The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 30. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1880. WHOLE NO. 1538.

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, KEPPELLANTS, FLANNELS, COVERLETS, CARPETS, YARNS, &C.,

which I wish to

TRADE FOR WOOL.

Farmers, I have the kind of goods you want. 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 card to

WM. S. MORGAN,
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CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

(Above Henry Hoffley's Store,

SOMERSET, PA.

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

☞ SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. ☜

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

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.

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,

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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.

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 $1000.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale on the premises, on

Friday, January 14th, 1881,

at 1 o'clock P. M. the following valuable real estate, late the home place of Peter Berkeybile deceased, viz:

A tract of land situate in Paint Twp., Somerset county, Pa., containing 16 acres more or less, of which there are about 10 acres cleared, 20 acres in meadow, having a large two-story frame Dwelling House, Bank Barn, and other outbuildings thereon erected, also a good Apple Orchard thereon, adjoining lands of Frederick Ott, Simon Berkey, John Geiser, Emanuel Ramver and others, said farm being pleasantly located, being convenient to church and school.

If desired the farm will be sold as a whole, or in parcels to suit purchasers, and will be subject to a mortgage of $2,222.83 the interest of which is payable annually to Elizabeth Berkey, and at her death the principle sum to be paid to the heirs of Daniel Berkey, deceased.

—TERMS:—

One-third cash, one-third in six months one-third in one year with interest, deferred payment to be secured by judgment on the premises, 10 per cent of the purchase money to be paid as soon as property knocked down.

JACOB HOFFMAN
Dec. 15 Adm'r of Peter Berkeybile deed.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of David Lohr late of Jefferson Township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present the same duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, the 15th day of January, 1881, at residence of David Lohr, dec'd.

HENRY SCHLAG,
Dec. 4. Executor.

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To Elizabeth Kepler, widow, residing at Jerome X Roads Somerset county, Pa. Copeland Kepler, of Hilltopa, P. O., Montgomery county, Pa., Reuben Kepler of Oreland P. O., Montgomery county, Pa., John Isaac Kepler, dec'd. who left Hannah Kepler, his widow, and issue, three children viz: Chris. Hagy, widow of Kesly Hagy, dec'd. Kepler, residing in Berks county Pa. Harry O Kepler, of Philadelphia, Pa., Sallie Kepler, of Royerstown, Berks Co. Pa., Sophia intermarried with Henry Hoot, of Rahn Station, Perkiomen Branch of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, Edward Kepler, of Crooked Hill, Montgomery Co., Pa., Sallie, intermarried with James F Neal, of No. 1841 North 19th St. Philadelphia, Pa., and Lott Kepler, of Kellington, Berks Co., Pa.

You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, on Monday, the 24th day of January next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of John Kepler, dec'd, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, } SAM'L
Dec. 11, 1880. } Sheriff.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Pile & Way heretofore doing business in Somerset, Pa., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The book will be left with Mr. Way, who will carry on the business at the old stand.

JEREMIAH WAY,
HARRY C. PILE.

"THE LEADING AMERICAN NEWSPAPER."

The New York Tribune for

1881.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION AMONG THE BEST PEOPLE

During the past year THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE reached the largest circulation it ever attained, with the single exception of a short period in the first Lincoln campaign. It is a larger circulation, and more widely distributed over the whole country than any ever enjoyed by any other newspaper in the United States. This fact may be taken as a verdict of the American People on THE TRIBUNE's political force, its fidelity to sound principles, and its merit as a newspaper.

For 1881, THE TRIBUNE will try to deserve equally well of the public. And how much it did for the success of General Garfield it is for others to tell. Republicans will, it now hopes to give to his Administration a discriminating support, as editor as well as citizen for its exercise.

THE TRIBUNE will labor for, and it confidently expects the coming year to witness, the reform of a free and fair suffrage, South and North, sound money, protection to Home Industry, judicious liberality in Internal Improvements, and a Civil Service founded on business principles, on the theory of elevating, not of ignoring or degrading politics.

Every citizen who helped to bring in this Administration should watch its course. The events to be recorded in THE TRIBUNE for 1881 will therefore have a peculiar interest. The year promises to settle for ever whether the South will still exercise sovereignty, or subsidy; and whether the Democratic party after twenty years of disloyalty and defeat, will dissolve or reform. Already it will show whether England can conquer Ireland; whether the Royalists in France, who have the power of the leaders who established it, can stand against whether the Turks can longer polute Europe. In Science it promises such practical triumphs as the use of electricity for generic modes of heating, a new form of power in place of steam. In Literature and Art it offers the very flower of our nineteenth century development; in Religion a consolidation of the sects and a reorganization on simpler creeds and better works.

