The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 18. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1474.

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.

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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

ATTORNEY AT-LAW.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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. B. 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. feb. 26, '79.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

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

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

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

PHYSICIANS.

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

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

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

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

DR. A. G. MILLER, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.* Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he is to 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 Curtis Grove. 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 & 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 prices of artificial teeth in this place. My constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any 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 first-class furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Its tables and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first-class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First-class boarding can be had at the lowest possible rates by the week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa.

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

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. R. E. Sellers & Co., prop'rs., Pittsburg, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

BANKS, ETC.

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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.

CURTIS KOOSER, Manufacturer and Dealer in CARRIAGES Of every Style and Description. The best of workmen employed and none but first class material used. A FINE LOT OF BUGGIES Always kept on hand. ALL WORK GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR. Repairing promptly done. Manufactory near corners of West and Patriot streets, SOMERSET, PENNA. Oct. 1

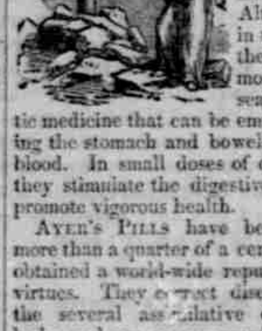
New and Elegant CARPETS! All Grades. Low Prices. DRUGGET SQUARES. Lignums and Linoleum. BOVARD, ROSE & CO. 39 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURG, PA. Sept 24

$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. June 11.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. At an Orphans' Court held at Somerset, in and for Somerset County, on the 5th day of September, 1879, before the honorable the Judges thereof, on motion, the Court appoint Samuel Gaither, Esq., Auditor to examine the claims and make distribution of the funds in the hands of the administratrix and trustee of the estate of Aaron Friedline, dec'd., to and among those legally entitled thereto.

NOTICE.—For the purposes of the above appointment, I will attend at the office of John H. Uhl, Esq., in Somerset, Pa., at 10 o'clock a. m., of Thursday, the 9th day of October, 1879, when and where all persons interested can attend if they think proper. SAMUEL GAITHER, Auditor. sept17

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, For all the purposes of a Family Physic, and for curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, for Purifying the Blood,



Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct diseased action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh, and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

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

KIDNEY-WORT. THE ONLY MEDICINE That Acts at the Same Time on THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS. These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged, dreadful diseases are sure to follow with TERRIBLE SUFFERING. Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Sediment in the Urine, Milky or Ropy Urine; or Rheumatic Pains and Aches, are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally. KIDNEY-WORT will restore the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer. Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart. Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back? Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles? Why be so fearful because of disordered urine? KIDNEY-WORT will cure you. Try a package at once and be satisfied. It is a dry vegetable compound and One Package makes six quarts of Medicine. Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Insist upon having it. Price, $1.00. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

TO OUR FRIENDS —AND THE— PUBLIC GENERALLY! A. J. CASEBEER, of the old and well-known firm of CASEBEER & CO., has just returned from Philadelphia, where he purchased a large and well selected stock of DRY GOODS; and as we buy our goods EXCLUSIVELY for CASH We can do better for our Customers Than any store in town or county that does not. WE WILL PAY CASH OR EXCHANGE GOODS FOR Flour, Wheat, Maple Sugar, Oats, Corn and Beefhides. We invite all to give Us a Call and Decide for Themselves. CASEBEER & CO. Sept. 17

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 Tobacco 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.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. WEST MERIDEN, CONN. SALESROOMS Union Square, New York, —AND— 154 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL., MANUFACTURERS —OF— SILVER PLATED WARE. Trade Mark for Spoons, Forks, &c. 1847, Rogers Bros. A. I. *These Goods have taken the Certificates of Award wherever exhibited, both in this and the old Countries,* And the Meriden Britannia Co. are the LARGEST and Best Manufacturers in this line in the World. Ask your Jeweler for these Goods. April 16.

C. F. WALKER of this place has a lot of his celebrated Horse Rakes for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one who wants one at once, would do well to send him a postal card or in some way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he in his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes. May 29

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

THE FARMER'S WOOING.

