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The Somerset Herald.

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ATTORNEYS AT-LAW.

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

JERRY SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

JOHN S. GIBB, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection. Office in Mammoth Building.

J. L. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

LEVI SNYDER—Alexander H. Coffroth, has associated with him in the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. jan 29, '79.

VALENTINE RAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Collections a specialty. Office in Mammoth Building.

J. & S. J. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

JOHN AKERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. Sept. 18 '79-1y

JOHN I. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care, promptly and faithfully. Collections a specialty. Consultations made, especially in German, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

I. J. ROSSER, 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 adjoining counties. Office in Printing Office.

JOHN K. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with fidelity and dispatch.

H. LAMBERT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

SHAFER & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Office, Main Cross Street, opposite the Lutheran Church.

J. EAGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

MILLER & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office in Baer's block, Upstairs.

SURVEYING.

Writing Desks, &c., at Cambert & Co.'s Store.

C. F. WALKER.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. R. M. KIMMELL & SON offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members may be found at all times, unless professionally engaged, in the house at their office, on Main St. Somerset, Pa. Sept. 18-79-1y

DR. J. C. MILLER has permanently located in Somerset for the practice of his profession.—Temporarily at Charles Kreisinger's store. April 7-tf.

DR. J. F. BURKEE tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Baptist church.

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

DR. A. G. MILLER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Residence, South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

DR. G. B. MASTERS, formerly of Somerset, offers his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence formerly occupied by Dr. Miller, one door south of Union House.

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.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Schrock & Noll's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Over Gaebler & Frazer's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the price of artificial teeth in this place. Owing to increasing demand for teeth has induced me to enlarge my facilities that I can now make 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 I could be seen by any person among my thousands of patrons in the adjoining counties that my work is better than is not giving good satisfaction they can call on me at any time and get their money back. Office rooms, Main St. Somerset, Pa.

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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 inviting place for the traveling public. The table cannot not be surpassed, all the best the market can afford. Also a large public hall attached to the house, which can be had at the lowest possible rates by week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa.

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

MILLER'S LIVER PILLS are warranted ready for the cure of all complaints, Costiveness, Fever and Ague, Sick Headache, and all disorders of the stomach and liver. Sold over fifty years. Miller's Liver Pills cured Mr. Lewis Lyons, of Lyons, Iowa, of Jaundice of eight years' standing. Price, 25 cts. Prepared by R. E. Miller & Co., Proprs., Pittsburgh, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

BANKS, ETC.

NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank

CHARLES J. HARRISON, Cashier and Manager.

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

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

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Watches and Jewelry Repaired by Skilled Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Engraving. Goods warranted as represented. oct 15

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All Grades. Low Prices.

DRUGGET SQUARES.

Lignums and Linoleum.

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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.

$1500 TO $5000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50cts to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for steady making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your name and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. June 11

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.

KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Remedy THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore poured into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND PERSONAL DISORDERS.

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches? Why tormented with Piles, Constipation? Why frightened over disordered Kidneys? Why endure nervous or sick headaches? Why have sleepless nights?

IT WILL. The KIDNEY-WORT and relieve in health. It is a dry vegetable compound and one package will make six great Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it of you if you ask for it. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt. (Will send post paid.)

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 Beef hides.

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. aug15.

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.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. MERIDEN, 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. Bring opposite the U. S. Patent Department, and equipped 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. Price low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

We refer to, Washington, to Hon. Postmaster General D. M. Key, Rev. F. D. Power, The Germania-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 to Canada. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO. Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

THE CIDER MILL.

Under the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine a valley lies;
The mountains clasp it warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child to their rocky feet.

Its meadows are greenest ever seen;
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen;
Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.

I love, oh! better than love can tell,
Its every rock, and grove and dell;
But I most love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old brown cider-mill.

Above, the clear springs gurgle out,
And the upper meadows wind about;
Then join, and under the willows flow
'Round knolls where blue-beech whip-stocks grow;

Then rest in a shaded pool that keeps
The oak trees clasped in its crystal deeps.
Sheer twenty feet the water falls,
Down from the old dam's broken walls.

