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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

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

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 14-tf.

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

JOHN C. KIMMELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 19 79-1y

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

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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

W. A. H. B. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

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SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., Executed neatly at the Herald office. Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER

PENSION AGENCY. D. P. Swartzer of Sand Patch, Somerset county, Justice of the Peace, surveyor and claim agent, carefully collects all Bounty and Pension claims entrusted to him. Persons wishing information will address him at the above place, enclosing discharge and postage will promptly.

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. S. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Compounds Charles Kreisinger's Store.

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

DR. G. B MASTERS tendered to Somerset for the practice of his profession, and tenders his professional services to citizens of town and surrounding country; office in Mammoth Block; residence with Curtis Grove.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, will be on at all times to 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. 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.

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DIAMOND HOTEL. STOYSTOWN PA. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very comfortable stopping place for the traveling public. The table and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices by week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond, July 31. 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. Neither sex; 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.

BANKS, ETC.

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Somerset County Bank

CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.

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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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Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug18.

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CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, (Above F. J. Kooser's Office,) "MAMMOTH BLOCK," SOMERSET, PA. LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

$1500 TO $6000 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 money 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., June 11 Portland, Maine.

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

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists. LOWELL, MASS.

KIDNEY-WORT PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, 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 has never failed to act efficiently." 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. HOGARON, 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 ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME. Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders. KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid. One package will make 48 pints of medicine. TRY IT NOW! Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt. 3

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL, ESTABLISHED 1812. Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. H Barnhart as my Agent in Somerset county for the coming wool season, I wish to thank my numerous customers for past favors, and bespeak for Mr. Barnhart the liberal patronage enjoyed by my former agents. I have a very large stock of WOOLEN GOODS! of my own manufacture, consisting of BLANKETS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS, COVERLETS, CARPETS, YARNS, &C., which I wish to TRADE FOR WOOL. Our Goods are MADE FOR SERVICE, under my own supervision, and we strive now, as in the past, to give satisfaction and full value to all. We will, as usual, visit all our customers during the Summer. WM. S. MORGAN, Apr 9 Stanton's Mills.

J. H. ZIMMERMAN. GEO. SNYDER SOMERSET FOUNDRY. *ZIMMERMAN & SNYDER,* All kinds of casting made and for sale, consisting in part of *SUGAR GRATES, SLED SOLES, STOVE LININGS AND GRATES, PLOW AND SHEARS, &c. &c. &c.* The BOAZ, STONER and HECLA *Nos. 3, 4 and 5* HEATING STOVES, Made and for sale. All kinds of Castings made to order at short notice. A *MACHINE SHOP* is attached to the Foundry in which all kinds of Machinery will be repaired promptly. We are doing a general FOUNDRY BUSINESS, And solicit all kinds of orders in our line. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. Nov. 28

JUST OUT! HOOD'S GREAT BOOK OF THE WAR. ADVANCE AND RETREAT *Personal Experience in the United States and Confederate States Armies:* By GENERAL J. B. HOOD, Late Lieutenant-General Confederate States Army, published for The Hood Orphan Memorial Fund, BY GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD, New Orleans, 1880.

The entire proceeds arising from the sale of this work are devoted to The Hood Orphan Memorial Fund, which is invested in United States Registered Bonds for the nurture, care, support and education of the ten infants deprived of their parents last summer at New Orleans, the melancholy incidents of which sad bereavement are still fresh in the public mind.)

The Book is an elegant octavo, containing 360 pages, with a fine photograph likeness and a fine steel engraving, made expressly for this work, four large maps of battle fields, bound in handsome Grey English Cloth, at Three Dollars, or in a Fine Sheep Binding, with Mar le Edge, Three Dollars and Fifty Cents—in Half Round Morocco Library style, Four Dollars, or in the best Levant Turkey Morocco, full Gilt Sides and Edges, Five Dollars.