No intelligent man will be willing to live through the year without reading of these things; and he will be wise to look for them in the journal which has long enjoyed the distinction of the large or circulation among the best people. This position THE TRIBUNE seeks to retain and increase by becoming the medium of the best thought and the voice of the best sentiment of the time; by keeping abreast of the highest progress, favoring and directing movements, bearing all tides, appealing always to the best intelligence and the purest morality, and refusing to cater to the fallies of the vile, or the prejudices of the ignorant.

The well known special features of THE TRIBUNE will be sedulously maintained. Its Agricultural Department will remain the fullest and best. The Household and the Young Folks' Department, the literary, scientific, educational, religious features, the standard market reports will all be kept up, as far as opportunity allows, extended.

Terms of The Tribune.

Postage free to all United States.

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Any number of copies of either edition above ten at the same rate. Additional copies may be made at any time at club rates. Remit by Draft on New York, Post Office Order, or in Registered Letter.

THE TRIBUNE PREMIUMS.

THE TRIBUNE has never been equalled in the substantial and permanent value of its premiums to agents and subscribers, and it adds to its list this year two of the most valuable it has ever offered. Note the following:

The Great Bible Concordance.

ANALYTICAL CONCORDANCE OF THE BIBLE, on an entirely new plan; containing every word in alphabetical order arranged under its Hebrew or Greek original, with the literal meaning of each and its frequency; exhibiting 311,000 references, 128,000 Scripture quotations, 30,000 various readings in the New Testament, with the latest information on Biblical Geography, Antiquities, etc., etc., by Robert Young, LL.D., author of a new Literal Translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; Concise Critical Commentaries on the same; a Grammatical Analysis of the Six Prophets in Hebrew; Biblical Notes and Queries; Hebrew Grammar, etc., etc.

In one handsome quarto volume, containing over 1,150 closely-printed pages, very substantially bound in cloth. The pages and type are the same size as those of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—the type having a beautiful, bold clear face, making it more easily read even than most of our Dictionary. The stereotype plates upon which it is print of having been made by the photoengraving process, it is necessarily an exact duplicate of the Edinburgh work, without the slightest alteration or omission of a word or letter. It is a work of Christendom, a Greek, Hebrew and English Lexicon of Bible words, and a verbal Bible Dictionary, and will be valuable to the students of the Holy Word as an Unabridged Dictionary is to the general reader. Every home that has a Bible in it ought also to have this great help to Bible reading and study. It is as well adapted to the use of the common reader as to that of the most learned clergyman.

This great work was originally published in England in two vols. 1878, and was sold for $15. We can now offer it in connection with THE TRIBUNE at the following remarkably low rates:

For $6 the Concordance and one copy of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE five years, or five copies one year.

For $11 the Concordance and one copy of THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE five years, or ten copies one year, or ten copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year.

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The postage on the Concordance is 48 cents which the subscriber will remit if ordering it sent by mail. Except for shorter distances the mail will be cheaper than the express.

Our regular new premium for this year is the following:

THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE.

Embracing Chambers's Encyclopædia complete, omitting only some of the dull, with extensive additions by a corps of American editors, presenting about 10,000 additional topics, thoroughly Americanizing the entire work, adding to it over 50 per cent to the bulk, freshness and value of the original work, the whole making IN Handsome octavo volumes of 8½ by 5½ inches in size, printed in large type on good strong calendered paper, and neatly and substantially bound in cloth.

We can offer this valuable work in connection with THE TRIBUNE as follows:

For $17: THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE complete in 15 octavo volumes, as near like specimen as may be, and THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE five years to one subscriber.

For $20: THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE as above described, and THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE five years to one subscriber.

For $19: THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE as above described, and ten copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year.

For $28: THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE as above described, and twenty copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year.

Five volumes of the work is now ready, the sixth is nearly through the press, and the rest will rapidly follow. It will cost by mail or express at the subscriber's expense. The postage if sent by mail, will be 24 cents per volume. In packages by express, they can be had much cheaper.

PROMPT WORK.

To induce quick work for this great premium we make the following VERY EXTRAORDINARY OFFER: With the first 2,000 orders received for THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE we will send free as a present from THE TRIBUNE Macaulay's History of England in three handsome volumes printed on large type and good paper, and neatly bound in cloth.

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A Magnificent Gift.

Worcester's Great Unabridged Dictionary Free!

