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Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

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VOL. XXVIII. NO. 49. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1880. WHOLE NO. 1505.

ATTORNEYS AT-LAW.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Somerset, Penn'a

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

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. 11-tf.

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.

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 79-1y

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

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.

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

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

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.

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.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset Pa. Office in the Court House. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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. (ally13)

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done on short notice.
☞ Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 15

PENSION AGENCY.

S. P. Sweitzer of Sand Patch, Somerset county, Pa. Justice of the Peace, surveyor and claim agent—will promptly collect all Bounty and Pension claims entrusted to him. Persons wishing any information will address him at the above named place, enclosing discharge and postage stamp for reply.

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 Krisinger's store. apr. 22, '79-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 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 Mammoth Block; residence with Curtis Grove.

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

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

Dr. 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.
June20.

DENTISTS.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street. Somerset, Pa.
nov11

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. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to 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.
mar19

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the travelling public. Its 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.
July 21. S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa.

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

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. June 11.

BANKS, ETC.

NEW GOODS!
Casebeer & Co. have just received from the Eastern cities a very large
STOCK of GOODS
Which they are now offering at extremely
LOW PRICES.
Their stock of
DRESS GOODS
is very large, and as they had sold off their old stock at
REDUCED PRICES,
They now have on hand an entirely NEW and well SELECTED STOCK of
DRESS GOODS,
of the very
LATEST and BEST STYLES
Found in the Eastern market, which they will sell at prices to suit all.
Their is a general stock, consisting of
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HARDWARE,
HATS and CAPS
PAINTS and OILS,
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE,
FISH, CARPETS,
TABLE & FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
WALL & WINDOW PAPER.
&c., &c., &c.
From the long established reputation for fair dealing this firm has gained, the fullest confidence can be placed in all representations made by any person connected with the store.
They now have on hand the
LARGEST ASSORTMENT
IN TOWN.
When you come to town, call and see for yourself.
CASEBEER & CO.
Somerset Pa.,
Apl1r 11mo

NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1,000.

JNO. HICKS. LA RUE 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.

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,
108 BALTIMORE STREET,
CUMBERLAND, MD.
WATCHES, CHAINS,
SOLID SILVERWARE, DIAMONDS,
AMERICAN CLOCKS, FRENCH CLOCKS,
SILVER PLATED WARE,
JEWELRY, &c.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS!
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

AUCTIONEER.
PARTIES needing my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at auction, will find I will give entire satisfaction. All letters by mail promptly attended to.
W. A. KOONTZ,
Dec. 31. Confluence, Pa.

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

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 so he can 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

AlSearch Warrant.
allows an officer to go through your house from cellar to garret, and **Lindsey's Blood Searcher** is warranted to go through your eye in 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, Ulcer 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.

$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.

$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. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance.
Address H. HALLETT, Portland, Maine.
June 11.

LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS.
WANTED!
A first-class Life Insurance Company in New York wants SPECIAL, GENERAL and LOCAL AGENTS, in unoccupied territory in the State of Pennsylvania. Address MANAGER OF AGENCIES, Box 100, New York Post Office.

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

H M'CALLUM,
77 FIFTH AVENUE,
Above Wood Street.
CARPETS,
LIGNUM,
LINOLEUM,
OIL CLOTHS,
AN IMMENSE STOCK BOUGHT AT
Low Prices of Three Months Since.
The Greatest Advantage in Prices will be given to Early Purchasers.
FEBRUARY, 1880.
March 31 1mo

R. C. LANDIS
Has constantly on hand at his distillery
PURE RYE WHISKIES,
For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for
MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.
Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa., will receive prompt attention.
March 2, 1880

WALTER ANDERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE,
AND
NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
febl5

SPRING, 1880.
CARPETS!
A Large and Choice Stock of Ingrains, Tapestry Brussels, Body Brussels, Marquetts and Axminsters, with Rugs and Borders to match. Also Oil Cloths, Linoleums and Lignums.
BOVARD, ROSE & CO.,
No. 39 Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

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 photograp likeness and a fine steel engraving, made expressly for this work, four large maps of battle fields, bound in handsome Gray English Cloth, at **Three Dollars**, or in a Fine Sheep Binding, with Mar le Edge, **Three Dollars and Fifty Cents**—in Half Bound Morocco Library style, **Four Dollars**, or in the best Levant Turkey Morocco, full Gilt Sides and Edges, **Five Dollars**.