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The author, the subject, the purpose, all alike render it worthy to a place in every library,—in every desk—or upon the book shelf of every home in the country.

Agents wanted in every town and county in the United States, and a preference will be given to honorably discharged veterans from the army.

To the ladies, who feel a desire to express their sympathy with *The Hood Orphan Memorial Fund* the sale of this book among their circle of friends, will afford an excellent way of contributing substantial aid to to deserving a cause.

FOR TERMS, RATES TO AGENTS, ETC., ADDRESS WITH FULL PARTICULARS,

Gen'l G. T. Beauregard, Publisher, ON BEHALF OF THE HOOD MEMORIAL FUND. New Orleans, La.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. All can live on the profits they make. Remember this is a rare chance, and if you think you have such a chance, Address E. HALLETT, Portland, Maine. June 11.

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 or can know in order to make sure of getting one, as he is his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes. May 29

AllSearch Warrant, allows an officer to go through your house from cellar to garret, and Lindsey's Blood Searcher is warranted to go through your system from top to toe and drive out all blood diseases. Its cures are wonderful and certified to by doctors, preachers and people. Scrofula, Mercurial Diseases, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ulcers in the Lungs or on the Skin, Boils, Pimples, &c., we warrant it to cure. It is a purely Vegetable Compound and Powerful Tonic. For sale by all Druggists. See that our name is on the bottom of the wrapper. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. N. BOYD, Agent, Somerset, Pa.

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13—14—15!

—o—

He sat and gazed with a placed mien
And a cheerful and confident smile
At the little square box with the "gum fifteen."
And he said he bet his pile

That he could figger it out right thar:
So he jumped the blocks about,
And then remarked: "It's simple, I swar,
And I reckon I'll work it out."

So he tackled it sharp for an hour or more,
And his hand he ran through his hair,
As he jumped right up and fearfully swore
As his eyes had a maniac's glare,

That he'd "be dashed if the dash, dashed fool
That invented this game was here
He'd smash his dash, dash, dashed skull
And chaw off an end of his ear."

But after another hot hour had flown
The bead drops down 'gan to roll,
And he raved in a way, that the people all say,
Struck terror to each watching soul.

For—Thirteen—Fifteen—Fourteen—alas!
Were all he got for his pains:
So he frantically swallowed of poison a glass
And with a bullet he bored out his brains!

—*Philadelphia Press.*

A JUDGE LYNCH COURT.

AN EPISODE NEAR DOUGLAS CREEK CANON.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

A canon in the mountains, near the prosperous mining town of Douglas Creek, in Wyoming Territory. Grand and picturesque the peaks rise up on either side, towering far up toward the clouds, which hang in groups of golden beauty overhead. The crystal water of the creek, from which the town took its name, danced merrily over its rocky bed, its plashings blending in rippling melody with the soughing of the breeze through the lofty pines.

Scattered here and there over a grassy plat were a number of determined looking men, dressed in the garb of mountaineers, conversing in low, earnest tones, as though their attention was engrossed by some matter of more than ordinary import. A little apart from the rest, closely guarded by two brawny mountaineers stood a youth apparently not over eighteen years of age, with features of remarkable beauty and form of the most perfect mold. Near him, coiled upon the grass, lay a rope, in one end of which a noose had been artistically formed. There could be no mistaking the scene—Judge Lynch was about to hold a court.

The youth had arrived in the camp but three days before on the stage from Laramie City, and had registered at the hotel as Harry Forrest. He told the inquisitive landlord (all Western landlords are inquisitive) that he was the son of a wealthy merchant in the "States," and was on a tour of pleasure and observation in the mountains. He circulated freely among the rough element, which is a marked feature of every mining camp, and on account of the unusual beauty of his face was dubbed "Handsome Harry" by the denizens of the town.