Spatters the knobby bowlders gray,
And, laughing, lies in the shade away.
Under great rocks, through trout-pool still,
With many a tumble down to the mill.

All the way down the nut-trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.
Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts, there
Drop all the fall through the hazy air;

And burrs roll down with curled up leaves,
In the mellow light of the harvest eves.
Forever there the still, old trees
Drink a wine of peace that has no lees.

By the roadside stands the cider mill,
Where a lowland slumber waits the rill;
A great brown building, two stories high,
On the western hill-face warm and dry;

And odorous piles of apples there
Fill with incense the golden air;
And heaps of pumice mixed with straw,
To their amber sweets the late flies draw.

The carts back up to the upper door,
And spill their treasures on the floor;
Down through the toothed wheels they go
To the wide, deep cider-press below;

And the screws are turned by slow degrees,
Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;
And with each turn a fuller stream
Bursts from beneath the groaning beam—

An amber stream that gois might slip,
And fear no morrow's parched lip;
But wherefore gods? Those ideal toys
Were soulless to New England boys.

What classic goblet ever felt
Such thrilling touches through it melt,
As throb electric along a straw,
When boyish lips the cider draw?

The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discords life's sweet music drowns;
But yet I hear—oh! sweet, oh! sweet—
The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;

And yet the cider drips and falls
On my inward ear at intervals;
And I lead at times a sad, sweet dream,
To the babbling of that little stream;

And I sit in a visioned autumn still,
In the sunny door of the cider-mill.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

LED BY JEALOUSY.

It was grand and gorgeous on the first morning of spring. It is not the tapping of the woodpecker in the hollow beech, nor yet the nuthatch humming at his breakfast. It is only Mr. Ernest Black, knocking out his pipe against the garden seat.

Happy man! to have such a charming nook wherein to smoke his early pipe. His comfortable mansion of Shrublands, a cosy modern building, warm and roomy, with glass houses clustered about it, and its convenient offices at the rear, lies on the slope above. In front of him stretches a pleasant lawn, and he looks over upon a sweet river valley, bounded by purple hills, reaches of water showing in silver streaks here and there. A warm, pleasant little dingle encompasses the grounds, sheltering the house from the north and east, and sloping down toward the south, and here the first breath of new-born spring is felt, and the first green leaf of the year is seen on the slender white birch, whose brown catkins are dying for love of the earliest blossoms of the season.

Ernest thought that it was very good to be here, as he smoked his pipe on his garden seat.

But everything comes to an end, and by the time he had finished his pipe and knocked out the ashes a cloud had come over the sun, the air was chilled and the beauty of the morn tarnished. It was time, he found, to start for his train. He went into the house to say "good-by" to his wife, for he heard the carriage wheels grinding on the gravel as it came round from the stables to the door.

He seemed to be a happy fellow, too, in his wife, who was a fair, pleasant-faced woman, of charming figure and full spirits.

"I didn't know you were going away," she said, a slight shade of vexation coming over her face.

"Didn't I tell you," said Ernest, "I intended to? I shall be home to dinner. I'm only going to town to see the old masters. They close this week."

"Ah! if you had told me in time I would have gone with you."

To say the truth, Ernest did not much care for company when he was going to look at pictures.

"Pity, eh?" he said, carelessly putting his hand under her chin and giving her a kiss. "Well, another day, perhaps, Tottie"—her name was Theresa, but her pet name was Tottie—"and then, perhaps, I can go shopping with you."

"Why didn't you think of it before?"

"You should have told me you were going."

"Yes, it was stupid of me; however, there's no help for it. I have only just time to catch the train. Good-by."

Away he went.

Theresa sat down once more to her book of household expenses, but the totals run into each other and the same row of figures wouldn't come to the same amount twice running. It wasn't like Ernest, thought she, not to ask her to go with him. He had never gone off anywhere before without asking her to accompany him if it were practicable. His manner, too, was so cold. What could be the reason of it?