The daisies nodded in the grass, the buttercups were sleeping,
And just across the river sang the farmers at their reaping;
Upon the hills, so blue and far, the maple leaves were showing
Their soft white beauty in the breeze that from the sea was blowing.
A little maid came through the land with song and rippling laughter;
The buttercups made way for her, the daisies nodded after.

A strong young farmer saw her pause beside the parting river;
She drew a lily from its depth with golden heart a-quiver.
"Thou art more fair than lilies are," said he, with head uplifted,
And threw a poppy, as the stream toward the maiden drifted.
She set the flowers in her hair—the red and white together;
A cloud grew black before the sun, and rainy was the weather.

He came across the river then, this farmer, from his mowing;
He minded not the water's depth he cared not for its flowing.
"Oh, love!" said he, "if gleaming sun and cloudless skies o'erlean us,
The river's barring width may roll unpassed, untried between us;
But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds and rain come over,
I'd cross the ocean to your side—I am no fair-day lover!"

And so one noon the village bells rang out across the river,
Their music set the buttercups and daisies all a-quiver,
While some one drew a lily from the stream so blithely flowing,
And plucked a blood-red poppy that amid the wheat was growing:
The maiden set them in her hair—the red and white together—
With many a smile, a tear or two, and glances at the weather.

They passed beneath the chapel's shade—the farmer and the maiden—
Where arches crossed above their heads, with snowy blossoms ladened,
And in that place of holy calm the binding words were spoken;
He in his heart bore out the truth, she on her hand the token.
The years went by, and some were bright and some were clouded over,
But ever stood he at her side—he was no fair-day lover.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A WOMAN'S STORY.

I had just entered my seventh year when my father, M. Viele, gave me a new mother in the person of the handsome and imperious widow of one, Col. Lalor, and a brother in Mrs. Lalor's only child, a boy of twelve.

Albert Lalor, with his handsome face, strong will and pleasant ways, soon became my master, ruling my impetuous spirit with a success that no one else could. Madame Viele looked on with a proud, self-satisfied smile, and more than once I heard her murmur in her sweet, imperious tones:

"They must marry, Philippe. Your Vi must be my Albert's wife."

And my father would laugh and nod his head approvingly, evidently well pleased with the idea.

But these happy days slipped all by too rapidly.

My father died. Albert was finishing his collegiate course. I, in accordance with my father's will, was sent to Paris to be finished under the care of his old and valued friend, Madame Duponte. Four years later I returned to my step-mother.

It was near the close of a bleak winter day that I reached Gray Fell. But bleak as it was, my handsome, stately step-mother met me on the steps of the great pillard portico.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, half under her breath, as she held me off a moment and keenly scrutinized me with her great lustrous black eyes. Then a warm smile parted her lips, and kissing me tenderly, she added:

"You are beautiful, my child—far more beautiful than I imagined. Albert will be charmed. Ah, a blush, dearest? You have not forgotten my old hope, then! But come, come, dear; the air is bitterly keen."

And gathering up the shining length of her black satin she swept queen-like before me, pausing only long enough in the hall to allow a kindly word or two to the assembled servants.

Then, with a rare condescension, she led me up stairs to my chamber.

As we entered the dressing room she glanced at the time piece and turned to my maid.

"Take Mademoiselle's wraps, Manton," she said quickly and imperiously, "and then lay out some of her handsomest dresses;" adding smilingly, as her eyes returned to me, "I shall superintend your toilet this evening, my dear. Dinner will be served in less than an hour, and I want you to appear at your best when you descend to the drawing room. Albert shall be dazzled at first sight."

When we entered the brilliantly lighted drawing room it was tenanted by two persons—a handsome, kindly-looking man, whom I recognized at once as my step-brother, and a tall, slender girl with heavenly blue eyes, pearly skin and a shimmering crown of pale, golden hair.

A faint damask tinted the girl's cheek as we entered, and I noticed that the gentleman rose with suspicious haste from the chair very close to her own. I fancied, too, that he had even more hastily dropped one of the dainty white hands toying with a bunch of blue forget-me-nots that matched a tiny cluster half hidden in the flossy gold of her lovely hair.