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE will send as subscriber's expense for freight, or delivery in New York City free, Worcester's Great Unabridged Quarto Illustrated Dictionary, bound in sheep, edition of 1879, the very latest and very best edition of that great work, to any one reporting

$10 for a single five years' subscription to its weekly, or,

$15 for a single five years' subscription to its semi-weekly, or one year's subscription to its weekly, or,

$20 for a single three years' subscription to its daily, or

$30 for a single three years' subscription to its tri-weekly, or

$36 for a single three years' subscription to THE DAILY TRIBUNE.

For one dollar extra the Dictionary can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, while for short distances the express is much cheaper.

For any further information desired, address

THE TRIBUNE
New-York.

FANCY'S CHANCES.

Come, brothers, let us sing a dirge—
A dirge for myriad chances dead;
In grief your mournful accents merge—
Sing, sing the girls we might have wed.

Sweet lips were those we never pressed
In love that never lost the dew
In sunlight of a love confessed—
Kind were the girls we never knew.

Sing low, sing low, while in the glow
Of fancy's hour those forms we trace,
Hovering around the years that go—
Those years our lives can ne'er replace.

Sweet lips are those that never turn
A cruel word; dear eyes that lead
The heart on in fillth concern;
White hand of her we did not wed;

Fair hair or dark, that falls along
A form that never shrinks with time—
Bright image of a realm of song
Standing beside our years of prime.

When you shall go, then may we know
The heart is dead, the man is old;
Life can no other charm bestow
When girls we might have loved turn cold.

—*Harper's for December.*

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SUSAN E. DICKINSON.

Christmas Eve had come again. The air was cold and frosty but still. The snow was lying deep in the street, and was heaped in great drifts against the houses, for it had only ceased falling since night closed in. But the streets were alive with people. There were bright faces and hurrying feet and gay voices and laughter everywhere. People with packages of every conceivable shape and size were crowding out the stores on every busy thoroughfare. People with eager eyes were crowding into the same. Those who had been getting ready for Christmas for months, found, of course, some last errands to be done. Those who had caught the contagion of the season at only this last minute, as some people always will, had everything to make up their minds about, and to find, at once. Over all the merry noise the sound of Christmas chimes floated through the clear pure air, a memory of the first Christmas Eve music, which the angels sang. And the stars shone out as brilliantly as they could have done over the Judean hills before they were dimmed for the watching shepherds by the heavenly radiance.

"Is there any one, indoors or without, to-night, who has failed to catch the Christmas spirit?" asked a gay voice, as its owner passed the windows where the gas jets shining through crimson curtains seemed to cast an actual warmth upon the snow.

"There are thousands," answered a deeper tone, "to whom the Christmas spirit never comes at all."

"The Christmas spirit! I have forgotten what it was like," said a man within, as he turned away from the window. "But thousands to whom the Christmas spirit never came? yes, that must be true, too."

Back and forth he paced the room, pausing at length before one of the paintings on the wall. A gray sea view, where a struggling moon cast broken radience over great, stormy masses of wind-swept clouds, and dimly lighted tossing waves that rolled on to break themselves against the lifted crags of a rocky coast, was what held his gaze. Any one who knows Nahat promitory well, must have recognized the very point on which the painter stood to study the scene. After a long gaze the owner broke the stillness of the room, speaking to himself in a slow, undertone, words that have voiced a soul's cry—

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."—

"Never! never!" he added. But what a fool I am to let that picture move me so, and of Helen Alton's sweetness and falseness. What was it that sent me back so into a past whose golden fruit bore such Dead Sea bitterness at the core? Oh, that little girl's voice wondering about the Christmas spirit! She will know better after a while how soon it fails, and what a sham it is with most who pretent to it!"

Spencer Grey's soliloquy was broken in upon just here by an opening door, and a cheery voice that said, "Grey, old fellow! I want you to help this evening. I am aware that church decoration isn't exactly in your line, but Charley Angus has been called out of town, and I want the help of your muscle, if not your taste, in helping me to drape the walls and arches of St. Paul's. After that I am going to take you home with me for a late supper. Your sister has been with my wife all day, intent on something or other, and I have her orders not to appear without you."

"All right. I'm at your service with the evergreens, and at Mrs. Vail's and Laura's afterwards. Although, as you say, Christmas decorations aren't a thing I've especially devoted myself to."

"I don't see why, either." Percy Vail spoke in an abrupt fashion. "I say, old boy, I wish you had not let that old chapter in your history change you so!"

