr. Cartwright's creditors had seized upon everything, and the family were obliged to remain where they were until the house could be sold, with only the small amount of money that they happened to have in their purses upon which to subsist meanwhile.

At last Mrs. Cartwright received a letter from a friend of her late husband, saying that he would call on a certain day to inspect the house, with a view to purchasing it if it pleased him, and as he was known to be a man of very fastidious tastes it was considered of paramount importance that the mansion should be in the most precise order and prepared to sustain the most rigid and critical scrutiny from cellar to garret.

The family had managed to get along with the up-stairs work with tolerable success, a large share of which was due to Amy, the youngest daughter, a bright, blooming girl of eighteen, who possessed a good share of practical talent and native wit, and had, moreover, the happy faculty of keeping up her spirits and adapting herself to these unlooked-for contingencies.

But now they were confronted with a task from which they shrank back appalled.

From the repeated boiling over of the contents of various pots and pans during the management of the department de cuisine, the once bright and shining range presented the appearance of incipient measles, and was in a condition to bring disrepute upon the entire place to any one of fastidious tastes.

If they should lose this chance of selling the house it would go to foreclosure, and might not bring the amount of the mortgage.

The range must be blackened, and some one of them must perform the task, for they had no money to spare for hired help, and credit was a luxury of the past.

Their appearance was both ludicrous and pitiable, as they stood around the dreaded object in perplexed conclave.

Mrs. Cartwright and her two elder daughters stood with their dainty wrappers and tucked petticoats drawn tightly around their stylish boots, gazing around this hitherto terra incognito with looks of mingled dismay and dread.

Belle and Lillian, with their light hair done up with crimping pins in front, and jewels twinkling in their ears and on their fingers gave no evidence, in their present appearance, of their suddenly altered fortunes; but Amy, who, from the moment she had learned the true state of affairs, had laid aside all superfluous adornments, and with her pretty curls tied simply away from her face, and arrayed in the plainest dress she could find, which was, nevertheless, far too handsome for such work, stood calmly and bravely surveying the scene.

"Well!" Mrs. Cartwright repeated with another sigh. "You had better set about it right away, then, Amy; though how you are going to manage it without ruining your dress, I'm sure I don't see."

"Just wait a minute and I'll enlighten you mother," was Amy's reply.

And, first pinning her dress around her in true domestic style, she next fished up from the ironing basket, stowed away in the corner of the closet, what had once served as an ironing sheet, but was scorched and otherwise defaced, and wrapped that around her in a thoroughly scientific manner, leaving only the piquant, resolute face and pretty plump arms visible.

"Now I am girded and guarded and ready for the fray!" she exclaimed, gayly, "you girls and mother can retire on dignified state up stairs until I summon you to witness the result of my labors. If old Mr. Sanford doesn't buy this house it shall not be the range's fault nor mine."

And the young face bent gravely over her task, as Mrs. Cartwright and her other daughters beat a willing retreat to more aristocratic regions.

Fortunately for Amy, directions how to use the blacking were pasted on the outside of the small package that contained it, and after some little perplexity and trepidation, she was at last fairly launched upon this new enterprise, and scrubbed away with undiminished alacrity and cheerfulness, until the range was finished, and she could see her pretty face in any part of its polished surface.

When everything had been once more restored to order, Amy, quite elated at her success, summoned her mother and sisters to behold her handiwork.

While the trio were contemplating it and congratulating themselves at the same time that the dreaded Rubicon was passed without their being compelled to soil their dainty fingers, a decided peal sounded at the door-bell above.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Cartwright. "Who can it be at this unheard-of hour! Girls, some of you must go to the door! I am not fit to be seen in this dishabille!"

"Nor I, with my hair all in crimps!" declared Belle.

"And so is mine," added Lillian, putting her hand up to her head. "I cannot go, looking like such a fright!"

"Then I supppose nothing remains but for me to turn porter as well as stove polisher!" said Amy, with a laugh. "Thanks to my novel apron, my dress has not been soiled at all, and I don't think my appearance is calculated to shock any one's refined sensibilities."

And, with another laugh at the expression of dismay on the faces of her mother and sisters, she tripped away up stairs, blissfully unconscious of the fact that there was a slight dab of black on one side of her nose, where she had inadvertently touched it with her finger while engaged at her late task.

