The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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Somerset Herald,

ESTABLISHED IN 1827

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All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to.
Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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And Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

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Somerset, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with prompt and faithful attention. Office on Main Cross street.
feb 17-'79-1y

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—In Baer's Block, Up stairs.

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Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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Offers his professional services to the public. Sales and loans negotiated, and all other legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Collections a specialty. [junes, '8.

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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 adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

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

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, Main Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

ED. M. KIMMEL. H. S. KIMMEL.
DR. E. M. KIMMEL & 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 street, east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street, west of the Diamond.

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

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS,
DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, 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. JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office above Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross street, Somerset, Pa.

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 Center Street.

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

DAVIS BROTHERS,
HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO
PAINTERS,
SOMERSET, PENN'A.

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.

DIAMOND HOTEL,
STOYSTOWN, PENN'A.
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 cannot be excelled. Its bar first class, with a large assortment of choice liquors, to suit all tastes. In a word, let it be say, if you or a Cough, or your child the Croup, and value life, don't fail to try it. For lame Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster.

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 markets which they will sell at prices to suit all.

Theirs' is a general stock, consisting of

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HARDWARE,
HATS and CAPS,
PAINTS and OILS,
FISH, CARPETS,
QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
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.,

Apr 4tr 32mo

CARPETS!

Are not expected to decline, but yet

TO REDUCE STOCK

A large line of each grade will be offered from to-day, June 7th,

AT TEN TO FIFTEEN CENTS LESS

Per yard than previous prices of this season.

CHINA MATTINGS

The finest brand imported, and all GRADES.

H. M'CALLUM,
77 FIFTH AVENUE,
ABOVE WOOD STREET.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Above Henry Heffley's Store,
SOMERSET, PA.
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

P. C. LANDIS
Has constantly on hand at his distillery
PURE RYE WHISKY
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.
feb18

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 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.
aug 18

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

$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 at once. It costs nothing to try the business. If there addresses at once and see for themselves. Large Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Address at work are laying up large sums. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. Pa.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We have been handed the following announcements by Josiah Keller, Esq., Chairman of the Republican County Committee, candidates to be voted for at the primary election, held June 26, 1880.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

To Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee:

SIR:—In accordance with the usages of the Republican party, I am a candidate for re-nomination for the Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

A. J. COLBORN.

To Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee:

SIR: In accordance with the usages of the Republican party, I am a candidate for re-nomination for the Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

E. M. SCHROCK.

GLADE, PA., May 3, 1880.

Mr. Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee:

SIR:—You will please announce my name as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary Election.

A. S. WILL.

CONFLUENCE, PA., May 17, 1880.

Josiah Keller, Esq., Chairman Republican County Committee:

DEAR SIR.—Please announce my name as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

A. R. HUMBERT.

Mr. Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee:

SIR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

SIMON P. SWEITZER,
Sand Patch.

Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee:

SIR:—You will please announce my name as a candidate for the Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary Election.

SAM. MIER.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.

Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee:

SIR:—You will please announce my name as a candidate for Poor House Director, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

DANIEL KIMMEL,
Somerset Township.

JENNER X ROADS, PA., May 6, 1880.

Mr. Josiah Keller, Chairman of the Republican County Committee:

SIR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Poor House Director, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

ALEXANDER KORNS.

Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee:

BERLIN, May 31, 1880.

SIR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Poor House Director, subject to the decision of the voters at the ensuing Republican Primary Election.

DAVID J. COVER,
Brothersvalley Tp.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

To Josiah Keller, Chairman of the Republican County Committee, of Somerset County, Pennsylvania.

SIR:—You will please announce my name as a candidate for the office of District Attorney of said county, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary Election, to be held 27th June, 1880.

H. S. ENDSLEY.

Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee.

SIR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary election.

GEORGE R. SCULL.

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.

J. H. ZIMMERMAN. GEO. SNYDER
SOMERSET FOUNDRY,
ZIMMERMAN & SNYDER,
All kinds of casting made and for sale, consisting in part of
SUGAR GRATES,
STOVE LININGS,
SLED SOLES,
AND GRATES, PLOWS,
AND SHEARS, &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

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.