She took up the newspaper to distract her mind. She rarely looked at the daily papers, but this morning she felt uneasy, and could not settle to anything. Suddenly she sprang to her feet with a cry of distress.

She had taken up the outside sheet of the paper, and thereon she had read the advertisement:

"Constance to Ernest. To-day at Victoria, 12 noon."

That was the reason, then, that Ernest had gone off to town so suddenly. Yes, she knew it; she had been wronged and deceived; could it be possible that such treachery, such betrayal of all the ties of friendship and affection could be permitted to exist?

Theresa was, perhaps, of a somewhat jealous disposition. Certainly Ernest had given her no cause for jealousy hitherto, as far as she knew, but she had always imagined it possible that at some time or other he would; and now it seemed to her as though her forebodings had been justified.

Constance Brown had been her earnest friend, her school-fellow, her one dear companion, for whom her affection could never be dimmed. And this friendship had continued unabated for a whole two years after her marriage to Earnest, during which time it had been her chief delight to entertain Constance at her new home. Now Ernest wasn't at the beginning, at any rate, at all fond of Constance, and used to think her visits rather a bore. Anything was better, however, than having his wife in the dolefuls, and on such occasions he would suggest:

"Ask Constance to come and spend a few days."

As time went on, however, little disagreements interposed between the two friends. Constance was of an adaptive nature, and fonder of masculine than feminine society. She professed great interest in Ernest's pursuits, which were rather of a miscellaneous character. Altogether she grew in grace and favor with the husband, and declined in equal measure in the wife's esteem. She was too keen-witted herself not to perceive this, but the increditable love of coquetry and mischief that lurks in every female bosom forbade her to change her tactics. The end of it was a desperate quarrel between Constance and Theresa, and Constance's hasty departure from Shrubland in a rage. On her part, Theresa vowed that she would never have that deceitful girl in her house again.

"All right," Ernest had said; "if you don't care about it I don't."

But Theresa's jealousy, once aroused, was not to be quieted by any such pretenses as these. It was all very well for Ernest to say so, but his saying so did not deceive her. Having once thrown her influence over Ernest, Constance, she knew, would not be satisfied to resign her power so easily. She didn't doubt but that Constance would in some way or other contrive some way to see him, and this morning's paper had given her a clue to the means she had pied.

Very well, Theresa, too, would be at Victoria at 12 noon.

The carriage had just returned from taking Ernest to the station; it should also convey her to the next train for London. She would have sufficient time to reach the trystring place by noon.

Victoria Station, however, is rather a wide, open place, not adapted for concealment. How should she so disguise herself that she might witness the meeting unobserved? Then she remembered that Aunt Blake, who had been a widow for a couple of years, had left behind her a widow's cap, bonnet and veil, having the opportunity of a visit to her niece to resume the ordinary costume of womanhood.

Bonnets are not formidable things now-a-days; and Theresa put her aunt's weeds, with a black crape shawl, into a travelling bag. She put on a black dress with a white shawl over it, and her usual traveling bonnet, that she might not give rise to surmises at her sudden assumption of mourning, and then started off.

The clock showed five minutes to twelve when she arrived at Victoria. She hurried off to the ladies' waiting room, donned her bonnet, cap, shawl, and veil, and came out upon the platform a demure widow.

Sure enough, Ernest was there, walking up and down. She gave a kind of guilty start as he passed her, and he looked rather hard at the young widow with the nice trim figure.

"So," she thought, "that is the way you look at young women when I am not by."

The next turn that she took she started as she saw approaching her from the opposite side of the platform the very double of herself. Black dress, black crape shawl, widow's cap, bonnet and everything! She thought at the first moment that there was a mirror opposite her, and that she saw her own reflected image. But it was not so. The lady threw up her veil and revealed the features of Constance Brown. It was only for a moment, and then she drew her veil closely over her face, and making a slight gesture, as it seemed, of caution, she made her way to the booking office, went up to a porter, and asked in a clear, loud voice, when the train started for Brighton.