On the receipt from any person remitted by mail or express, of the amount in a registered letter or by a postal order, bank draft or check, a copy will be immediately sent free of postage, registered as second-class matter.

The volume is published in the best style of typography, on elegant paper, with illustrations, executed as highest specimens of art.

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

EVENTIDE.

Whenever, with reverent footsteps,
I pass through the middle door
Of memory's stately palace,
Where dwell the days of yore,
One scene, like a lovely vision,
Comes to me o'er and o'er.

'Tis a dim, fire-lighted chamber;
There are pictures on the wall,
And around them dance the shadows
Grotesque and weird and tall,
As the flames of the storied hearthstone,
Wavering, rise and fall.

An ancient cabinet stands there,
That came from beyond the seas,
With a breath of spicy odors
Caught from the Indian breeze:
And its fluted doors and mouldings
Are dark with mysteries.

There's an old arm-chair in the corner,
Straight-backed and tall and quaint;
Ah! many a generation—
Sinner and sage and saint—
It hath held in its ample bosom
With murmur and complaint!

In the glow of the fire-light playing,
A tiny, blithsome pair,
With the music of their laughter,
Fill all the tranquil air—
A rosy, brown-eyed lassie,
A boy serenly fair.

A woman sits in the shadow
Watching the children twain,
With a joy so deep and tender
In its near akin to pain,
And a smile and and tear blend softly
Sunshine and April rain!

My heart keeps time to the rythm
Of loves' unuttered prayer,
As, with still hands lightly folded,
She listens unaware,
Through all the children's laughter,
For a footfall on the stair.

I know the woman who sits there:
Time hath been kind to her,
And the years have brought her treasures
Of frankincense and myrrh
Richer perhaps, and rarer,
Than life's young roses were.

But I doubt if ever her spirit
Hath known, or yet shall know,
The bliss of a happier hour,
As the swift years come and go,
Than this in the shadowy chamber
Lit by hearth-fire's glow.

—*Mrs. Julia Dorr.*

WITHERED LEAVES.

For over five years I have been spoken of as an old maid, and I venture to tell how it came to me. I am only thirty-five, yet my dark hair is silvered, and my once brilliant eyes are dim with tears that will come in spite of me when I think of the golden summer time when I first met Earl Vincent.

It was such a day as it is now, calm, serene, cloudless, with just a faint ripple of air in the heated atmosphere. I remember it so well, yet it has been fifteen years ago. My father was a physician, we lived about two miles from the bustling, busy city, in a sweet, pretty little cottage, that had been my home since I was a wee baby.

Earl Vincent was the son of my father's college chum, and being in the city he invited Earl to come home with him, and spend a few weeks at Rose Cottage. I can see him now walking up the flower-bordered foot-path, by papa's side, so tall, noble and handsome, that my dark face flushed, when I perceived he was looking at me with his calm, dreary, hazel eyes. I knew I looked well, some people said I was handsome, with my slender, stately form, and fine dark eyes.

"Earl this is my daughter," said father, kindly laying his hand on my raven black hair. "Claudie, allow me to introduce Earl Vincent."

He took my idle, white hand, and bowed courteously over it.

"I am pleased to meet you, Miss Morris," was all he said, but my heart beat gladly as he spoke. We enjoyed our pleasant tea on the cool veranda, and after that we went to the parlor, and Earl asked me to sing to him. Of all my accomplishments, music was my very life. I possessed a rich mellow voice, and I did not hesitate to sit at the piano and sing one of my favorite airs "Le Reine." He stood entranced as my wondrous voice filled the airy apartment with silvery sweetness, after I had finished he leaned over the piano and said frankly:

"You have a magnificent voice, Miss Claudie; did you ever sing in public?"