I had heard of this fair girl, and that her home would henceforth be at Gray Fell. But for the first time it occurred to me that she might be destined to step between me and the man I had slowly learned to think of only t o tenderly.

With a sharp, jealous pang I extended my hand to Albert Lalor, who had hastened to me, his fine eyes glowing with admiration and pleasure.

His greeting was cordial, and evidently pleased his mother.

"But why don't you kiss her, my son, as in the old days?" she smiled gayly.

And with an answering smile, Albert bent his grand head and pressed his bearded lips tightly to mine.

"Ah, what a charming blush!" laughed my step-mother, touching my glowing cheek caressingly with her soft, white fingers.

I smiled, but my heart throbbed painfully under the ruby velvet bodice that became me so well. Beneath the pressure of those bearded lips my wayward woman's heart had leaped from tenderness to a full, fierce, passionate love.

I lifted my eyes, lustrous with the new born feeling, to the handsome, smiling face of my brother, and again my heart swelled with jealous pain at sight of its unruffled calm.

But the next moment Madame Viele claimed my attention.

"Vi, dearest, my great niece, Peri Holbrook." She smiled.

I turned my eyes from Albert's face to meet the eager half-affrighted gaze of the golden-haired girl I could not but admire.

I bowed, and somewhat coldly accepted the proffered hand, and answered the few musical words of gentle welcome. Then I involuntarily flashed a swift glance at Albert.

Ah, how the blood leaped through my veins! And how I hated the charming creature standing before me, so regally graceful and sweet. Yes, I hated her, for there could be no mistaking the brooding tenderness and passion with which my step-brother was regarding her.

But only for an instant did his eyes betray him; and as the pleasant hours of the evening flew by, I grew half disposed to laugh at my jealous pain. Nevertheless, when my step-mother followed me to my room I smiled lightly.

"Peri, is very lovely, mamma, and Albert seems to admire her."

Madame Viele turned a glance upon me that covered my face with a flood of color.

"Nay, nay," she laughed softly the next instant, winding her arm caressingly about me.

"You have no causes for jealousy, my love. Albert is heart-whole, and knows well that it is my wish to see him your husband. Knowing this," she added with a haughty sternness, "he would not dare brave me by loving another."

Then, with a swift return to her former tenderness, she continued: "My dear child, I trust you can make me happy by loving my handsome and noble son?"

"Don't rush into jealousy, Vi. Peri is a good and beautiful girl, but Albert gives her only a cousinly affection. Though she is in no way dependent upon me pecuniarily, I promised her dying mother to give her a home at Gray Fell, as you know; and you can see, my love, how very unpleasant it would make it for you to brood over a foolish jealousy. So, dear, put all that nonsense out of your charming head and rest assured that I am right. My eyes are keen, and in the eighteen months she has been at Grey Fell must inevitably have penetrated a secret of that kind."

"Of course, mamma is right," I murmured as the door closed on her imperial form, and I summoned Menton.

But, my maid dismissed, I sat down in my dressing gown and stared at the glowing coals, my thoughts and feelings in an anxious whirl. After a time I rose, sighingly impatiently.

"I can't sleep; I will go down and get a book."

With the words I crept out into the hall. I had traversed half its length when the sound of stealthy steps on the stairs sent me with bated breath behind the heavy damask curtains of a window near me.

Burglars were in my mind, but I made no outcry. The next minute the steps passed a few feet from me, and I was quickly undeceived.

A voice I well knew murmured in hushed tones, "Don't grieve, my darling, it will all come right. Only be patient, my own."

And I felt more than heard the soft kiss that finished that sentence.

It was Peri's voice that answered.

"Oh, Albert! Albert!" she breathed, falteringly. "Where is it all to end? We have done very, very wrong, dearest. And oh, Albert, she loves you! I saw it in those great, passionate, dusky eyes of her's to-night, and in a vague terror of the future I stared almost wildly at her as Aunt Ray presented me."

"Nonsense! Do you want to make me vain?" laughed my step-brother softly. And then he murmured in graver accents: 'You say we have done wrong, darling. Remember we had to choose between two evils. Remember that my mother possesses an iron will. She would have ground us both to powder rather than consent to what we—"

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed Peri, before he could finish the sentence I was panting to hear.