Theresa glided into the office by the opposite door.

The pretended widow was waiting her turn at the ticket hatch. With the quickness of thought Theresa ran up to the barrier. A genial looking old gentleman was taking his ticket.

"Might I ask you, sir, to get me a ticket for Brighton?"

"Most certainly, madam," said the old gentleman.

She grasped the ticket and hurried on to the departure platform, giving as she went the same signal with her hand that she had seen her double make just before.

Yes, he had recognized the signal and followed her.

The train was just due to start, and she hastily jumped into a first-class carriage. A gentleman jumped in after her.

"Faithless fellow," she thought.

"Constance," said a tremulous voice at her side—"my dearest Constance."

"You wretch!" cried Theresa, suddenly unveiling.

But the effect was not what she anticipated.

It was not her husband, at all; it was Captain Potter, late of the Plungers.

It is now necessary to revert to the proceedings of Mr Black, to account for his presence on the scene.

Ernest had intended to take the newspaper up to town with him, having been interested in an article he had not time to finish. But having, with his customary carelessness, left it behind him, he bought another at the station, and then the advertisement caught his eye—"Constance to Ernest." Yes, he knew what that meant.

Ernest Black and Ernest Potter had been schoolfellows and cronies in early days; but their friendship had long since decayed. Potter was a reckless spendthrift, who had been obliged to leave the plungers and sell his commission, swamped with innumerable debts. He had been an old friend of the Browns, too, and Constance had formerly been infatuated with him; but her father, who was a very violent, self-willed old fellow, swore that she should never marry such a scamp.

Constance had a nice little fortune of her own, and she had just come of age, so that if she persisted in throwing herself and her fortune away, there was no help for it. Still Ernest thought it was his duty to stop it if he could. He flattered himself that he had some influence over Constance; and if he couldn't put an end to the affair altogether, he might yet prevail upon her to have all her money carefully tied up.

The advertisement meant an elopement, Ernest thought—a clandestine marriage, and the sacrifice of a girl's future to a worthless scamp. He would be there, too, and save her if he could.

At all events he found himself on the platform of Victoria station at noon.

Ah! there was Captain Potter, as he expected, stalking up and down, evidently expecting somebody. Ernest didn't take any note of him; and Potter seemed anxious on his part to avoid any recognition.

But there was no Constance. He kept, however, a sharp lookout on the captain, and, all of a sudden, he noticed that his eyes lit up, and, turning quickly round, Ernest saw a lady in deep mourning pass into the booking office.

Potter now took up a position close by the wicket that opened to the departure platform, where the man stood who punched holes in the tickets. Presently a lady in black brushed rapidly past. Ernest followed her a few paces to assure herself it was not Constance Brown. No; the lady was of quite different carriage and figure from Constance—more like his own wife, he said, with a jealous pang that he laughed at himself the next moment for feeling. Whoever it was, she jumped into the carriage, and the captain after her. The guard whistled off the train, and Ernest turned away thinking that he had been rather a fool for his pains.

Then he saw another young widow gazing eagerly about her and running here and there, evidently looking for some one she couldn't find. At last, apparently overcome with emotion or fatigue, she flung herself upon a bench and hastily threw up her veil, revealing the pretty, agitated face of Constance Brown.

Ernest sprang toward her.

"Constance," he whispered, "you here and in this disguise! what does it mean?"

Constance burst into tears, and sobbed out that she didn't know.

"I know," he said severely, "you have an engagement with that infamous Potter."

"Infamous, indeed," said Constance; "and he has gone off with somebody else."

At this moment a man in livery approached and touched his hat to Ernest.

It was his own coachman, and an old faithful servant who had been coachman to Ernest's father.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Ernest, for coming up here without leave, but have you seen the mistress, sir?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, she drove to the station after you left, sir, and she seemed so wild like, and unaccountable that I made bold to follow her, for fear she might come to harm; and I followed her here, sir, where she changed her dress for widow's weeds, and got into the Brighton train, sir, with Captain Potter."