"Once," I answered smiling, "at a concert, papa wished me to; I suppose he wanted the public to know what a sweet voice his daughter had."

I laughed merrily at his earnest face, how handsome he was, leaning with such indolent, unstudied grace over my piano, my foolish heart throbbed with pleasure as his dreamy eyes met mine. We walked in the moon-lit garden after that, and as he talked to me, so eloquently, with his eyes full of fire and animation, I felt that my heart was no longer my own That was the commencement, we took long, pleasant walks together, we rode and drove frequently, talked of poetry and flowers, until I was perfectly dazed with happiness. I knew he loved me, but he never had spoke of that tender passion, and I—well, I loved him as well as my warm passionate nature was capable of loving; my life was like an enchanted dream, until Mabel Stuart came to Rose Cottage. She was a schoolmate of mine, and we were bosom friends, a more beautiful girl I never beheld, a dainty, fairy-like creature that always reminded me of Scott's lines:

"A lovely, laughing face, halsed by golden hair,
Dimples hiding in her cheeks, most divinely fair."

It was night when she first met Earl. We were seated, she and I, in a pleasant little tete-a-tete, close by the open window. The wax lights shone brightly down on her perfectly beautiful face, the calm breeze stirred the pale, golden ringlets that clustered over her blue, veined brow, and the folds of her delicate evening dress, fell gracefully around her slender petite figure. I gazed at our two reflections in the mirror opposite us, she so fair and bewitching; I, yes, I was handsome, in my dark, rich silk and white lace, but for all that the contrast was painful to me, for when Earl came in, he started in surprise when his eyes fell on Mabel—he greeted me kindly, almost tenderly, and I presented him to Mabel with a dark shadow of pain in my heart. She was a brilliant conversationalist, and the hours passed only too quickly. I was surprised when the tiny ormolu timepiece chimed the hour of eleven. Earl rose to depart—when he bade me good night he whispered:

"I never saw you look so handsome, Claudie; I love you as I never did before."

He shook hands with Mabel, and then went away to the city, promising to come and finish his visit at Rose Cottage. He had been called away on business two days before, and he had driven down from the city to see me; because he said he missed me.

"Well, Mabel," I questioned after we were alone, "how do you like Earl Vincent?"

"He is perfectly elegant," said Mabel, brightly. "He is just the courteous gentleman I would like to have for a lover."

"Maybe you can captivate him, Mabel," I said laughingly. I was full of happiness and could joke with my beautiful companion.

"Perhaps I can. It might not be a difficult task, Claudie. I have won many a man's heart, just *pour passer la temps.*"

"Mabel, how could you?" my smile died away in a frown, I did not like to hear her so heartless.

"Easily enough, Claud, you know I never do a thing unless it is done right, a little display of my dimples, flattery and soft nonsense, then the work is done, eh, Claudie?"

"We had better retire," I said briefly. "I do not want to discuss a subject I know nothing about."

We reached the winding stairway, and Mabel laughed in my face because I was provoked with her. *Ville von mon taie, M lle,*" said she mockingly; "shall I escort you to your room *mon ami?*"

"Do hush your idiotic French, Mab, I am tired of your gibberage—good-night, Mabel."

She put her bare white arm around my neck and kissed me.

"Don't be cross Claud," she coaxed, "I was only in fun, you know I am all French, the accent isn't off my voice yet, but I will try not to speak in my foreign language again to you good night."

She flitted away, like a white shadow; and did not see my contemptuous smile at her slightly accented voice and French manners. I laid down on my bed and could not sleep. I thought of Earl and then of Mabel's flower-like beauty; that green-eyed monster, jealousy, was already tugging at my heart-strings, but at last, the god of sleep overcome me, and I slept until the summer sun was high in the heavens.

Mabel and I took a drive in my pony-phaeton, after breakfast. I could not help loving her, with her childish ways and even her little sentences of French had to be excused, she was so lovely and wilful. That evening Earl came again. I was singing at the piano, and Mabel was standing beside me, ever and anon her sweet low alto chimed in with my rich notes.