"Then cease to grieve, darling," he whispered. "And now, once more, good night."

And I knew he folded her close to his heart for a brief moment.

As their doors closed noiselessly upon their retiring forms I crept weakly back to my chamber, pride, anger and despair clutching at my heart-strings.

With a stifled cry I flung myself passionately on the rug before the fire and buried my face in the tiger skin covering—a pile of soft, yielding hassocks.

"Lost! lost to me!" I moaned in my fierce agony. And then, starting upright, I panted with vengeful breath. "But what meant that unfinished sentence? Can they—"

And then I paused and stared breathlessly at the glowing coals.

"Ah! I will watch! I will watch!" I muttered later.

And I shivered at the sound of my own low, relentless voice.

I did watch.

Night after night they stole an hour of blissful peace in the ante-room of the dim, old library, and night after night I was ruthlessly on their track. But in vain I listened to their fond speech. The unfinished sentence I had caught in the hall above remained unfinished.

But one wild, bleak night, a month later, my task was ended. With stifled breath I noiselessly crept from the library to my step-mother's chamber.

She sat in her dressing gown before the fire, lost in an enchanting book. At my stealthy and unceremonious entrance she glanced up at me.

"Great Heavens!" she cried, dropping her book and staring at me in alarm. "Are you ill, Vi?"

I laughed a harsh, short laugh.

"Only transformed into a Nemesis, mamma."

"A Nemesis!" echoed my stepmother in a slow tone of profound amazement, the next instant adding impetuously, "You look like a beautiful spirit from Hades!"

I shrugged my shoulders with another harsh laugh.

"Come!" I said imperiously. "Come, I will show you my Hades!"

She started at me wonderingly, and half shrunk as my icy little hand clasped hers.

"Softly, Madame!" I whispered, as we left the room.

Directly she was standing at the slightly open door, at which I had so often stood.

I felt her nails sink deep in the palm of my hand as her blazing eyes rested on the scene beyond. I heard her breath come in angry gusts.

For a full minute she stood thus. Then, dropping my hand, she flung back the door and swept into the dimly lighted room.

The pair sitting so lovingly before the fire started to their feet, Peri with a sharp cry of anguish. Albert's first words were given to her:

"Be brave my love!" he smiled down upon her in accents of melting tenderness.

But his lips were white and his eyes glowing.

"What means all this?" demanded Madame Viele, in awfully hushed tones, gazing from one to the other with an anger before which even my fierce spirit quailed.

"It means this, my mother," replied Albert, unfalteringly, as he paced forward and circled more closely the slender form of the pallid girl beside him. "It means that for three months Peri has been my lovely wife.

"Wife!" gasped my stepmother, staggering back as if she had received a blow. And then she screamed, pleadingly: Not your wife, Albert?"

"Yes mother, my wife," he returned sadly and firmly, while great tears rolled over Peri's white face. "We grieved to do it secretly, mother, but"—

My stepmother lifted her hand. She had quite recovered herself now.

"Silence!" she commanded in those awfully hushed tones. "Ask no forgiveness? Ask no blessing! Peri, go! Leave this house now and forever. Go or stay, as you will; but know that from this hour I never speak to you again. From this hour know your blessing my bitterest curse!"

"Mother"—

"Silence!" again commanded my stepmother, in fearfully concentrated tones. "Go! Not a word! Put that creature forth at once!" pointing her white finger at Peri's bowed head.

"Say you forgive, mother," pleaded Albert. "Say"—

"Silence!" almost thundered Madame Viele, her face ghastly as the dead.

He turned away then.

"Come, my darling, we will go," he murmured with infinite tenderness to Peri.

And catching up a cloak and hood she had cast there only a few hours before, he wraped her tenderly in them and led her to the door.

There they paused and look back at Madame Viele.

"Farewell, mother they said, softly, "and Heaven forgive us and you!"

Madame gazed stonily at them without word or gesture, and they sighed and turned away.

Directly the hall door clanged heavily after them. As it did so my stepmother turned calmly to me:

"I am sorry for you, Vi" she said briefly, in stern, even tones. "Let us go to bed."