Douglas Creek, like every other mining town, was infested with a large number of the "sporting fraternity," otherwise known as professional gamblers. Among these was a fine-looking, well-dressed man named George Watson. He had turned up in the camp about three months previous to the date of which I write, with plenty of money, which he spent with a lavish hand. His open-handed generosity had made him a favorite with all, and his skill in manipulating the cards could be attested by every one who had faced him at the gambling table.

It was soon observed that "Handsome Harry" was closely watching Watson's every movement, and several friends called the gambler's attention to the fact. To each one he replied that there was a familiar look on the youth's face—an expression that he had seen before, though when or where he had seen it his memory failed to divulge.

"I don't know what the boy is watching me for," he would say, yet a feeling of uneasiness which he could not hide would manifest itself, and it was noticed that since Harry's advent in the mines he began to drink heavily.

On the morning of the day on which this story opens Watson became intoxicated, and while sitting in the El Dorado saloon began to joke good-naturedly with the inmates. A young miner had just finished the reading of a letter which he had taken from the postoffice and while returning it to a dainty white envelope Watson said:

"A letter from your sweetheart back in the States, eh, Tommy? I'll bet any man in the house ten to one that I've called the turn."

"That's just what you've done, Wat," replied the miner. "It's from my girl in Michigan, and a prettier or better girl don't live. If I ever strike pay-rock in this claim of mine I'll scoot back there quick, and give some preacher a chance to make a few dollars."

"Clear gone on her, I see, Tommy! Well, I've been there myself. I had a sweetheart once, and I feed a gospel sharp for a two-minutes' speech, but the felicity of the game didn't stick six months. Oh! but she was a daisy, though, a high-toned beauty, but I never cared a curse for her. You see her old man had just bushels of shekels, stored away, and the man's a precious fool that won't tackle matrimony when it's buried in a mine of ready coined gold. The old bloke didn't seem to cotton at all to his dear son-in-law, so when I got a grab at the pot I jumped the game and carried the swag with me. The old rooster's dead and roasting in Hades, I reckon, and I suppose the high-strung daughter done as most disappointed females do—supped a dose of cold poison, or joined the big army of females of easy virtue that every city——"

The sharp crack of a revolver echoed through the room, and Watson fell quivering in death, shot through the head, while Handsome Harry's voice rang out:

"Die! you thrice accursed villain, die! and remember Edna!"

"The gal's brother, for any amount o' dust!" cried a gambler, as the crowd rushed up toward the youth. He was at once disarmed and secured, a meeting called on the spot, and, by unanimous approval, a lynch court announced for 2 o'clock at the usual place, about five hundred yards down the canon.

At the appointed hour the crowd, with their prisoner in charge, repaired to the spot. Watson had been speedily buried, and Harry had persistently refused to offer any explanation of the cause of the murder further than to say:

"He deserved it all, the villain! Hang me as soon as you choose."

"I make a move that Tobe Allen be elected judge o' this ere court," cried one of the assembly, and the motion was unanimously carried. Allen, a tall, sun-browned mountaineer, with a face almost covered with huge black whiskers, stepped forward and seated himself upon a rock. He was dressed in the habiliments of a hunter, nearly every garment being partly or in whole formed of buckskin, and a brace of formidable looking revolvers of the Colt pattern ornamented his belt. He called order, and said:

"I app'int Doc Woods, Lengthy Johnson, and Arkinsaw as officers o' the court. It'll be their duty to preserve order, an' if the kid's foun' guilty to execute the sentence o' the court. The rest o' the crowd'll act as the jury, an' I want every one o' you to buckle down an' take in every word o' the witnesses' music an' give the lad every chance you kin—fur dura me if I don't kinder like his looks. Let yer verdic' be a just 'un, and accordin' to the facts an' evidence."

The officers designated took their post at the side of the prisoner, and the mass jury silently gathered around the seat of justice.

"Nobby Dyer!"