Opening the door she found herself face to face with a handsome and stylish young man, on the sunny side of 30, whom she knew by sight, having noticed him at one or two of the recent evening parties which she had attended, although they had not as yet been formally introduced to each other.

But Harvey Atwood was evidently quite familiar with the pretty face of Mrs. Cartwright's youngest daughter, and doffed his hat with his best bow.

"I am addressing Miss Cartwright I believe?"

"One of them, sir," Amy responded, with a smile.

"I am deputed by my uncle, Mr. Sanford, to examine this house, which he has some thoughts of purchasing. Can I see it this morning?"

"I guess so. Step into the parlor for a moment, if you please."

And closing the door upon him, Amy went down stairs to inform her mother of the advent.

"Harvey Atwood! Horrors!" Belle exclaimed, actually turning pale. "The very last person that we would want to have catch us in such a plight! And I had made my calculations upon getting an introduction to him at the next party," she added with a sob.

"Well, Amy, you will have to show him around the house, for it would take me an hour to make myself presentable," said Lillian. "Only keep your hands out of sight as much as possible, and for goodness' sake don't breathe a word about our having to do the housework. If we manage the matter very discreetly we may be able to sustain our position in society yet."

"Oh, rubbish!" was Amy's uncompromising comment, as she went back to the parlor whence, after giving the others time to slip softly up to their rooms, she proceeded to show her visitor over the house.

Mr. Atwood inspected the premises with the air of a connoisseur, but found plenty of time, meanwhile, for the study of the pretty face beside him.

That little dab of black on her nose did not escape his attention, but he was puzzled as to how to account for it, for awhile.

But when they had "done" the upper part of the house, he was guided by his conductress at last in the neat kitchen.

He cast a well satisfied glance around, for he was a great lover of order, and failing to detect the presence of a servant anywhere, was about to make some remark when a sudden look of intelligence flitted across his handsome face.

He glanced from the well polished range to the little spot on his pretty companion's nose, then down at the folded hands, yet red with the morning's work, and then watching a favorable opportunity, he treated himself to a prolonged look at the bright, resolute face.

A very pleasant expression came over his own after that, and his deportment toward her was as deferential and courteous as he could have accorded to any court-beauty arrayed in all the paraphernalia of fashionable grandeur; so that Amy, blissfully unconscious of how she had betrayed herself, felt a very delightful thrill at her heart during Mr. Atwood's short visit, and an unaccountable feeling of disappointment when he turned at last to go.

"I am much obliged to you, Miss Cartwright, for your kindly accommodation," he said. "I have no doubt that the house will suit my uncle; but if it should not, I can guarantee a purchaser elsewhere. And I hope that our acquaintance, thus informally but pleasantly begun, may continue—good-day," and, lifting his hat, he turned away, leaving Amy, rosy and bewildered, to gaze after him with a multitude of unaccountable emotions stirring in her breast.

Meanwhile Harvey walked away with a face as animated as if he had suddenly come into possession of a large fortune.

"Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity, when it brings out such genuine worth as that! Any young lady who can bear such severe and sudden reverses so bravely and can prove equal to the emergency, even to the matter of blacking a range, is the right kind of a wife for me. They must be dreadfully reduced, poor things! but it has made a heroine out of one member of the family. I will keep my eye on that little household fairy—the darling!"

"Are you particularly desirous about buying the house, uncle?" Harvey asked, when he made his report.

"Well, I don't know. Why do you ask?" replied the old gentleman.

"Because I would like to purchase it. It's about time I was thinking of getting settled in life, you know; and after I have secured the house I will look about for some one to put in it. What do you say?"

"Just as you please," Mr. Sanford replied, and Harvey went away, looking as if he was much pleased.

The next day he called again at Mrs. Cartwright's, to inform them that his uncle had relinquished his intention in favor of another purchaser, who would give a thousand dollars more than the price asked.

He was received this time by Mrs. Cartwright and her two older daughters, whose robes of conventional black had abated nothing from the fashionable style in their "make up," whose deeply bordered handkerchiefs were redolent of perfume, and whose light hair was arranged in a bewildered complication of puffs, braids and crimps—but Miss Amy did not appear.