MORGAN'S
WOOLEN MILLS.
ESTABLISHED 1812.
Having for the past year or two, been entirely unable to supply the increasing demand for my goods I have built an addition to my mill and put in a large amount of
NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY
and thereby almost doubled my capacity for manufacturing.
I have now on hand a large stock consisting of
BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,
which I wish to
TRADE FOR WOOL.
Farmers, I have the kind of goods you need. I want your
WOOL!
to work up
RIGHT IN YOUR OWN COUNTY,
and in order to reach all my customers in good time, I have employed the same agents I had last year, and in addition Mr. Joseph L. Daugherty, who first introduced my goods into many parts of this county.
I will strive, as in the past, to give first class goods and full value to all.
New customers and those we failed to find last year, will please address and to
WM. S. MORGAN,
Quemahoning, Pa.
Apr 7

THE SCARECROW.

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough:
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
"If somebody would only show me how.

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and with bristling head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early one Sabbath morn,
He sat it up in the cheery tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
That the birds flew screaming away in fright.

But the robins watching him day after day,
With heads on one side and eyes so bright,
Surveying the monster began to say,
"Why should this fellow our prospects blight?"

"He never moves round from the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair
'Mid the shady branches peered and perked.
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming coverct of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole long day on the ripe fruit fed;
Twas so convenient! They saw no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family!

—*Celia Thaxter in June Wide-Awake.*

THE STOLEN LOVE-LETTERS.

In the uncertain flickering firelight pretty Maggie Leslie sat pulling a rose to pieces. Her sister Kate watched her a few moments impatiently, and then said: "What are you doing, Maggie? Tired of your new lover, eh?"

"What nonsense! I am not tired of my new lover, but I am angry at my old one."

"Very likely. When a girl has discarded a country clergyman with £300 a year for a baronet with £30,000, it is likely she will be angry at he poor lover troubling her memory."

"I should dismiss the country clergyman very soon from my memory, if he permitted me. I never thought Archie Fleming could have been so mean;" and Maggie threw the poor tattered remnant of a rose passionately away from her.

"I do not believe Cousin Archie Fleming could do a mean thing, Maggie. You must be mistaken."

"I wish I was. Come closer, Kate, and I will tell you all about it;" and the two young girls seated themselves on a low ottoman in a confidential attitude.

"Now Maggie, when and what?"

"The 'when' was two evenings ago. Sir John and I were coming across the moor, just as happy as—as anything, and I thought Archie was in London, when we met him suddenly as we turned into the Hawthorn path. And what do you think? They rushed into each other's arms like—like two Frenchmen. I do believe they kissed each other. It was 'John and 'Archie,' and handshaking, and 'How are you old fellow?' and that kind of thing, until I was quite disgusted. Men going on in that kind of way are so ridiculous!

"By-and-bye Sir John remembered me, and 'supposed Archie knew his fair parishioner, Miss Leslie,' and Archie bowed in the most distant manner, and said he had the honor of being my poor cousin. Men never keep anything, and before we had walked a quarter of a mile Sir John had contrived to let Archie know how matters stood between us."

"That was not very pleasant, but of course you were off with the old love before you were on with the new."

"Not exactly. I had stopped writing to Archie, and if he had an ounce of sense, he might have guessed the reason."

Kate shook her head and looked grave.

"Now, Kate, don't be aggravating. The case is just this. Sir. John and Archie, it seems, are old school friends, and Archie has all sorts of romantic notions about fidelity to his friend, and threatens to tell Sir John how badly I have treated him."

"Then you have seen Archie?"

"Yes; I sent Davie Baird to tell him to meet me in the conservatory last night."

"How imprudent!"

"I had to do it. I wanted to coax Archie to let me off easily, and give me back all my letters. I must have the letters, Kitty. I really must."

"Well?"

"Well he said some very disagreeable things—truths he called them—and I cried and looked just as pretty as I could. He insisted I was in love with Sir John's title and money, and not with himself; and when I said that was not true, and that I loved Sir John very dearly, he got quite in a temper. It is my belief that he would rather I married for money than love if I don't marry him. That's the selfishness of men, Kitty. I wouldn't be as mean for anything. And oh, Kitty, he would not give me back my letters, and I must have them."