"You two would make your fortunes on the stage," said Earl, coming forward "If your magnificent voices would not draw a crowd your faces and forms would."

Mabel laughed.

She was used to compliments—I was not—and my dark eyes flashed with pleasure.

"Will you play for me, Miss Stuart?" said Earl. "I would like to hear you."

I arose from the piano, and Mabel sat down and began singing a sweet little love song from "Martha" I stood at the open window, watching the two; the song was finished, but they were talking and laughing together, forgetting I was present.

"Will you walk on the veranda with me, Mr. Vincent? It is just lovely out there."

Mabel's words, although softly spoken sounded in my ears like a death knell, and Earl's reply did not lighten my heart any.

"I would be more than pleased," he said, eagerly. "If Claudie will excuse us, or perhaps you wil go too, my black-robed nun?"

"Thank you," I said, coldly, "such an invitation is not cordial I will stay where I am Certainly, I will excuse you both."

They went out then, arm in arm, and my face paled with a sudden fear, when I heard Mabel's silvery laugh, floating on the still night air.

That night my trouble began.

Earl came to stay at my home until he should go home for good—then he would take his wife with him, and which would it be, Mabel Stuart or I. But my mind was soon at rest—why should I say rest, when I never knew any peace.

It was a sultry moonlight night in the latter part of July; all day I had been a victim to the headache, and heartache, too, if I must be truthful; I knew it must be cooler where the flowers bloomed, and the trees moved their branches in the warm, misty breeze; I went out the side door; I knew Mabel and Earl were in the parlor, and did not care to be seen, as I only wore a cool white cashmere *negligee*, fastened at the waist with a scarlet cord and tassell that looked like blood in the serene white moonlight.

I sauntered around the garden until my robe was wet with evening dew. I was tired and sat down on a low garden chair completely concealed by trailing vines and pink roses; my heart ached, I knew that Earl's love was no longer mine, and I, the proud, the cold and haughty Claudie Morris, was tired of living, yet I had my father to live for, and my beautiful cottage home.

My reverie was broken by hearing voices so close, yet, I could not see who it was.

I could distinguish the one voice now, that of Earl Vincent, low, tender, grave.

"It has not been long since I have met you, Mabel, but in that short while I learned to love you, little flower; will you go home with me as my wife; tell me, Mabel, will you?"

I did not hear the answer, my form swayed like a broken reed, and I fell fainting in the soft green grass among the flowers and dew.

The gardener found me there early in the morning, and carried me to my room after consulting father. For weeks I lay ill almost unto death, but pride conquered, and once more in early October I went down to the parlor where Earl and I had spent such happy days.

They were both there, Mabel so ravishingly beautiful, and Earl so handsome and looking so happy. He came toward me and took my hand

"I am glad you are well again, Claudie," he said frankly, "we have missed you sadly; are you quite strong?"

"Not quite, thank you."

I disengaged myself from Mabel's clinging arms and sat down by the window, looking out at the still beautiful garden.

"I shall drive out with you to-day, Claudie," said Earl kindly and gently as ever. "I should be pleased if you would honor me."

Just the same as he used to be, before Mabel came—like a flash the truth dawned upon me, he had loved me as a sister, and I had mistaken his meaning.

"When are you and Mab going to be married," I questioned abruptly, "soon?"

"We will be married in December," he answered truthfully, "how did you know we loved each other, my little one?"

I drew my fleecy shawl around me, he had never dreamed of loving me; why had I been such a fool, as to believe he once did love me?"

"I thought so," was my only reply.

"I have missed you so much," said Mabel's silvery, accented voice, "and I am so glad to have you with me again for a *le compainion.*"

"Did you like the fruit and flowers I sent you, Claudie? The fruits were the best and choicest I could possibly find. I hope you enjoyed them."

I looked into Earl's bonny eyes, God alone knew how I loved him, I felt faint and dizzy.