In answer to his almost involuntary inquiry for her, Mrs. Cartwright replied that "the dear child was slightly indisposed;" but the faint and distant clatter of crockery, as he stepped into the hall, was sufficient to impress the young gentleman with the conviction that his pretty inamorata was engaged at that identical moment in washing their dinner-dishes.

With his readily offered assistance, a suitable house was procured for them at a moderate rent, and when the business transactions were finished, in which he represented himself as empowered to act for the purchaser, they found themselves provided with sufficient funds to maintain them comfortably until they could find something to do.

These arrangements, however, before completed, necessitated quite a number of visits from Mr. Atwood, and about two months after their removal to their new quarters, by which time they felt like old friends, he called upon them one afternoon, finding only Amy at home.

"I have taken possession of your late home, Miss Amy," he said, in the course of the conversation, "and like it very much. But there is one drawback about it."

"What is that?" Amy asked, quite unsuspecting what would be his reply.

"The presence of the bright face and brave, heroic spirit that brightened it on that day of my first visit," Harvey replied, tenderly. "Amy, will you come and be my household angel!"

"Mr. Atwood!" Amy faltered, her cheeks growing scarlet.

"Am I too precipitate?" asked her lover. "These circumstances have enabled us to become more intimate than we would have been in a much longer time under ordinary conditions. Amy, I discovered your secret that day when we reached the kitchen," he added, with an arch smile, "and I loved and honored you for the heroism that could not be crushed by adversity, but rose superior to circumstances, even to the performance of the humblest duties. Will you let me restore you to the house where you alone have a right to reign, its honored mistress, my beloved wife? Speak to me. Amy, is your heart mine?"

"Yes," she faltered, tremulously. Then in a minute the drooping face was raised, and she went on in a firmer tone:

"Mr. Atwood, I do love you, and I am willing to be your wife, but not until I feel myself thorough mistress of every department of my province. This adversity has both humbled and instructed me, in showing me my utter ignorance of those housewifely arts that should be known by every woman, and the importance and value of a thorough knowledge of all that pertains to her sphere. And not until I am thoroughly familiar with all these details that in my former aimless, frivolous life were a sealed book to me, shall I feel competent or worthy to fill that position. But when I can compass, and, if necessary, lend a practical hand in the entire circle of housewifely duties, from the most intricate mysteries even down to blacking the range, then I will come to you and be your household angel, dear Harvey."

"And I will wait for my darling as for the most precious gift I could receive. The range shall prove a homely but effective talisman between us, my little Amy; and my heart shall safely repose in this true woman, whose price is above rubies."

He kissed the little hands, roughened by unwonted labor so cheerfully performed, and after a little further lover's talk, left her, with a ring sparkling on the hand he had been last to release.

And Amy, crowned with the triple blessing of love, happiness and an approving conscience, wrought with such good will that when a year was ended her garments of mourning were laid aside for bridal robes. And as she stepped over the threshold of the luxurious home that had been given her a second time, it was the presence, the love, and the benediction of that heart which no beauty nor fashion, but true, unsullied worth had won.

My Neighbor's Lace Lambrequins.

"For the land's sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, dropping in upon me for a morning's call, "what an extravagant creature that young Mrs. Harman is! why just as I was coming through the back yard, I happened to glance up, and I do declare, if there to all her kitchen windows don't hang the most beautiful lace lambrequins I ever set my eyes on."

"Lace lambrequins at her kitchen windows! you must be mistaken."

"No, I am not, and if you don't believe it just go and look for yourself."

I did so; and sure enough, there hung what appeared to be elegant lace lambrequins.

"She'll ruin that husband of hers," continued Mrs. Brown. "I must say it makes me angry to see such doings. Mr. Brown is worth twice as much as her husband, and I never thought of having any thing else but green paper curtains at any of my windows."

"Well," I remarked, "I think it is a very extravagant move. Young persons when starting in life, should be economical, if ever, and look out for a rainy day."

"Have you called?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"No, but I should like to."

"Then supposin' you slip on your bonnet, and we'll jest step over. Those lambrequins have made me kind o' curious."

I assented, and in less than five minutes we stood at the door of a pretty cottage.