And with a firm step and form erect she led me to my room. There she kissed me good night, saying calmly as she closed the door:

"From this moment they are dead to us. Never mention their names again!"

"It is all over now. I had reaped my vengeance."

"It is well!" I said, as my head touched the pillow.

The days came and went. My stepmother was erect, cold and imperious as ever. Not by word, look or tone did she betray her secret suffering. But at the end of a year she had lost every vestage of youth and health. A pale, gaunt old woman, she sat in her chair now.

One morning she called me to her side. It was on my nineteenth birthday.

"Vi, she said, curtly, "it's all Dead Sea fruit."

I gazed at her, dimly comprehending her meaning. Then she said:

"They have a little daughter, Vi, and they have named her after me—Ray Lalor, Vi. Shall we have them back, Vi?"

She looked at me wistfully. There was a brief strife between the good and the evil, and then I replied:

"It is Dead Sea fruit, mamma. We will have them back. I can look upon Albert as my brother now."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Madame Viele.

And three days later Albert, Peri and the little Ray were established at Gray Fell.

The Bite of the Skunk.

In the Forest and Stream, of recent date, is a contribution to the question whether the bite of the skunk is poisonous and will produce rabies. In the west and southwest of the Mississippi Valley this seems generally believed. A writer from Colorado quotes several instances.

Dr. Cushing, of Trinidad, Col., who has, no doubt, seen several cases, gives it as his opinion that the natural bite of the skunk produces hydrophobia, it does not need to be suffering from rabies itself. He says its bite will kill the victim sooner or later, without fail. Dr. W. L. South, who has had great experience in Texas and New Mexico, says "the bite will fetch the victim sometime," meaning that it will sooner or later result in death.

We do not believe this is the case in the Eastern States. The skunk is very common in Pennsylvania. We have seen dogs bitten by it, and have known those who hunted it constantly for its valuable skin, but have never heard of any such ill result from its bite either in man or dog.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY GIVES PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR CONDUCTING JOINT DISCUSSIONS IN THE SOUTH DURING THE NEXT CAMPAIGN, WITH OTHER HINTS.

CONFEDERATE X ROADS, (Which is in the state uv Kentucky,) September 22, 1879.

The next election is likely to be eggstremely eggscitin, and there shood be in the South a unity uv ackshen and a uniformity uv means to be yoosed, that our success may be asshoored. We mus hev a Solid South that the votes uv the States now groanin under Federal despotism may be throwed for a candidate which will recognize the fact that the South hez rites, and is ready to maintain em.

In all jint discussions in the Southern States these rools shood be observed:

1. When a radikel shows a desire to discuss, the rifle shood never be yoosed. The revolver is better, for there are six loads in a navy, and the second may accomplish what the first failed to do. But the shot-gun is the proper weepin, for shot scatters, and no matter how shaky a shivelry's hand may be, the tother discusser can't get out uv range uv a charge uv shot.

2. Never depen upon a single-barrelled gun. It may take two charges to finish a obnoxious discusser.

3. Alluz yoose the old-fashioned muzzle-loader. The cartridges that yoo hev to yoose with the breech-loader are loaded with small shot, which won't alluz do. And, besides, the breech-loader is a Yankee weepin, and no troo Southerner will yoose anything uv Yankee make, onless he kin git it on credit.

4. Load with a heavy charge uv buck-shot, and alluz put in two or three slugs. Slugs iz more convincin than buck-shot, ez they trar a bigger hole.

5. Alluz aim at the button on the back uv the coat. The charge then penetrates the kidneys and liver, and the disturber dies on the spot. It is crooelty to prolong their sufferins.

6. Be keerful to observe the law. The moment the disturber quits kickin, go afore the nearest Justice uv the Peace and deliver yooreself up. He will immejitly admit yoo to bail, and the infamous charge that the Southern citizen is not law-abiding will be disproved.

7. Free speech is the bulwark uv our civilizashen and everybody must enjoy it, but ez disturbers can't be allowed, let it be understood that only Dimekrats kin enjoy that privilege. Meetins uv Radikels bein inceojary, must be sternly suppressed.