"I should not worry about a few love-letters."

Kitty, you don't know all, or you wouldn't say that."

"Tell me all, then."

"I have sent Sir John just—the—same—letters, word for word. You know I never was good at composition, and when Clara Joyce was here, I got her to write me some beautiful love-letters. She liked doing it, and I thought I might need them. I copied them for Archie, and they were so clever I copied them also for Sir John. Now, Kitty, if Archie should show those letters, as he said he would, how both of them would laugh at me! I could not bear it."

"Kate looked very much troubled. "Indeed Maggie, your are right," she answered. "You must have your letters; and if Archie will not give you them, they must be stolen from him, that is all about it. It would never do to let him hold such a power over your poor little head, and it would be worse after you were married than before it. You are sure that he will not give them up?"

"He said he never would give them to me."

"Perhaps he has burned them."

"Oh, no, he could never bear to do that. Why he idolizes them, Kitty. Just before he went away he told me that they were laid in rose leaves in the drawers of his Indian cabinet."

"Very good. Grandfather sent that cabinet to the parsonage. I dare say it is exactly like the one in his room. If so, it is likely grandfather's key will open the minister's too."

"Oh, Kate, you durst not do such a thing!"

"I dare under the circumstances. Of two evils one should choose the least. Anything, almost, is better than giving a rejected lover such a power over you. It would be different if it was me. I would defy him, and take the telling in my own hands."

"I could not do that. Archie might tease me to death first."

"I know, you dear, foolish little woman. But you shall have your letters, Maggie, so go to bed, and sleep soundly on my good promise."

"When?"

"Perhaps to—morrow. Archie dines with the bishop to-morrow. I shall find no better opportunity, I think."

The next morning proved to be one of those drenching days quite characteristic of an English November. Still, about three o'clock, Miss Leslie insisted on riding to the village. Her grandfather made some opposition, but soon gave in to "Kate's set way," and her decided declaration, "that she would be ill without her gallop."

Arrived at the village she stopped at the parsonage door, and nodding pleasantly to the housekeeper who opened it, she said she was very wet, and would like to see her cousin, and dry her habit.

"The parson was gone to the bishop's, but if Miss Leslie would come in there was a fire in his parlor, and she could warm her feet and have a warm cup of tea; and Miss Leslie, after a little affected hesitation, and a little more pressing consented to do so.

She permitted Martha to remove her hat and bring her some tea. "I shall rest half an hour, Martha, and if Cousin Archie is not back by that time, I must go, or else I shall not reach home before dark."

As soon as the door was shut she glanced around the room. It was a cozy place, full of bachelor comforts, and pleasantly littered with books and papers. The Indian cabinet stood in a little recess between the two windows. She quietly selected her grandfather's key, and tried the lock. It opened at once, and with an ease that showed it was in constant use, and the first thing that greeted her was the faint scent of rose leaves.

But the letters were not in the drawers, and she was on the point of closing the cabinet in despair, when she remembered that her grandfather's had a secret door that slipped away, and hid a closet between the drawers. It was likely Archie's had the same. She sought the spring, and it responded at once to her touch, and there lay the letters, all tied together in one little bundle. There was not more than half a dozen, and Kate, with a smile of relief and satisfaction put them in her pocket, and re-locked the cabinet.

She had scarcely done so when she heard someone open the front door with a pass key, and come straight up the stairs. In a moment she had decided it was not Archie's footsteps, and it must be one of his intimate friends. In a moment, also she had decided that if she did not know, him he should not know her. Whoever it was, he did not at once come to the parlor; he went into an adjoining room, removed his wet coat and boots, and came lounging in, with slippers on his feet and a cigar in his mouth.

Kate had just finished arranging her hat and gloves, and was going quietly out of one door when he entered by the other. For a moment they stood and looked blankly at each other; the next, Kate advanced a few steps and said: "I am waiting to see the clergyman. Do you know how soon he will return, sir?"