"Good morning, ladies," said Mrs. Harman, appearing at the door in a neat calico morning dress, "walk in," and she ushered us into a cool, shady room, whose windows were draped with curtains of white dotted muslin.

She was very social, and we fell at once into a pleasant chat. At last Mrs. Brown introduced the topic of domestic economy.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Harman, "I know something of economy. Harry and I are just starting in life, and I feel we ought to save in every way that we can, without infringing on our real comfort. He wanted me to keep a girl, and I told him, no, that I had much rather do my own work, and I find it very pleasant, too. Through the hot weather I arise bright and early, and get all the baking and sweeping out of the way before breakfast; then I have plenty of leisure to sew. Yesterday I finished those curtains, (pointing to the windows,) I didn't think they would do so well. I made them out of a couple of old white dresses that I had thrown aside—"

"You ought to have put your lace lambrequins in here," said Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Harman looked puzzled.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, them beautiful lace things you've got hanging up at your kitchen windows; I couldn't think of such extravagance in my house."

Mrs. Harman broke into a hearty laugh—

Won't you step out and look at them?" she asked.

"Well I never! If I ain't beat!" uttered the amazed Mrs. Brown, as we surveyed them, for lo and behold, they were nothing but newspapers cut and notched in imitation of lace pattern.

Mrs. H. kindly showed us how to fold the papers and cut them, so we both walked home and hung lace lambrequins at *our* kitchen windows—try it.

A Sign Painter's Invention.

A woman who opened a small millinery store in the western part of the city, says the Detroit *Free Press*, engaged a painter to paint her a sign. When it came home the other day she saw that it read: "Mrss. J. Blank, etc.," and she called out, "You have got an extra 's' in Mrs., and you must paint the sign over again." The painter saw the error, but he did not want the job of correcting it, and he replied:

"Madam, haven't you had two husbands?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were a Mrs. when you lost the first?"

"I was."

"And do you think a woman can go on marrying forever and not lengthen out her title? Mrs. means a married woman or a widow. Mrss. means a woman who has married twice, and is young enough to marry again, and only yesterday a rich old coon was in our shop, and said if he had any idea that you were heart-free he'd come up——"

"Oh, well, you can nail the sign up," she interrupted. And it is there to-day.

Judge: "Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed upon you?" Prisoner: "No, judge; I had $10, but my lawyer took that."

NASBY.

MR. NASBY TAKES A LITTLE TURN THROUGH OHIO AND REPORTS.

PETTUSVILLE,
(wich is in the State uv Ohio.)
Aug. 5, 1879.

I felt it my dooty to heed the Macedonian cry wich the Dimocrisy uv Ohio yelped, "Kum over and help us!" and I went, to do a little mishunary work in the Suthern part uv the State, for that 'possel uv onlimited money, that harbinger uv good times, Gen'l Ewing. I wish I wuz back in the Corners, and shel git there jist ez soon ez the Sentral Committee lets me leeve this most thoroughly discouragin kentry.

Ef the rest uv the State is anything like this seckshun, Ohio is gone up. Rooin is before Ohio, and the State is drivin full tilt onto it.

I met with no success at all, wich wuz not my fault, ez the condishns are agin me. I wuz never so disappintid in my life, and hope never to be so agin.

I expected to find a people ready to receeve Dimecratic doctrine. I expected to find a distrest kentry filled with farmers bemoanin the hard times, and mechanics layin idle, with ther families starvin. I expectid to find a shoelis, hatlis, coatlis community uv serfs, wich hed bin ground down by the money power till they wood be willin to receeve any promise uv a change with joy and gladnis. I expectid to see factrys silent and farms desertid, shops shet up, and only Nashnel banks and sich, open. I expectid to find pale men, weak-eyed with hunger, and pale-faced, despairin wimmen, starvin theirselves that they mite keep life into their angel babes.

I hed bin reedin Dimecratic papers, yoo see, about the people bein ground under foot, and I hied me to Ohio, with the most joyous antissipashuns.

When I struck Pettusville it occurred to me that I must hev got into the wrong locality. I arrived in the nite, and I notist the landlord uv the hotel weighed suthin over two hundred, and his wife wuz suthin heavier, but that didn't affect me. In all strikly Dimecratic localities, landlords git fat, no matter who else grows lean, wich they ginerally do. I turned in and hugged the idee to my buzm that I shood hev easy work to do in that place.