Ernest turned pale and fainted.

He recovered himself with great effort.

"I know," he cried. "I sent her to Brighton, and have just seen her off. How dare you follow your mistress, sir?"

The man turned away in blank dismay.

"Ernest," said Constance," we're both been deceived."

"Stuff!" said Ernest; "it was a trick we played you, that's all. We found out the plot, and counterplotted to save you."

But still there was terrible doubt at his heart. What could it all mean?

"Come into the waiting room, Constance," he said, "and let us talk. Ah, what misery!" he muttered to himself.

They turned into a waiting room, and Ernestly threw himself upon a seat, leaned his arm upon the table, and groaned.

"What do you intend to do, Ernest?" said Constance, clutching him by the arm. "It is all very well to tell your servant such stories. I admire you for it, Ernest; but I know better. It is deliberately planned. We are both deceived."

"It is impossible," said Ernest.

"How blind you are," said Constance. "I always mistrusted Theresa; she was my early friend, you remember, and I believe that Potter used to come to our house on purpose to see her, using me as a blind. Oh, Ernest, what shall we do?"

"I shall call a special train and follow them," said Ernest.

"Then I will go with you," cried Constance.

Ernest rose and staggered to the platform once more.

"Ernest!" said a decisive feminine voice at his elbow.

He turned and beheld his wife and Captain Potter.

"Hullo!" cried Potter, "Ernest, my boy, how are you? Gad, I've got into a pretty mess with all this ambuscading; wrong party after all, jolly row, pull the string, stop the train—Clapham Junction, guard in an awful rage. Give us into custody eh? Ha, ha! Here we are again, back first train. I say, old fellow, I'll just change widows with you."

"Come into the waiting room," cried Black, "and tell me what it all means. Potter, I consider you an unprincipled fellow to inveigle this young lady into such a trap. You know you only want to waste her fortune as you've wasted your own."

"Gently, old fellow," said Potter, "all a mistake. My uncle died last week and left me $3,000 a year."

"Then, why do you make off in this clandestine way?"

"It's all right, Black, I assure you. I've got a special license in my pocket, parson waiting at Brighton. We are both of age, you know."

"Then why all this disguise?"

"Oh, that was my doing," sobbed Constance. "I was so dreadfully afraid of papa."

"And how did you get the widow's things, Constance?"

"F—from—your—Aunt Blake. It was not very wicked, was it?"

"I think," said Theresa, who had recovered her equanimity and her usual aspect of proud serenity, "I think, Constance, you had better come back to Shrublands with me, and be married in a respectable, orderly way."

And they settled that so it should be. They all went back to Shrublands, and Constance was married that next week, not in the widow's weeds, but in full bridal costume, with several bridesmaids.

"Ernest," said Theresa, affectionately, when it was all over, "I'll never be jealous again, but for all that, I'm glad that artful minx is safely disposed of. She shall never enter my doors again, never."

Potter always speaks of his friend Black with affectionate commiseration, and says that the worst five minutes he ever spent in his life were passed in the Brighton express in company with Mme. Theresa.

NASBY.

Mr Nasby has Heard from Ohio, and Appeals in His Distress to General Butler, of Massachusetts.

Confedrit X Roads, (Wich is in the State uv Kentucky, October 15, 1879.

Ohio hez gone distkaetid. Instead uv electin Ewin, and makin soft money secoor, that cussid Foster hez kerried the State by a majority wich we hed no idee uv, and to make the matter wuss, the Legislacher hez gone agin us, and the return uv that saint, Shurman, is one uv the things that ain't to be thot uv. Ohio is gone, and wat we depended onto is gone also. We hoped to bring Ohio into the ranks ez a soft money inflashen State, to help the Confedrit Cross-Roads to get into that prosperity wich it hez so long desired. But Ohio is gone. Ewin, the champion of soft money and the embodiment uv the idee that all you hev to do to make money is to print it, is buried under a majority uv suthin like forty thousand, and the Greenback party is faded into nuthin where we expected a great deel frum it. Sich is life! Wher we expeck the most we get the least, and help comes oftenest from wher we don't expeck nothin.