8. A speaker shood never be shot while on the stand. Lay for him when he hez got through. It will be found that after a few uv em hev bin silenced, none will vencher on it.

9. Nigger meeting-houses and Sunday-skools cannot be permitted ez they are the hot-beds uv radikelism. One Methodist preacher will offset the good work uv a dozen groseries.

10. Postmasters shood see to it that no Radikel papers are permitted to be cirkelatid. Noosepapers is a noosance, and ef the Radikels are preventid from takin em, they will be entirely suppressed in our seckshun, ez the troo Dimekrat don't take to em at all. The less noosepapers the better the Dimekrat.

There are other things that mite be recommendid, but ef these ez followed out there is no doubt uv a glorious Dimekatik victory next year. With Tilden's barl in the North and the shot-gun in the South, we kin elect the next President. May the Lord favor us.

PETROLIUM V. NASBY,
Dimekratic Organizer.

The Small Boy and the Circus.

The small boy now looketh upon the circus poster when it is red, white and blue, and becometh intoxicated with delight.

For what is it that carrieth more joy to the heart of the small boy than a dead wall covered with posters?

Echo might answer, a dead head ticket covered with the legend, "Admit One."

And as the boy gazeth on the pictures of indescribable animals, and upon the impossible antics of lightly clothed men and women, his imagination maketh all the pictures realities, and he is willing to stake his reputation as a champion marble player that the coming circus is the best in the world.

And he longeth to go.

Soon he is joined by the other boys of his age, and they all gaze upon the posters and drink of the beauties thereof.

And they marvel among themselves.

And the boy sayeth he has never seen so wonderful a display of circus pictures; and they soon fall to speculating among themselves as to whether each performer really doeth all things which he is represented as doing.

And another one sayeth he has seen as wonderful performances as are pictured out on the posters.

But his companions laugh him to scorn.

So it cometh to pass that the boy who hath seen all these things is forced to hold his peace (providing he has not already devoured it), for verily the majority ruleth among the boys.

Soon the all-important question cometh up regarding the prospect for crawling under the canvas, and they wax enthusiastic, and in their minds they are all in the circus on the front seat, each one having found a good place to crawl under.

But soon one of their number recollected the fact that he was once caught in the act, and as he dilates on the strength of canvassmen in general, and the one who collared him in particular, the courage of the group oozes out of their individual finger ends.

And each one layed out a route in his neighborhood, and woe unto the piece of old iron which his fingers clutcheth, for verily in the end it contributed to the circus fund.

Any man who has been a small boy knoweth these things to true.

EUROPEAN LETTER.

(Regular Correspondence.)

BERLIN, Sept. 13, 1879.