The fust thing I notist in the mornin wuz a string uv teems a mile long, more or less, waitin to onload wheat at the warehouse on the ralerode. The men onto the loads wuz ez hale and harty a set uv fellers ez I ever seed. They wuzn't pale nor wan, nor nuthin. They wuz hefty specimens, and lookt ez tho they hed three square meels a day all their lives.

To my horror I notist that the shops wuz all open and the mechanics all very hard at work, and that the three factories in the town hed torrents uv smoke a bilin out uv their chimneys.

Bein entirely shoor that I hed bin sent to the rite place, in spite uv these discouragin appearances, I approached a farmer wich hed sold his load and wuz a goin into a Bank with his wife.

"My friend," sed I, "yoo are a victim uv the money power!"

"What!" wuz his reply, lookin ez though he thought I wuz a escaped loonatic.

"Yoo are a serf, a bondman, and are held in the iron grip uv the bloatid bond-holders, wich is a squeezin the life blood out uv yoo."

"Is they?" sed he. "I never thot uv that. But I kin beet em. I really haven't time to discuss the matter, for, yoo see, I'm goin to be a bonded bloat-holder myself. I hev jest sold my wheat, and I'm jist goin in to buy a bond or two. I want to be a aristocracy myself a while."

And he eloodid me, leevin a button in my hand.

Repeatin the same remark to another, he merely remarkt, "O, git out, yoo ass! Wheat 30 bushels to the acre and a dollar a bushel, gold. I want a great many years more uv this kind uv rooin. Where yoo from, anyway?"

Abandonin the farmers in disgust, for I got the same answer from all uv em, I attempted to git in my work on the distrest mechanics wich must hev bin rooined by resumpshun, but my success wuzn't any better. I don't know but I cood hev convinst em that they wuz all rooined ef I hed hed a fair show, but the alarmin fact wuz they wuz all too bizzy to listen to me, for it happened to be pay-day. Every man uv em went out uv the offis with his money in full, and every man uv em declined to hear a word I sed.

It wuz in vane I urged that they wuz serfs, it wuz in vane that I told em they wuz bein ground into the dust by the Nashnel Banks, it wuz in vane I told em resumption wood be their rooin, for every cussid one of em filed past me and went and depositid their spare earnings in one uv these cussid octopusses, the Nashnel bank uv the place.

I can't understand what Ewing sent me to sich a place for, and I telegraphed him. The Dimecratic Central Committy ansered:

"Hold on awhile. A heavy frost may come in August and kill the corn, and fetch em to their senses. Then they will know what Sherman has done for em. Suthin must be left to Providence."

And so I am sittin in the tavern, watchin the thermometer. It is a corn kentry, and the farmers depend upon that crop for the heft uv their profits. Ef the Lord wood only take pity on the Dimocrisy and send a heavy frost, a regular black frost, this month, I shood hev some show. It wood derange things and tear up matters to sich an extent that it wood give us a chance. But then the wheat crop was so heavy that I'm not shoor that even the totle destrucshen uv the corn crop wood save us. The hog cholera cant come soon enuff, and ez for cattle and horses, I never seed em so disgustinly healthy.

Still, I shel sit and watch the thermometer and cuss John Sherman, ez the Central Committy direx. It is possible that some distress may come upon the kentry before October, tho reely I see no encurridgin signs.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Distrest Finanseer.

A Pennsylvania Interest.

Our sympathy reaches to the small but growing number who for some years past have sought to turn public attention to the rapid waste of so important a wealth and adjunct of wealth as the forests of this State and country. The consumption of lumber has increased four-fold within the last twenty years, and the feeling has of course grown in the same ratio. All the old forest growth in accessible counties has been cleared off and later growths have shared the same fate, and regions that were and still are almost inaccessible are being denuded.

Young plantations are recklessly destroyed, and annually fires devastate and disforest large tracts. The destruction is not wholly domestic, either, for New York draws more and more largely from our northern tier of counties, and New Jersey from the eastern and central, and local receipts at this port are turned into shipments. Nor is there any sufficient offset in new plantations, while the forests of Michigan and Wisconsin, on which we have drawn, are being swept away by equal waste. The only relief from this state of things is the transfer of considerable woodlands to railroad and other corporations, by which they are prudently harvested and growth runs parallel with destruction.