We uv Kentuky hev but one hope now. That hope is Gen. Butler, uv Massychoosits. Ef he kin git that State to eleck him on the inflashen ticket, we kin git enuff holt on the publick to make some headway for another campane.

Butler has suthin to go on, wich he didn't hev in Ohio. In Ohio the crops wuz all good, and the people wuz prosperous. Ther wuz no frost to kill the corn, and ther wuz no murrin among the cattle. But in Massychoosits ther hez bin lots uv defalcashens, and consekent distress. Butler will make the most uv this. Every casheer that hez stole the money uv his corporashen, and got away with the plunder, will be charged up to the Republikin party, and Benjamine will charge it all to John Sherman and the present poliay.

Ef ther is a few more defalcashens in Fall River, I feel tolerably shoor that Butler will be electid. Down here in the Corners we prayed for a frost that wood kill the korn in Ohio—we never go to sleep now without prayin for more defalcashens in Massychoosits. Dimocasy kin hope for nothin onless ther is distress. Prosperity and Dimocrisy don't hitch at all. Wat we want is suthin solid in the way uv distress that will make people clamor for a change.

The eyes uv Kentuky is onto Butler. To Butler, the only aggressively wicked man in the nashen, Kentuky looks appelinly. The great Butler is makin the only Greenback fite that is worthy uv the name, and makin the fite in the very face uv the bloated bond-holders uv Noo England, wich is pizen. We uv the Cross Roads hev forgiven Butler. We are magnanimus. We hev forgotten that he ever drawed his sword agin the Confederacy. (So fur ez effecks went we heven't much to forgive, wich makes the task easy.) We hev forgiven him for his brootality in freein our niggers, and we forgive him for whatever aid he was to the Radikels at the various times he hez acted with em. Inesmuch ez he alluz did em more harm than good, we overlook all that and take him to our buzzum.

For General Butler is doin the work that the Corners most need. Butler is the champion uv inflashen, and the only man left wich is actily makin a serious fite in favor uv onlimited greenbax.

We uv the Corners say hail and God speed to the great Greenbacker. We pray for him in the mornin, we drink to him doorin the day, and in the shades uv the evenin the Corners are intoxicatid drinkin his health.

Wat the Corners wants is more money. The Corners never hed enuff money cence the war. Afore the war, wen we hed niggers to do our work, and cood sell the surplus stock South, we cood by encouraged in breedin, git along very well. We managed to hev enuff to feed and clothe us, and to bet on quarter races, and to indulge in draw poker to our heart's content. In those days Bascom's wuz a paradise. The bar in front wuz filled with gentlemen takin their tods, and the back rume wuz crouded with the citizens playin draw poker and other games incidental to a high state uv civilizashen. I wuz known ez Deekin Pogram to lose wat money he hed, and then rather than retire, stake Libby and Sary, two uv his nigger gals, and sed to be his dawters, wich wuz likely, ez they hed the Pogram nose, on two pair, and wen he lost em, he see em druv off South without a pang. Ez he remarkt on that occashun, "wat difference is it? Ther is more a comin."

It wuz a thrillin site. The Deekin wuz playin with Slipry Jim Tedson, and hed lost every dollar he hed in the world, and also his watch and his double-barreled shot-gun. Slipry Jim sat ther sardonic, restin secoor on the solid foundashen uv four aces. The good Deekin hed three kings and two queens, which any christen wood consider good enuff to put a mortgage onto his house for.

Slipry Jim bet $20, and asked the good Deekin wat he wuz a goin to do about it.

"I see it," sed the good old man, "and go ye $50 better."

"Wher's yer stuff?" asked Jim. "Yoo kno, Deekin, I never make mouth beta."

"Look here, Jim, sed the Deekin, "I ain't got no more money handy, but ye know them two gals, Libby and Sary. Ther ain't two more likely gals in the Corners, and in Noo Oriecns they is wuth three thousand dollars ef they is a cent. I'll count them gals at that money and check agin em."