"I think he will be here immediately," answered the new-comer, whose first instinct was to say the thing most likely to detain so beautiful a girl. "I am sorry to have intruded, but I will retire at once, if you desire it."

"By no means, sir. I expected my brother with Mr. Fleming, but as my groom is with me, there is no need to wait, especially as it likely to get dark very early."

"I left Mr. Fleming at the bishop's, with three other clergymen. Your brother—"

"Oh, my brother is no clergyman;" and then suddenly remembering a friend of Archie's who lived at least ten miles away, she said: "I am Miss Crowther of Hill Top—perhaps you know Mr. Henry Crowther?"

The young gentleman looked at Kate in utter amazement. In fact, he was Mr. Henry Crowther himself, and he was not aware that he had ever had a sister. Who was this beautiful girl claiming so pleasant a kinship with him?

But almost with the same announcement Kate disappeared. He watched her horse brought round, and saw her mount and ride away, and then sat down to smoke in a whirl of curiosity and excitement. "What a bright face! What frank, charming manners! What a figure! I wish to everything I had a sister—or something nice like that girl. I do wonder who she is!" The next moment he had rung the bell, and pulled the bell-rope down.

"Lawks, Mr. Henry, I knew that was you a-ringing, which Mr. Archie never rings that outrageous way. What be you wanting sir?"

"I want to know, Martha, who that young lady is that left the house twenty minutes ago."

Well may you ask, sir, which to do shows your good sense. That is Miss Kate Leslie, sir—Mr. Archie's cousin—a very beautiful young lady, sir, and good one, and proud her grandfather is of her."

"That is all, Martha."

"Very well, sir."

When Archie returned he found Harry Crowther pacing the room in the greatest impatience. "How long you have been!" he exclaimed; "and here has been the most beautiful girl waiting for you; and, by everything she says she is my sister; and, still funnier, she did not know that I was her brother."

"What do you mean Harry?"

"Just what I say."

"Oh, this is too bad! I must ask Martha about it. She ought not to permit strangers to come into my rooms."

"Stop, Archie; I have asked Martha. Her name was Miss Kate Leslie."

"My cousin Kate. Now what could have brought her here this wet day?" He thought immediately of his interview with Maggie, and of her anxiety about her letters. "Poor little girl," he said mentally, "I must not punish her any longer, I will take her her letters to-morrow."

So the next afternoon he put on his hat and coat, and went to the cabinet for them. Of course they were not there. For one moment he was confounded; the next, his mind had instinctively divined the hand that had robbed him. He was very angry with his cousin Kate. He knew at once it was altogether her doing. If Maggie had ever dared to try, she would have screamed in the attempt, and betrayed herself.

It was with a very stern face that he entered the parlor where Kate was sitting, and he would not see the hand she held out to him. When they were alone, she asked at once: "Why won't you shake hands, Archie?"

"How can you expect me, Kate, to take the hand—"

"'That robbed me.' Say it if you wish."

"I was going to say it. Why did you do it?"

"Because you were torturing little Maggie, and I will not have her worried about a few letters. They were hers not yours."

"I think they were mine,"

"That shows a man's honesty in love matters. The letters were sent to you under a supposition that you were to fill a certain relationship to Maggie. You were found incompetent for that position, and the favors relating to it ought to be returned. A dismissed ambassador might just as well keep the insignia of his office."

"Sit down, Kate, and don't put yourself in a passion. Have I ever done an unkind thing to either Maggie or you since we were children together?"

"No Archie you have not."

"Do you really think I would?"

"You said you would tell Sir John things about Maggie, and that would be unkind. Maggie loves Sir John very much."

"I would never hurt Maggie. As your pastor, and as your cousin, let me say I think you have behaved in a very improper manner."

"Archie!"

"Very improper indeed. You ought to have come to me. I would had given you the poor dear little letters; and as for telling Sir John anything to open his eyes, I like him far too well. The only way to be happy in love is to be blind."

"You think that is very satirical, I dare say."

"No, I do not. I am waiting for your apology, Kate. You know you ought to make one."