The most important fact in this connection is that the fertility of each county decreases according to the destruction of its woodlands, after a particular point has been reached. This is directly traceable to the effect of forests in the precipitation of moisture, and no other proof of the relation is required than that given in the Madeiras, where the invaluable vineyards were destroyed when the owners cleared all the land to enlarge them. The same result has been noticed in Italy, Spain, France and Belgium, and laws have been enacted to control disforesting in behalf of agriculture. There is an obvious relation to the degree of heat and violence of the wind in the amount of the forests; and both of these are causes of injury, as well as results from it, and bear upon health and business. The consumption of lumber increases more rapidly than population, and at no remote day must reach a point at which prices will rule above profit for many industries.

This generation has grown with the notion of its predecessors that our forests are inexhaustible, and is surprised at the contradiction rendered by prices when the lumber demand is enlarging everywhere. It is high time that the danger be forcibly impressed, and that measures should be taken to secure economy and restitution. There are large regions now waste and worthless in exhausted fields and pastures which may be made pecuniarily profitable by planting them with trees. This is largely done in Europe. The effect of such planting will be seen in greater humidity, fertility and health, as well as in larger forests; so that by the close of the century the State will not only be fairer to view, but richer and stronger and better developed. Every day's delay augments an injury already too great, and one that reaches over to and hurts a thousand industries.

If the people cannot be awakened so that they will act voluntary, other agencies must be employed. But they will so act as soon as they know the dangers they are causing. Every word spoken on the subject is educational and of profound use, and the speech should continue until the evil is arrested, and forest culture takes the place of wanton waste.—*North America.*

A New Enemy of the Grape.

The grape growers along the shores of Lake Erie are very much alarmed by the appearance of a species of rot in their vineyards which has destroyed about half of the crop. The disease does not discriminate in the slightest between the best examples of cultivation and the vines which have been sadly neglected; in other words, the appearance of the rot is as malignant and as extensive in those vineyards where the vines have been most carefully and promptly tied up and kept entirely clean of grass and weeds as it is where the canes have been suffered to droop at random from the vines or drop prone upon the weedy soil.

Another peculiarity of the trouble is that it is not confined to any special class of vines growing on particular soil. It strikes the carefully tended young vineyard on the high, breezy, dry ridges with as much impartiality as it visits and ravages the old and neglected ones that may be found on the wet bottoms across the road and below it. This rot is doubtless the same as that which has ruined the grape crop of South Jersey for the last two or three years, and from which the vineyards there are still suffering. In this latter locality many methods have been resorted to to protect the crop, but without success.

In numbers of instances this year the young bunches were separately tied in paper bags, but appearances now indicate that the rot has not been prevented by this means. The Lake shore growers say the ravages of the phylloxera have no connection whatever with the rot epidemic. The effects of the work of that enemy are apparent in a totally different manner. When this microscopic insect attacks the roots of the vine its presence there is manifested not by decaying clusters of fine fruit hanging to thrifty, vigorous canes and foliage, but by a sickly, weak growth, where in the year previous it had been strong and healthy. The straggling bunches of grapes which hang to the root-infested vines never ripen, but cling there green and acid until smitten by frost. They believe the rot to owe its origin to a peculiar and exceptional combination of atmospheric agencies, producing an undue fermentation and decay of the sap and the tender tissues of the swelling fruit.—*Philada. Record.*

The watchword—Tick.

Riots in Cork ought to be light affairs.

A Retrospection.

Ah, hum. How the wheels of time speed round—how the gathering years crowd thick and fast—how the maelstrom swirls as we are drawn nearer the vortex—how old tempus does fugit. And yet it was not always thus. Looking back over our shoulder (to see if the girl is flirting) to the years that now, alas, are past and gone, we see a fair haired boy. Ah, but his hair was fair—fairer than the luscious strawberry nestling in the fraudulent box in the early springtime, at eighty cents a quart—fairer than the golden carrot as it swims among the grease-drops on the surface of a plate of soup—fair as the lily, the marigold, the daffo-down-dilly. Fair, fair.