"All rite," sed Jim, and at it they went. Jim saw the Deekin's raise and went a hundred better, and the Deekin, full uv faith in his king full, kep on bettin till the gals wuz all in the pot.

Then cum the show down and ez four aces alluz lays over a king full, Slipry Jim raked in the gals.

The Deekin is a gentleman and exceedingly punctilus, and when he saw he wuz beet he sent for the gals. Ther mother cum with em and made a fuss about ther bein lost at a game uv poker and bein separated from em, and intimated that no decent man wood gamble off his own flesh and blood, which Jim resentid by knockin her down, and hustlin her out uv the door. The Deekin made out the bill uv sale and Jim took the gals away and they wuz never seen more in that seckshun. Jim sold em in Noo Orleens to two young aristocrats for $4,000, wich the good Deekin esteemed ez a personal compliment to hisself. He wuz vexed, however, when the mother committid soolside, which made him lose three niggers in that one hand.

The Deekin hezn't that resorce any more. He loves a quiet game uv poker jist ez well now ez ever, but alas! in his declinin yeers he hezn't any uv his his own children to stake on a king full. He hez got down to the ignominy uv playin penny ante, and that indulgence is altogether too infrekent.

The niggers is workin, not for us, but for themselves. There are a dozen uv Deekin Pogram's posterity wich are livin comfort, wile the Deekin hez not about him the price uv a drink. We hev land, but hev no labber to work it, and consekently Bascom hez bed to furnish likker on credit, and this hez gone on till he hez a mortgage on every foot uv land owned by white men within 10 miles uv the Corners.

Our only releef is in more currency, and that is why we hail General Butler ez our patron saint. Ef the Goverment wood ishoo a few hundred thousand dollars uv greenbax, redeemable in nothin, we cood git out. That money wood git into circulashen, it wood incurridge traffic, it wood git down to us, it wood be so plenty that it woodent be worth nuthin except to pay debts with, wich is wat we want. It wood emancipate us from Bascom.

How? easy enuff. Deekin Pogram hez six hundred and forty akers uv land, which is mortgaged to Bascom for the likker he hez consoomed since the war, say for five thousand dollars. That land wood sell now for jist the mortgage, and leeve the Deekin out onto the mercies uv a cold world. But suppose the Goverment should ishoo a hundred milyuns, or a thousand milyuns—we don't keer wich—and shood pay it out for all sorts uv slack-watrin, and Pacific ralerodes, and custom-houses, and lend it to all sorts uv people on no sekoority wat-ever, akkordin to our noshuns uv kerrect finance, wat wood happen? The Corners wood be inundatid with money, the good Deekin's land wood go up to a thousand dollars a aker, and all the Deekin wood hev to do wood be to sell five akers and go to Bascom with his five thousand uv fiat money, and be releesed from his wuss than Egypshen thraldom. Five akers, more or less, wood make no diffrense to the Deekin, for he never works any uv it, anyway.

Wood it effeck Bascom? Not at all. Uv course he wood put up the price uv drinks from the beggarly five cents he gits now to a dollar, or five for five dollars, and he wood be ez well off ez he is now. It wood work happiness all around ez long ez it lastid, wich wood be till we got out uv debt. The next generashun mite suffer sum inconvenience, but I ain't livin for the next generashun. The next generashun never did nuthin for me, and beside the next generashun kan repoodiate ef they don't want to pay.

General Butler must be to us, in this day and generashun wat the niggers wuz afore the war. He must take the place uv them niggers, and furnish us funds. The Cross Roads holds out its hands to Butler and demands uv him releef.

Greenbax we must have. We want enuff uv em to slack water Secession Run to make it navigable in the Winter, and to provide for pumpin wells on its banks to make it navagable in the Summer. We want a Custom-House and Postoffice here. Jest ishoo the Greenbax and we will suggest ways enuff to put em into circulashen.

Go on Butler and kerry