"I will go back to my room," said I hastily, I did not want him to know I had given the fruit he sent me to the housekeeper.

He escorted me gently to my room and stooped to kiss me as he went away.

"Dear little sister," he murmured, tenderly, "what made you so ill—when you were so well and happy before you had that terrible burning fever?"

"Don't talk so to me," I cried sharply; "I am *not* your sister, and never dare to kiss me again.

He looked back at me, as he closed the door, and I can see him now, plainly as then, so hurt and offended that I called him back, but he was gone.

So they were married in cold, snowy December, and my love-dream ended.

They are living yet, happy and contented, in sunny France. I often receive letters from Mabel Vincent, and her husband always sends a postscript telling me his wife grows more beautiful every day, and sending love to little sister and the doctor.

I look across the room now as I finish my story, at the bent form and silvery hair of my only friend and father, and sigh drearily.

"Don't be unhappy, my darling," he said, taking off his eyeglasses and looking at me. "Earl Vincent lost a prize when he did not take you for his wife, instead of that little giddy Mab. Your father loves you Claudie."

Well, it eases my pain to know some one loves me, but then 'tis hard to realize, men always pick a flower, and leave for others nothing but "withered leaves," yet in the other world I too may gather the bright flowers, and be happy in heaven.

You have my story now, gentle reader, and you know why now I am called an old maid. Others have sued for my hand, but all the love I had was given to Earl Vincent fifteen years ago.

Object Teaching.

Object teaching is not always successful, as the following incident, related by the *Youth's Companion*, will show:

A gentleman called his servant one day and informed him he wished him to learn the names of the books in the Bible. "Now," said he, "I will tell you the first, and during the day I will ask you what it is, to see if you remember; it is Genesis."

Later in the day Bob was called, but he could not remember what it was.

"Now," said his master, "I have a way to impress it upon your mind so you cannot forget it, Now, Bob, we have an old horse in the stable. What do we call it?"

"Jenny."

"Correct. And we have a little girl in the kitchen; what do we call her?"

"Sis."

"Very well. Now put the two together and you have Jenny—Sis—Genesis. I think you can remember it until to-morrow."

"Yes, sah."

The next morning Bob was summoned to appear before his master.

"Good morning, Bob. Can you give me the name of the first book in the Bible this morning?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, what is it?"

"De ole hoss, sah."

A Johnstown Murder.

Johnstown, PA., April 27.—About eleven o'clock, last night, Anderson Wold, a Swede, was shot and instantly killed by a fellow border named Clam Burk, in the boarding-house on the corner of Franklin street and the railroad. The Swede had been out on a spree, and was just getting home, It is claimed that he tried to get into a woman's room. Young Burk slept in an adjoining room, and was awakened by the noise. He called out that there should be less noise, or he would come out and shoot some one. Almost immediately he rushed out and fired at Wold. The ball struck just below the stomach, and cut the main artery of the body, producing almost instant death. Burk escaped. He is a young man, with a smooth face, and has a brown birthmark around his right eye. An inquest was held at two o'clock, before Justice Strayer.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

This drama that we call life is so full of word pictures, the world's stage is so broad, and the scenes so varied and so wide apart, and yet not an atom of space unfilled, or that could be spared from out a lifetime, or a million lifetimes, that we are lost in the labaryuth of thoughts that come crowding upon us as we contemplate just the little world that comes within our circle.

Gail Hamilton tells us that "all greatness, all glory, all that earth has to give, and all that heaven can proffer lies within the reach of the lowest as well as the highest"; but oh! there is much of care and weariness and watchfulness necessary to avoid the snares and pitfalls and walls that bar the way, but energy, perseverance and a consciousness of right will overcome all obstacles.

It is man himself that is his own greatest enemy; and if he fails in his life-work it is because he fails to recognize the witness within him. In every oval chamber there is an angel guest, whose whispers soft and low, would keep them from all wrong; but when conscious of their strength they turn a deaf ear to the warnings, and wrapping themselves about with a mantel of self-righteousness, thinking and believing that they are perfect in good works, know and understand that such men were called the Pharisees of the olden time.