How long the days were then. The forenoon was an epoch; the afternoon a measureless cycle of time. A piece of bread and butter at half-past nine, and another at eleven, mitigated our sufferings and stayed the hunger which consumed us during the lapse of time between breakfast and dinner. And the doses would have to be repeated in the afternoon, and just before going to bed. What a change in all this twenty years have wrought. There is no "piecing between meals" now; no, indeed. And dinner seems to come so soon after breakfast that we are almost inclined not to be bothered with it. And supper is a thankless task.

The years seem to gather momentum as they pass; each succeeding one being shorter than its predecessor. We see how it is—we are on the down grade, and there are no brakes. We are rushing along with increasing velocity—to-day we are bald-headed; to-morrow we shall be toothless, next day gray, and then—ah, then, the silent bone-yard. It is not a pleasant prospect. Let us look the other way—let us shake 'em back. What was it that caused us to fall into this train of thought? Oh, yes—this aged bill from a shoemaker. We promised to pay the man next week, and now the account is outlawed! It beats all. Time should not fly so fast.

France's Objections to England's Mourning.

The objection of the Paris *Siecle* to the official English lamentation over the prince imperial seems to be well taken. There is no French empire, and how could there be a French prince imperial? Would Jerome be received as emperor if he came to England? Yet he is as truly emperor as the son of Louis Napoleon was prince imperial.

There are two other families beside the Bonaparte family which have furnished rulers to France—the older and the younger Bourbons. If Jerome Bonaparte be emperor of the French, the Count of Chambord is king of France, and the Count of Paris king of the French. Now if the Count of Chambord had a son who should die in exile in England, would members of the government officially attend his funeral? Or would the Count of Paris, dying in England, be officially mourned as king of the French? How would England be pleased if some scion of the Stuarts, dying in Africa while accompanying the French army, should be honored by France as England has honored the young Frenchman?

The young Bonaparte who was killed by the Zulus was either the rightful sovereign of France, or he was a private Frenchman. But the official presence of English ministers and of members of the British royal family at his funeral is the precise sign of respect which would have been offered if he had been acknowledged to be the French emperor. The *Siecle* very properly objects; and the flaneur of the Boulevard, as he drops lumps of sugar in his glass of water at the cafe, will wrathfully muse upon the perfidy of Albion.

Lamentations of a St. Louisian.

Lo, the sun doth compass us round about and the heat thereof doth prevail mightily against the son of man.

It catcheth him in the seventh hour in the morning and tarrieth with him until evening and there is no good in him.

He sweateth like unto the street sprinkler. Yea, verily, like unto the hose cart and his bowels yearneth for ice-water.

If he so hath ice-water wherewith to quench his thirst, what profiteth him; it boweth his soul in anguish and vexeth his reins sore.

O, daughters of Jerusalem, why art thou girt about with wrappers and wherefore dost thou slam the doors all the day long when the men folks do enter into thy habitations?

Why dost thou array thyselves in slender raiment and laugh unto scorn the son of man who cometh unto his home at the third hour?

Is thy servant a dog that he shall be snubbed in his own habitation, and who art thou, O daughter of Jerusalem, that visiteth him with wrath even in his own temple?

Our sons and daughters are sore chastened against the vengeance of the sun; it is hard for them to kick against the prickly heat.

The milk soureth in the dairies, and the sound thereof is an offence to our nostrils.

The undershirt is a mockery, and the paper collar is full of vanity; there is no health in good shirt fronts.

Whither shall we flee to escape the calamity that is come upon us, and where shall we hide from the frowardness of the oppressor.

A Sensible Little Lecture.

Breslin, of the Lebanon *Advertiser*, gets off the following local item, which will suit almost any locality. It is a five minutes lecture which may be read with profit by all:

"Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We do not mean a newspaper critic, but one in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will do you no good, but very great harm, if you mind being called disagreeable. If you do not like any one's nose, or object to one's chin, do not put your feelings in words. If any one's manners do not please you, remember your own. People are not all to suit your taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, the dress of one and the opinions of the other, will make home, as well as community, the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will be pleased with you. And if it is known that you are hard to please, few will take the pains to please you."

The girl who makes the bread is the flower of the family.