Kate sat, with burning cheeks, tapping the floor with her foot, and Archie stood calmly watching her. At last she said, "You are right, Archie." Then, putting her hand in her pocket: "Here are the letters. Do what you like with them. I trust you."

He took them tenderly, and throwing them into the fire, mournfully watched them turn to ashes. Kate's eyes were full of painful tears.

"Archie," she said, "forgive me. I acted very impulsively and very imprudently. I am ashamed of myself. There is something else I must tell you about this miserable affair. I saw a gentleman in your parlor, and I gave myself a false name to him."

"Oh, Kate, see how one fault leads to another. If you had been doing right you would not have been ashamed to confess that you were Kate Leslie. Do you know the lady whose name you borrowed?"

"No, I know nothing about such a person."

"Then I will go with you, and you must make an apology to the family."

"Must I do this?"

"You must. It is the least you can do."

"Very well, Archie, I will do it."

But this part of her punishment was long delayed. The next morning Kate was very ill, and a severe attack of rheumatic fever confined her for weeks to her room. Then the fatigue and excitement consequent on Maggie's marriage threw her back into the inertia of invalidism, and the adventure was almost forgotten in its painful results.

As the warm weather came on she improved, and began to go into society again. One day there was to be a lawn party at the bishop's, and she promised to meet Archie there. She was sitting resting under a great oak, when she saw him coming toward her. A gentleman was with him, whom she recognized at a glance; she had introduced herself once to him as Miss Crowther. What was Archie going to do to her? She felt almost like crying; but she stood bravely up as they advanced, and in her white muslin dress, with roses at her waist and throat, she made a very lovely picture.

"Good-afternoon, Cousin Kate."

"Cousin Archie, good-afternoon."

Kate, this is my friend, Mr. Henry Crowther."

She blushed violently, but she did not lose her self-possession. "I have met Mr. Crowther before, once, when I was a little private masquerade, and assumed the character of his sister. I hope I am forgiven."

"If I had a sister, she would have been honored by the assumption. Since the momentary favor I have never ceased to regret my want."

They sat long under the pleasant shade, and in the evening rode slowly home together under the July moon. Before they parted both had acknowledged to their hearts an interest that might be a dearer tie than even that of brother and sister.

For a few weeks Harry Crowther was constantly coming with Archie to call on the Leslies, either for one pretext or the other. Then he began to come by himself, and to come without any pretext at all. It had been long evident to Archie that Harry and Kate loved each other very dearly, and at least even the dim eyes of her grandfather began to see how matters stood.

"Kitty," he said, one night, after waiting patiently through a "good night" that lasted an hour and a half—"Kitty, why does Harry Crowther come here so often?"

"Because we do not believe in writing, grandfather. Love-letters once nearly cost me my life;" and leaning on her grandfather, Kitty told him the fault of which she had been guilty, and the pain and shame it had caused her.

"Never pays, kitty, to do evil that good may come; the price is too high."

"You will forgive me, grandfather?"

"Yes, Kittie, with all my heart."

"Harry has forgiven me too. You see, after taking his name in jest, it is right I make the amende honorable by taking it in earnest. So, grandfather, if you will let me, I am going to be Mrs. Crowther instead of Miss Crowther. May Harry ask you to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes."

"And we are to have a wedding, and no love-letters. I never heard of such a thing."

"A wedding, and no love-letters, grandfather. Love-letters are slow and old-fashioned, and very dangerous. We have adopted visits and telegraphs in their place."

How Russian Peasants Kill a Witch.