Humility is becoming at all times, and men and women are better judged by their works than by their words. "Little deeds of kindness" go farther towards reforming the outcast than a whole volume of advice. When the heart strings are touched by sympathy the whole being vibrates with the sweet, sad minor cadence. The man or woman who has never suffered pain does not know how to sympathize with those whose bodies are racked with agony; those who have never suffered from hunger can know nothing of the pangs of the starving; those who have never wanted a friend can know nothing of the wants of the friendless; those who have never committed a crime can know nothing of the remorse of the criminal; those who have never been enslaved can never understand the full meaning of "freedom." But "unto every life some rain must fall," and to every one who arrives at the years of understanding there are times when they need both the charity and sympathy of their fellow-beings.

The poor grief-stricken mother when death's angel has been a visitant in the home circle and folded within its icy embrace a loved boy or girl, finds comfort in sympathy, although none but the mother can feel the mother's loss. The wife bereft of the husband, who has been her rod and staff, and guide through many years would find her cup of sorrow more than overflowing if no sympathizing friends were near The husband when the waxen lids were closed forever, over the sightless eyes of the one, loved one, that has been his to cherish and care for, she who had made for him all that there was of home and happiness would find life a desolation if there were no loving hearts to offer consolation. And oh, how much love and tenderness and pity and sympathy the little children need when the mother is called away. I have seen strong men, men with silver hair, who had taken the first step down from manhood's prime, weep like little children, and tremble like the leaves of aspen, as they looked for the last time upon the dear old face of one they had called mother.

But with the weeds comes the comforter; and from out the ashes of the dead loves the new fires are rekindled.

The world is a stage wherein every act new thoughts, new impulses and new people crowd upon the shifting scenes. Individuality seems lost when we take in the whole moving panorama upon our globe, and realize how insignificantly small we are and how little we know and how little we should be missed and how soon forgotten; but when we take into consideration the greatness of the beyond, the vastness of eternity, that even for us, earth-worms as we are, we have "earth in posession and fewer in reversion," and immortality as our inheritance we stand awe-struck and wonder at the grandeur of human existence.

We are taught that we are made a little lower than the angels, but I would sooner believe we are a little higher than the angels, for they made perfect and pure, are fitted only for a home of purity, while man, weak as he is by nature, must need walk the earth, and be ever so foot-sore and weary he must bear his own toils and burdens and pains and sufferings. He must bear his cross before he can aspire to the crown, loving the earth life and all its surroundings. He must be ready to lay it down if he would act well his part. And then again he must be willing to live, for life is not all burdensome. It is only the pain and trouble and grief and sin that is the burden, and they are the purifiers—the refiners. The quartz must go through the crucibles before it becomes the fine gold; the diamond must good and thin polished with its own dust ere the iridescent light will sparkle from its facets; the fine steel must be tempered by fire or it is worthless, but it requires an artisan to do the work up skillfully.

The architect may lay out ever so beautiful a plan of a building, but if the workmanship is rude the work is spoiled; the gardner may sow the choicest varieties of seeds, and plant the very finest shrubs and bulbs and vines, but if weeds and brambles are slowed to grow unchecked the garden might as well be a tangled hawthorne patch for all the beauty there would be, and if men and women would be actors on this world's stage they must be true to themselves, true to principal, true to the right It is not sufficient that you live; it is not sufficient that you eat, drink and sleep; it is not sufficient that from sun to sun you labor with your hands to store your coffers, with treasure. God never gave you the power of thought and an immortal soul just for the purpose of living and hoarding up money. But everywhere you are being taught by the beauty and growth of nature that you are to make your lives not only beautiful but that there should be constant growth—mind growth, soul growth.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

It only remains for us to finish the work that nature has begun. Every day the Great Instructor is at hand to give our lessons in this book of life; every day a new page is opened, every day the circle of our vision may be widened, but we must let the sunshine into our homes and into our hearts. We must make others happy if we would be happy ourselves; we must make our own lives beautiful if we would find beauty in the lives of others, as the light emanating from the sun gives light and life and beauty to the earth, so the influences reflecting from a noble character sheds a purifying radiance on all upon whom it falls.—*Mrs. H Chaffee.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, May 7, 1880.