The person addressed, a flashily attired young man, wearing a grand display of breast-pin and watch-chain, stepped to the front. Said the judge:

"Nobby, do you sw'ar that ye'll give us a squar' story on this killin' business, an' ladle out nuthin but solid facts, so help you God?"

"Yes, judge."

"Turn 'er loose, then!"

"Well, gents, I'm the day gin slinger at the El Dorado; guess you all know that, though, fur I've bed business dealins with all o' you. Wat, the deceased, come into the saloon this mornin', I should judge about 7 o'clock—'twas just after I'd mixed your first cocktail, judge; about 7, wasn't it?"

"Jist about that time; go ahead."

"Well, as I said, Wat come in an' begin to gin up party lively. I seed he was takin' on more'n usual, so I cramped on his whisky a little, an' didn't put more than about half the usual amount into each cocktail. He kep' a hittin' at the juice, though, till he begin to feel purty comfortably happy, an' then he turned to an' begin to chaff the boys kind o' good natured, you know. Wat was allers full o' fun when he had a good dose o' the fluid up his nose, and I never knowed him to pull a gun or act a darned bit ugly with anybody. He war settin' with his back towards the door when the kid, thar, come in an' leaned kind o' careless agin the pool table. Wat began to let loose a game about some gal that got sweet on him afore he left the States, when I noticed the kid turn sort o' pale an' grit his teeth! I was jist about to tackle the lad an' ask him w'at racket he was on when Billy Harvey called fur a toddy. Jist as I turned roun' toward the sugar drawer I heerd the gun go off, an', lookin' roun', I seed that it war this kid that had turned 'er loose. I set the toddy up to Billy, an' when I seed that Wat had got his medicine dead sure, I hopped over the bar an' tuk the pop away from the kid an' asked him what'n thunder he wanted to raise a row in the house fur? He didn't say anything 'cept something about the villain, meanin' the deceased, a deservin' all he'd got an' I couldn't git no more out o' him. That's all I know, gents, 'cept that the shot war a daisy! I've seed my share o' sich rackets, but I never seed a man git it neater that Watson did!"

"Did the kid deny the shootin'?"

"No, Judge; he jis the same as acknowledged it."

"Are you sure that Han'some Harry fired the shot that croaked George Watson?"

"Perfec'ly sure, Judge."

"That's all, then."

A number of witnesses were called, and all corroborated the barkeeper's story. When the evidence was all heard the Judge turned to the accused and said:

"Harry, hev ye any witnesses fur yer defense?"

"I have none, sir, but the Almighty!"

"Well, I don't suppose He'd pay any 'ention to a supeny from this court. Ye've heard the evidence, an' ye mus' see that it hits ye purty straight. The punishment fur permiscuous shootin' in these mountains lies in the end o' that 'air rope. You are a stranger to every one hyar; but it's purty ginerally put up by the boys that ye air a brother o' the gal that Wat war a chinin' about w'en ye slung him his medicine. In some parts thet mout be edged in by fly law sharps as an extenoatin' sarcumstance, but I can't advise ye to hook a hope onto it hyar. You hev so far refused to open yer mouth regardin' the matter, but I'd advise ye to put in a word afore the case goes to the jury. If you want ter testify in yer own behalf now's yer time to sing yer song! Hev ye anything to produce?"

Harry stepped forward and faced the stern-looking crowd. With clear and fearless eye he glanced over the assembly a moment, and then began to speak in a voice in which not a tremor could be detected:

"Gentlemen, I stand before you as a convicted murderer, for I can read my fate in your cold, determined faces. I have read enough and heard enough about how such cases are disposed of in this wild country to know that in a few moments I will hang suspended from a limb of one of those trees! I was fully conscious of this when I fired the shot which blotted a monster from the face of the earth! Before you carry your sentence into execution I will tell my story, and then when I am dead some of you may perhaps feel a little sympathy for Harry, as you call me. Do not for a moment think that I talk to consume time and delay the execution, for I truthfully assure you that I do not fear the death which awaits me. In one of the most beautiful cities in the State of Ohio lived a wealthy, inoffensive old man named Forrester. That man, now in his grave, was my beloved father! He had a daughter, Edna, upon whom he doted, and she was, indeed, the light and comfort of his old age. People called her amiable and beautiful, and, as might be expected, there were numerous suitors for her hand, and the fortune which awaited her upon her father's death. Among these suitors was a young man named Fred Marston, the son of a wealty merchant of the same city, and upon him Edna bestowed the purest love of her innocent heart. The young man was somewhat wild and a little inclined to dissipation, and on that account her father violently opposed the union. Marston promised to reform, and Edna, poo' girl, trusted implicitly in him, and they were secretly married without her father's consent. When the news was broken to the old man the shock so unnerved him that he was taken to his bed by an attack of nervous prostration. The newly wedded couple took up their abode in the parental mansion, Edna positively refusing to leave her father in his illness. Faithfully she watched by his bedside, ministering to his every want with tender, loving hands, and praying earnestly that he might recover and bestow upon herself and husband the blessings which she so coveted.

"Marston proved a kind and loving husband for a brief period, and then again fell into his dissolute habits, frequently maltreating his wife in a cruel manner. The life of the young bride, which she had so fondly dreamed would be one continued gleam of sunshine, became overcast with the dark clouds of sorrow.

"One morning Marston was missing from his bed when Edna awoke, and a letter left upon his pillow informed her that he had decided to forever leave her and seek a home in the far West. Almost crazed with grief she flew to her father's chamber for consolation from his dear lips, but when she entered the door what a horrible sight met her affrighted gaze!"

Here, for the first time, the speaker broke completely down, and covering his face with his hands began to sob violently. The crowd listened with breathless attention, bending forward toward the youth as if fearing to lose a word of the story.

"Brace up, lad; brace up!" said the Judge, wiping his eyes in a suspicious manner. "Take all the time ye want, an' reel us off the hull business."

The youth rallied, and in a choking voice, his eyes suffused with tears, resumed:

"Oh, gentlemen! there upon his bed, weltering in blood, lay her father; her idolized old father, dead, with a knife which she had seen in her husband's possession, sticking in his breast! She screamed for help and then swooned away, and a brain fever held her a raving maniac for eight long weeks!

"When she recovered she learned that the murderer of her father had robbed him of a large amount of money, and that the detectives had utterly failed to obtain the slightest clue of his whereabouts. When able to leave her room she sought her murdered father's grave, and upon her bended knees above those loved remains she registered a fearful vow that she would not rest day or night until she had tracked the murderer to his hiding place and slain him as remorselessly as he had slain her only parent.

"From the letter left behind she inferred that Marston had gone West, and she at once set out in that direction. Fortune favored her, for at Omaha she learned that a man answering her description had left on the Union Pacific train about three or four days after the date of her father's death, ticketed for Laramie City. She followed upon his track, and at Laramie City learned from the stage agent of his departure for this place. The next stage brought her here as a passenger, like a bloodhound upon the murderer's trail!"

With a sweeping movement of the hand the youth removed his hat, and a wealth of golden hair fell in luxuriant beauty over the shapely shoulders.

"Gentlemen, I am Edna Forrester! (I cannot call myself by his accursed name), and the man, the villain! the fiend! I slew was my murderous husband, who has lived among you as George Watson, and who was boasting and gloating over his damnable work when I sent his guilty soul into eternity! Now, hang me—I'm ready to die!"

"An' I'm ready to blow the holy daylights outen the first crooked son of a gun that lays a han' on her!" yelled the Judge, drawing his revolvers. "Jist sift this matter down to a bang up visitation o' God an' give us yer verdic'—guilty or not guilty!"

The crowd had long before decided that matter, and "not guilty" came forth in chorus, and then the deafening cheers made the old canon ring again and again.