The Penza *Provincial Journal*, a Russian paper, says: In the village of Mosdovsky Parok lives a woman, Agraphena Chindaykina, known among the village population as a witch. This opinion she rather encouraged than otherwise, reaping substantial profits from her alleged witchcraft. In order to keep up her dangerous reputation Agraphena, from time to time appeared at midnight, he hair desheveled, and in a white dress, walking in the streets and even entering the yards of the peasants. In the night of May 3, Agraphena was discovered in the the cellar of one of her neighbors. Enraged at the thought of the troubles that might ensue from her visit, he furiously assaulted her, grasping her by the hair and beating her mercilessly with a fence stake, which is popularly held to be the only effective weapon against witches and sorcerers. The members of the family rushed out of the house at his outcry, and took an active part in the chastisement of Agraphena. They dragged her by her hair over the ground, and inflicted numberless blows with sticks. Then the neighbors, aroused by the confusion, appeared on the scene. In order to prevent the witch from mysteriously vanishing, the peasants tied her firmly to a pillar with old reins, which according to current notions, witches are unable to loosen. The husband of Agraphena and her father-in-law used their utmost efforts to pacify the villagers and to save the life of the wretched woman. But all was in vain. The enraged populace shouted: "Beat her squarely, break her arms and legs!" And the beating was resumed with an increased ferocity. At last the local authorities made their appearance and put an end to the savage work, but it was too late to save the life of Agraphena. When untied from the pillar, she fell on the ground a corpse.

Mean People in This Town.

One of those rough-clad, big-hearted miners who come into Santa Fe occasionally to lay in a supply of grub, stepped into the postoffice yesterday afternoon, and seeing in the window three letters held for postage, picked one up, and looking at the address, said in a tone of great astonishment:

"Why, this letter is for a lady in Denver!"

"Yes," said the clerk.

"And you are holding it here!" in a tone of greater astonishment.

"Why, of course," answered the clerk, "don't you see it hasn't any postage paid?"

In a tone of utter contempt for the man who would not forward a letter to a woman, paid or unpaid, the miner said:

"Give me some stamps."

It was done; he carefully stuck stamps on all letters in the window, putting two on that of the feminine gender to make sure that it would go all right and stalked out of the office with the concluding remark hurled at the head of the astonished Pino Pinito:

"Strikes me there's some d——d mean people in this town!"

Jail Delivery Frustrated.

GREENSBURG, June 13.—Deputy Sheriff Bulin frustrated an attempt at a general jail delivery here to-day between the hours of two and three P. M.

Keep Your Mouth Shut.

The peculiar arrangement of the narrowed and branched and delicately-furnished nasal passages are specially fitted to strain the air and to warm it before it enters the lungs. The foul air and sickening effluvia which one meets in a day's travel through the crowded city are breathed with greater impunity through the nose than through the mouth. Raw air, inhaled through the mouth induces hoarseness, coughs, etc. The great actor Cook, when dying, told his friend and faithful attendant, Broster, that, although he could make him no bequest in money he would give him something worth money. He then advised Broster to set up as a teacher of elocution, and to impart to his pupils, on condition of a large fee, and a solemn promise no to divulge it, the secret of his (Cooke's) extraordinary powers of voice and its unflagging quality, which was to carry on respiration through the nostrils, so as not to dry or irritate the delicate organs of the voice. Broster took this advice, and used it so well as to retire with a fortune. He made every young clergyman, who took lessons, sign a bond that in the event of his becoming a bishop he would pay a further fee of 100 guineas. John Kelwell inherited the secret from Broster, and used it with similer reserve and profit; but his son, upon being appointed a college lecturer on public reading and speaking, disclosed the secret to all his pupils as a thing of the greatest importance to them. Mr. Pitman gives an epitome of Mr. George Catlin in his travels among the Indians, of whom he visited 150 tribes. Everywhere he found the Indian women careful to press together the lips of their children after leaving the breast, and before being suspended in their narrow cradles in the open air, and he found it to be a very rare thing to hear of a death during childhood among any of the tribes, before strong drink and new diseases were introduced among them by the whites. It is said that no animal but man ever sleeps with his mouth open, and that the lungs need a degree of rest from labor which they get with the moderate inhalation that, with a low pulse, attends perfect nightly repose. Mr. Catlin attributes his escape from malarial fevers, and his actual recovery from pulmonary weakdess, to a strict observance of the rule to keep the lips and teeth closely shut. When he went to the wilderness he was feeble. He found himself compelled to sleep in the open, dewy air. His one main precaution secured the entire restoration of his health and vigor. He found that all Indians had good-teeth, which remained sound to old age, and that there was no stutterers among them. In his closing paragraphs he advises that mothers at home, and teachers in seminaries, should make nightly rounds as long as necessary to put a stop to the unnatural, dangerous and disgusting habit of sleeping with the mouth open. "No one who has been snoring through the night feels properly refreshed in the morning. Keep your mouths shut, my young readers—when you read silently, when you write, when you listen, when you are in pain, when you are walking or riding, and by all means when you are angry."