The District of Columbia appropriation bill without any material amendments was passed by the House on Tuesday in the shape reported by the appropriation committee. The passage of this bill puts the House ahead, of its appropriation committee in the dispatch of business. The latter committee has not now ready, any appropriation bill to report, nor will it have any this week.

Next week it is expected that the legislative, executive, and judicial bill will be completed and reported, to be followed with the postal bill. There are four appropriation bills yet to be appropriated, viz: The legislative, executive and judicial, the river and harbor, and the general deficiency. None of these will contain any riders. Should the President sign the army bill and the immediate deficiency bill, there is a well grounded belief that Congress will adjourn *sine die* by July 1st. If, however, he vetoes these bills, and the Democrats again lock horns with the President, of course the final adjournment will be delayed. There are conflicting rumors as to what the President will do. A good many Republicans say that he will veto both bills, but no one who makes the statement has other than mere belief to base it upon. The friends of General Grant, hope that vetoes will be forth coming, for they indulge in the belief that such a course on the part of the President will stir up the Democrats, provoke a sectional debate, and the net result will be to strengthen the "strong man's canvass." The Democrats believe that the President will sign both bills, because he signed last year's army bill with the identical amendment which is in this year's, and that he will sign the deficiency bill because the marshal's amendment was originally offered by General Garfield, and is really a Republican compromise.

The present House of Representatives has been made the victim of deliberate imposition on the part of its own members, so that the existence of a mania may fairly be suspected, Mr. Acklen, of Louisiana, first showed symptoms of it in February, when he presented and got printed a report purporting to come from the committee on Foreign Affairs, but in reality an unauthorized concoction of his own; and that he has not recovered is proved by his introduction last week of a bill having no relation to the report was supposed to accompany and justify it, and which on investigation, turned out to be a plagiarism from Chief Justice Marshal in a famous case to be found in the law books. The contagion reached the delegate from Wyoming Territory, Mr. Stephen, W. Downey, who introduced a bill "providing for the certain painting on the walls of the National Capitol"—namily, to commemorate "the birth, life, death, and resurrection of Christ, as told in the four Gospels, and, on the following day, was accorded the permission to print his argument in favor of the bill. A week ago this argument appeared, covering the first fifteen pages of the *Congressional Record*, and copyrighted by the author. It consists of a poem entitled "The Immortals," in Wyoming blank verse, interspersed with metrical quotations from Dante, Tennyson, "The Rock of Ages" etc., and adorned with a pictorial emblem. C. A. S.

No More Arsnic in His.

An Oil City man took home some arsnic the other day for rats. He opened the package on the table where he sat down, and played in the white stuff with his fingers until his wife came down. Then with a sad expression he said: "Dearest I've got tired of living and have taken some of this arsnic, and—" But his wife darted out so suddenly and screamed so loudly that he didn't finish the sentence. Her fright caused him so much merriment that when the neighbors, whom his wife called, came in he was nearly doubled up with laughter. The next moment they seized him, threw him on the lounge and tried to force a couple of raw eggs down his throat. He spit them out and attempted to explain, but a six-foot neighbor sat down on his stomach and grabbed the man's nostril's between his fingers and before they let him up they had made him swallow half-a-dozen raw eggs, a pint of whisky, a quart of soap-suds and half-a-dozen other remedies. They poured so much stuff down his throat in five minute that it took him half a day to throw it up, and he came out of the struggle so hollow that when his wife slapped him on the back it sounded like a bass drum.

General Grant's Birthday.

CHICAGO, April 28.—Last evening General Grant received a congratulatory visit from a large number of citizens of Galena, at his home, in honor of his fifty-eighth birthday. He left for Chicago this morning.

When a girl wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

BERLIN LETTER.

(Regular Correspondence.)

BERLIN, April