The capitol of the Czar is not like Madrid and like Pera, a city almost uninhabitable for Europeans. The necessaries of life are abundant and cheap enough; its luxuries, albeit exceedingly costly, are equally plentiful. With supplies of money in your pocket, everything that the most polished Sybarite could desire, may be procured in Petropolis. House-rent of a superior kind is enormously dear; but you get proportionately splendid accommodation for your trouble. Succulent dinners, dressed by French cooks, ball-dresses and bonnets, constructed by French milliners, and dressmakers, an inexhaustible supply of Jouvin gloves, eau de Cologne, artificial flowers and articles de Paris; one of the grandest opera houses in Europe, with Patti or Albani for "prime donne;" French plays and opera bouffes with all the brightest stars of the Gaite, the Vaudeville, and the Ambigue; a dazzling succession during the winter season of Dourt balls, banquets and receptions, splendid reviews, first-rate horse flesh, and any amount of skating, sledging, and "Montagne Russe" descending in winter time—all these are constituents of upper-class existence in the metropolis of Russia. The lower classes are illiterate, superstitious, and filthy, but you do not come in contact with them. You rarely even hear their language. Well-educated Russians speak nothing but French in society, even among themselves and when no foreigners are present. As it has long been the practice among the Courts of Europe to send the very cleverest ambassadors, ministers, and secretaries of legation obtainable to a Court where intrigue is chronic and double-dealing a custom of the country, the diplomatic saloons of St. Petersburg are frequented by exceptionally polished, cultured, and astute guests, while general society is redundant with accomplished enchantresses, who combine the grace and refinement of the Faubourg St. Germain with the mirthful morals of Monte Carlo. What more could be desired? There is an Academy of Sciences; there are splendid museums of pictures and sculpture and antiquities; and artists and servants go into society. The only drawback to all this luxury and culture is that St. Petersburg is virtually a prison, and that the highest degree of freedom which can be enjoyed by any person, however highly he may be placed, who is doomed to inhabit the Muscovite capitol, does not extend much beyond an uneasy impression that he is only out on bail, and that some day or other he will be called upon to surrender to his recognizances. With this uncomfortable sensation the asperity of the climate has little to do. A winter in Montreal or Quebec will vie in the way of intense cold with a winter in St. Petersburg. The St. Lawrence freezes as hard and as long as the Neva; and making up your mind for the worst, with well heated rooms, and plenty of furs, mocassins and buffalo robes to keep you warm, the frost and snow are soon forgotten, even if, indeed, they are not found rather enjoyable than otherwise. It is the moral, not the physical man, who feels that he is in goal. Not the limbs but the mind requires freedom of action, it may be that Government itself is powerless to relax the tension which is the offspring of a merciless system of repression. It has been said of the Sphynx that she is so old as to have forgotten the solutions of her own riddles; and of the Russian Government it may be said, almost without the risk of paradox, that it has lost the key of the prison in which not only its sujects and the strangers within its gates, but its own self, are confined; and that it has grown so accustomed to a regime of espionage and delation, as to begin confusedly to contemplate the expediency of denouncing and taking itself into custody.

The Lawyer Wouldn't Take It.

Up in New Hampshire there is a well-known eccentric individual, self-constituted curer of all ills; a sort of universal panacea, "body and soul, head, heart and conscience doctor," who, with all his eccentricities, has a fund of actual wit that is hard to beat. Not long ago the "doctor was called upon the witness stand. The opposing counsel, who is said sometimes to "whet his whistle" with "liquor pizen," knowing the doctor's peculiarities, ventured, in cross-examining him, to show him up a bit. The result will be appreciated.

"What is your business?" promptly inquired the counsel.

"My business is to do what little good I can do to my fellow-men," modestly replied the doctor.

"But that doesn't answer my question," gruffly remarked the counsel. "How do you spend your time?"

"Why, 'squire, it takes about all my time to do what I said," remarked the doctor.

"But I want something more definite," stoutly demanded the counsel. "How do you go about your business?"

"That depends upon circumstances, according to the nature of the case," explained the doctor. "For instance, if I were going to begin on you, the first thing I should do would be to advise you to sign a temperance pledge."

The Court roared, and the counsel, as if convinced the doctor was pursuing a legitimate and respectable vocation, proceeded with the singular cross-examination.

A Physician Assassinated.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 26.—Dr. Sturman, an old citizen of Chariton county, Missouri, was assassinated while traveling along the road in a buggy, about 15 miles from Glasgow, last Saturday night. Some twenty buckshot and two pistol balls entered his body, killing him instantly. No clue to the murderers has been discovered.

Dr. Sturman was a very desperate and quarrelsome man, and was universally feared by the neighbors, and it is thought that no particular pains will be taken to ferret out the perpetrators of the crime.

A Party Without a Country.

The history of the most wretched man ever conceived in the imagination of the novelist is told in the story of "A Man Without a Country." No nationality; no land that he could call his own; no party of the human family in whose achievements he could feel a pride; no flag and a home. But what is the Greenback party now but a party without a country? If it has a hope, it is that the United States may meet disaster. Bad crops here, prostration of industry, closing of shops and mills, multiplication of tramps, filling of poor-houses and jails, increase of losses and suffering—these are the only arguments which can help the Greenback party. If these fail, the party goes to the bad. It cannot shout for joy when the credit of the United States improves, for that is an argument for Sherman and the Republicans. It cannot see with pleasure the crowding of outward-bound steamers with the rich products of our farms; that helps to fill the Treasury and the banks, and to make resumption a success. Gold comes hither by the millions, and the Greenback party shudders. There is prosperity for the country, but death to the party. Debts are paid, farmers for the first time tread acres on which no mortgage lies, men and women sleep for the first time in homes they can call their own, and all this brings dispair to the heart of the Greenback advocate, for his country's disgrace and misery alone can save him from contempt.