Catching Sea Lions.

Captain Mullet, the sea-lion hunter, has described his method to a St. Louis reporter. In six years he has caught 165 sea-lions, mostly near San Diego, and has profited thereby, since the regular price for an exhibition seal is $1,000. "Our method of capturing the lions," he said, is this: "They go in rookeries of 100 or more, and we watch the shore to see where they will go into camp. This we can determine from the fact that they carry their young on shore, leave them and go back to the water, returning at break of day. When we find a camp we dig trenches in the sand to hide in, or, if there are rocks convenient we hide behind them. The vessel is anchored some distance off the shore, and we bring from them in small boats cages made of six inch fencing boards. When the herd comes ashore the lassoers watch their opportunity and lasso one of the lions around the neck. Another lasso is then fastened to one of the hind flippers, and the lion is forced into one of the cages. This must be done within a short time or the animal will not live. After the lion is captured, a shot, to which a long rope is attached, is fired from a boomgun on the shore over the vessel: the other end of the rope is attached to one of the cages, and it is pushed into the breakers and hauled out to the vessel. On board the vessel the lions are not put in water, but are kept wet with a sprinkler. They are then taken to San Francisco, where they are placed in cars built for the purpose and transported across the continent, each car containing twelve lions."

Experimental Farm.

The famous English experimental farm of Rothamsted, 1,000 fertile acres in Hertfordshire, twenty-five miles from London, on the Midland Railway, is described in an interesting manner by Professor Sillinan, who has recently visited it.

John Bennet Lawes inherited the property in 1834—a fine old English estate, with its park of oaks and ancient mansion—and for nearly half a century, in company with Dr. J. H. Gilbert and a large corps of assistants, Mr. Lawes has devoted himself to agricultural chemistry on a large scale.

He has also set apart a fund of £100,000 and a section of land for the continuance of these investigations after he is gone. The purpose is to discover what crops are best for different soils, what fertilizers will best assist their growth, and to experiment on such a scale, both as to area and time, that the fundamental principles of farming may be made as plain and sure as those of any other business.

In 1855, Mr. Lawes was presented with a laboratory by public subscription, and there Dr. Gilbert and a considerable staff of assistants have been at work ever since, superintending experiments, making and applying manures, and analyzing soils and crops. Thirteen acres of wheat have been under experiment in plats for thirty-five years, and grass, oats, potatoes, and other crops nearly as long.

The results of this long and careful investigation have established that barn-yard manure can only carry the production of hay to a limit about half the maximum that can be reached with mineral manures alone, which have produced five and a half tons to the acre. On unmanured land, the farm yields fourteen bushels of wheat to the acre; but with barn-yard manure, the yield has risen to thirty-five bushels, which is as well as the mineral manure can do.

The Safrano Rose.

Is there a better rose than the Safrano? Though not generally so understood, it is one of the hardiest of the Teas.

There are Safranos in Cave Hill Cemetery which have been there for years. They are cut down to the ground by the frosts of winter, but they come up again from the roots in the spring and go right on producing their flowers until cold weather arrests them again.

Other Teas and Bengals and Bourbons, and even some Remontants are killed by severe winters, but the Safrano survives the coldest spells and comes new from the roots every year. There is no rose-bush that produces more flowers. It is not too much to say that the Safrano is always in bloom. When others fail to give us buds, the Safrano is always ready with one or more. And surely the coppery color of the buds is very beautiful.

The bud is long, like that of the Niphetos, and is always charming, with its lovely fawn color. It is not a pretty rose when fully expanded, but as a bud it has very few equals. It does not only bloom all the summer, in the open air, but it is the best rose for buds in the winter green-house. No florist who wants winter bu