Edna was escorted back to the camp and placed in charge of the landlord's wife, who soon clothed her in the proper habiliments of her sex. As usual, over any great excitement, whisky flowed freely, and the health of the lady was drunk again and again by the excited crowd. One enthusiastic individual was loud in his suggestion that Marston should be dug up and hanged with the rope prepared for "Handsome Harry," "for," he asserted, "if ever a man deserved hangin' he does!"

The lady disappeared as quietly as "Harry Forrest" had appeared, and was never afterwards heard of in the mines. Tobe Allen went East a short time ago, but as he has not yet returned, we will not credit the silly rumors that are afloat that "Handsome Harry" knows what took the worthy judge so far from home.

Is a collector of moths a mother? or a collector of fat a father?

The morning sun seen through a dense fog looks like a brass knob on the gates of heaven.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

PARIS, FRANCE, March 25, 1880.

The gaiety of the Mi-Careme evidently had not the effect of keeping people away from the more serious entertainment of attending the Senate to-day, and the interest which the famous Article 7, has so long evoked was manifest in the battle for seats, which took place in all parts of the building devoted to visitors. The fair sex were in very great force. Unfortunately the expectation that the opening discussion on the famous article would bring some of the great authorities to the tribune was not realized, as, with the exception of M. Buffet, who did not begin to speak until half-past four, and M. J. Simon, who only spoke a few words, none of the recognized leaders were heard. It is so long since the Ferry Bill first made its appearance in the chamber of Deputies that it may not be inopportune to give a translation of the famous paragraph, which has given rise to one of the longest discussions ever heard in the French Parliament.

"Article 7. No person is allowed to direct or give instruction in a public or private educational establishment of any kind if he belong to a non-authorized religious congregation."

The clearness and consciousness of the article could not be exceeded, and if the different orators who have spoken on it have dragged into the discussion nearly every political and religious movement since the world began, it must be acknowledged that they were not warranted in doing so by any superfluity of matter in their text.

The debate commenced with a long speech by the eminent barrister, M. Barenger, in which, although he espoused the cause of the Jesuits, he once or twice made admissions which brought down ringing applause from the Left. He, however, made a very happy hit in challenging any members of the Left, who, in their youth, received instructions from the Jesuits, to get up and say that what they had taught them was injurious. M. Buffet at once attracted the attention of his hearers by his quiet, but pointed and semi-satirical eloquence.

He commenced by reminding M. Jules Ferry, who presented the bill, how in 1875 he had protested against a monopoly in the matter of education as being one of the worst relics of the Empire. M. Buffet's long parliamentary experience and tenacious memory enabled him to administer several other not very agreeable reminders of opinions formerly expressed by some of the supporters of the project.

M. Ferry gave some interesting statistics, showing that there are in France no fewer than 114,000 "Religieuses," keeping over 16,000 schools for girls. He referred to the Jesuits under the Second Empire, saying that, though they had been subjected to various acts of oppression under the Imperial regime, they declared themselves the Empire's best friends.

A tumultuous scene occurred at this stage, M. de Gavardie, in loud tones, defying the Minister to read a letter, which he mentioned, from the head of the order. M. Ferry restored silence by promising to read it to-morrow, when the House will hear the remainder of the Ministerial utterances.

The *Egalite* a socialist organ, expresses open sympathy with the Nihilist in an article addressed to the "Freres de Russia." The last paragraph is worth reproduction. It runs thus:

"We are with you in your duel with a man, as we doubt not that you will be with us in our war with a class when the hour of action arrives."

As an instance of the way in which Lent is disregarded in official circles now, I may mention that it is beginning to be the fashion to dance at several of the Ministerial weekly receptions. M. Cochery, Minister des Postes et Telligraphes, set the example. His *salons* were last night crowded, and the reigning beauties danced with as much heartiness as though the observance of Lenten rules had formed no part of their religious education.

C. A. S.

Three Profits Instead of One.