It is a party without a country, and a party without a future. No one supposes that the elastic industry and enterprise of Americans can long be kept down. Sooner or later there must come again such grand prosperity as this country has thrice enjoyed—prosperity such as has never yet dawned upon any other land. When good times come, the Greenback party dies. Every breath of hope for the country is to that unhappy party more deathly than the blast of the sirocco. Its possibility of a future existence rests upon the failure of American genius, energy, patience and manhood—that is to say, it has no right to hope for a future at all.

To such a party as this, young men in this country are even now asked to join themselves. Flimsy falshoods are told them of the suffering existing somewhere when they point to crowded barns and busy workshops near at hand. Stories that a school boy should be able to disprove, as to abuse of the power of the treasury for the benefit of the public creditors, are paraded before them. Banks and bankers are attacked by men who know that the country never yet has seen any other banking system so good as that which it now enjoys. Wretched rhymes, insulting to their intelligence as to their taste, are sung in their hearing as the battle songs of a party which would revel in the country's misery, if only the country would be miserable. The grand prosperity which sends the blood bounding with new swiftness and vigor through all the pulses of trade, means hope to everybody else, but death to the Greenback demagouge.

Where is the man who wants to tie himself to a party that is doomed to die a disgraceful death? This country is not going to ruin. The splendid courage of its people, tried for many weary years, has proved vigorous. Royal good faith, and the manhood and pluck to make good every pledge, have placed this country high on the roll of fame. The men of to-day greet each other with good cheer because the nation has kept its faith, and reached the solid rock of specie payments. The men of generations hereafter will look back with pride to the work and triumph of the Americans of to-day. But there is one unhappy man — the Greenbacker. He is wretched because his country is prosperous, and knows that disgrace awaits him because his country has escaped dishonor.—*New York Tribune.*

Phenomena of Rain.

One of the most curious things about rain is in the equality of its distribution. The reader is of course aware that rain may be measured in inches in almost any vessel set out to catch it. If a pail, for example, be put out in an open space on the ground. If we visit the pail after every shower, we may by the means of a two-foot rule, tell what depth of rain has fallen. This is the principle of the rain guage. In practice better means are of course adopted, so as to prevent evaporation and, to measure the depth. Now it is of great consequence where we place our rain guage. It might be supposed of no importance whether it were on the top of the house or in the garden close by. And yet, strange to say, a guage in the garden of Westminister Abbey caught twenty-three inches of rain in the course of a year, while one on the roof of a house caught only eighteen inches, and one on top of the abbey, only twelve inches. The fact is, rain forms at a very low elevation, it increases the size of the drops which come from the higher levels. Thus, while Mr. Glaisher was descending in a balloon, he passed through a wet fog, where the drops of rain were exceedingly fine, covering the note book like pin points. These increased in size on approaching the earth and more rapidly when very near the earth.

The latest story of the American Spiritualist is as follows:

A skeptical fellow obtained admission to a seance the other day, whereat Daniel Webster habitually materialized walking from a cabinet across the room and looking as he had looked in life, but making no sound of footsteps. This base-minded man tossed a number of tacks on the floor; and as they had very large heads, they, of course, fell points upwards. The consequence was that when Dan came out of the cabinet and began to walk across the room he suddenly paused, and lifting one foot, applied his hand to the sole thereof. Upon taking another step he suddenly drew up again, and in a low voice ejaculated, "Ugh!" Shortly after this he lost his balance and sat down on the floor; immediately he became very profane, wiggled painfully in his seat, jumped up with an exclamation not found in the dictionary, and retreated into the cabinet greatly disgusted with the matter. Not so the skeptic, who remarked that it was a proof of the truthfulness of the line that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Age imparts a richer flavor to wine and increases its value; but alas! it is the worst thing that could happen to an egg.

The mule is of an even disposition; he always behaves according to his wont.