It may not be generally known that the late Baron Nathan Meyer de Rothschild, founder of the English branch of that famous house and father of the Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who died some time ago, laid the foundation of his fortune in Manchester, England. He came from Frankfort to that city in 1798, and began business there. After a stay of five years he moved to London in 1803. A letter by the late Sir Thomas Powell Buxton, Bart., to his daughter, is interesting, as containing a reference to Baron Rothschild's connection with Manchester: "We dined yesterday at Ham House to meet the Rothschilds, and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. 'There was not,' he said 'room enough in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there who had the market to himself, he was quite the great man, and did as a favor if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on Tuesday. I said to my father, I will go to England. I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester I laid out all my money, things were so cheap, and I made good profits. I soon found out that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer:

"I will supply you with the material and dye, and you supply me with the manufactured goods." So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my £20,000 into £60,000.'"

Newspaper Writing.

The majority of the people imagine that it is the simplest thing in the world to edit a newspaper. A man may have grave doubts about his talents for public speaking; may freely admit that he cannot turn a tune or recognize one when turned by anybody else; may confess that he is no poet, not much of a scholar and nothing of an artist; but there is no creature so poor spirited as to avow his incapacity to edit a newspaper. On the contrary, this is a work to which every man has a manifest call. No matter what his actual business may be—preacher, lawyer, physician, butcher, baker or candlestick maker—he has a secret fancy that if he only had a chance he could make a newspaper a little bit spicier and livelier than anything in the shape of a public journal that has ever come in his way. This is one of the most amusing and universal weaknesses of modern times. The number of people who are infected by it is known only to publishers, just as the extent to which opium eating is practiced is known only to druggists and physicians. The drawers and waste baskets of every leading newspaper office in the country overflow with evidences of the ambition and harmless vanity of the vast public who scribble by stealth and patiently toil over reams of composition which nobody can be induced to print.

It must be admitted that there is something enticing and enviable in editorial life, as it appears to the outside world. The delight of getting into print for the first time is one of the keenest enjoyments. What, therefore, both men and women reason to themselves, must be the pleasure of that happy man who daily feasts the public with his wisdom, and whose smallest scribbling finds its way into type without criticism or delay? But this reasoning is altogether unsound. The editor does not look at things exactly in the same roseate light. The bright colors seen by other eyes have become to his a little clouded. The freshness, the exquisite charm of seeing his reflections in print has long since vanished. He writes sometimes painfully and under pressure, often harrassed by a thousand petty vexations, and not unfrequently with aching head and weary hand. His work is, of all work, the most wearing, the most exhausting both to body and to brain. The call for copy is inexorable and cannot be refused. He must write. He must also endure the most contemptible and continued criticisms—but bear patiently "to be esteemed dull when he cannot be witty, and to be applauded for wit when he knows that he has been dull." Every blockhead who buys his paper feels that he has purchased a right to dictate the manner in which it shall be conducted to criticise sharply everything that appears in it, and to "elevate its tone" with his own carping lucubrations, fairly written out and enclosed in a note for immediate publication signed "A Subscriber," "An Old Patron," or "An Earnest Well Wisher." If you were to ask this modest friend to cut you a coat, or measure you for a pair of boots, he would indignantly reply that that was not his trade, that he knew nothing about it and would not attempt it. But the diffidence which shrinks from the shears and copy draws back from the awl and the lapstone, boldly grasps the pen and undertakes to illuminate and instruct the world. Breeches and shoes require art, experience, reflection, in their making—political essays flow spontaneous from the most addled pate, or can be pumped out of it by sheer hand labor, without the vulgar appliances of study, thought and knowledge. Such is life!—*Baltimore Gazette.*

Ancient Bridges Across the Jordan.

BY REV. SELAH MERRILL, D. D.

Between Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea there is, at present, but one bridge over the Jordan, and that is Jisr Mejahmieh, about six miles south of the Sea of Galilee.