Gray made no answer, and the two were speedily in the merry throng outside, making their way with rapid steps to the little Gothic church where the rest of the committee on decorations were already at work. They were lamenting Angus's forced absence, but the appearance of a substitute in the person of Gray was hailed with a chorus of approbation, and the work went on busily and brightly. Up in the organ loft the choir was rehearsing the Christmas hymns and anthems. The work below was helped, half consciously to the workers, by the choral accompaniment above; and at times the merry stream of low-voiced chat, or the sound of Vail's quick directions was silenced by some special burst of harmony. But, passionately fond as Grey was of music, he scarcely heeded it until, all at once, he became aware of a glorious soprano voice singing alone, "Glory to God in the highest,"—soaring up and on as if a skylark had caught a soul, and was singing the song of songs. He had heard Lillian Huntley's voice often, prior to that, in church and parlor. He had gone into raptures of critical admiration over its purity, its wonderful range and timbre; but to-night it had certainly caught a new tone, or he heard it anew. Out of what depth of inner feeling came that breath of estatic adoration. Or, was it such?—or only a faultless artistic conception and rendering? To his own amazement Grey became conscious that he had been standing stone-still on the middle rounds of a ladder, holding a wreath in his hands, trying to solve that question. He went on with to the wreath, while the basso profundo took up the next phrase of the anthem—"On Earth, Peace!" Peace! Grey smiled grimly. That prophesy is a long time in fulfillment, he thought, out of the sense of his own imbittered life, and a glancing memory of war and evil still in the world. He was not alone in that fashion of looking at the matter. Not few are they wholly comprehend the meaning of the words, "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth and hath long patience for it." But hark! there was Miss Huntley's voice again, resolving him simply into a listener. "On earth, peace!" she sang, first in a minor key, low and tender, then swelling out into the assured tone of a victorious faith that seemed merging into sight. "On earth, peace!" and then again the estatic, adoring strain, "Glory, Glory, Glory to God in the highest, in the highest! Amen!"

The choir had finished rehearsal and were standing in the aisle. The last cross and anchor and festoon of evergreen were in place, and the sexton stood ready to turn off the lights and leave the church in silence till the morrow. As Percey Vail and Spencer Grey came down from the chancel together, Miss Huntley, who was standing in conversation with the organist, put out a detaining hand, saying:

"Can I ask a kindness at your hands Mr. Grey! I have a visit to make that must not be delayed, and Mr. Ringgold," indicating the organist, "who was to have seen me safe, has just received an imperative summons in another direction. I am a little afraid to go out so late by myself."

"I am happy to be at your service, Miss Huntley. I will see you later in the evening, Vail," he said, as he parted with his friend at the church door.

Riverdale had not grown yet into a very large town, and a short walk took them from St. Paul's into the busiest thoroughfare. Of course there was enough to talk about in what they saw, and Miss Huntley had not yet indicated their destination. As they neared the lower end of the street and the poorer part of the town, Miss. Huntley paused before a large grocery store, and said, "I must first go in here." A little surprised, Spencer Grey followed her in. His surprise was not lessened by the thoroughly practical nature of her purchases; but he said to himself, "for some old servant, probably, to whom Christmas gifts, if prized, need to be useful."

On such a busy evening there was no one to be spared to carry Miss Huntley's parcels; so Mr. Grey, calling for a basket, requested to be allowed to show himself a safe carrier, and going out into the starlight street where the lamps shone farther apart, said gaily, "Which way shall I follow, my lady?"

Miss Huntly smiled. "You think I am taking you into strange quarters for my visit, but we have not much further to go. Just after turning the second corner in front of us we shall find the place. It is the home of a poor woman and her children who are really in need, and to whom I was not told until late this afternoon. I came down then, but was obliged to hurry away to rehersal, and promised to return before going home. If there had not been need I should not have ventured to tresspass on your time."

"I can only say again that I am glad to have the time to place at your disposal. But may I ask, have you many such visits as this to make?"

He made the inquiry a little curiously, having quite settled it in his own mind that charitable visiting was not one of the occupations indulged in by young ladies in society. Laura did it sometimes; but then Laura was his sister, and quite an exception he thought. It was curious how his belief that one woman, years before, had played him false, had embittered his mind and warped his judgment. He rarely entered ladies' society. "Gay creatures, who cared for nothing but their plumage and the their conquest"—he called them. This particular one had a marvelous voice, and so was of somewhat greater interest than the rest. But of all this Lillian Huntley was ignorant as she answered him quietly.

"Yes; these are hard times as you know, are doubly hard on the very poor, and one must make many such visits. But here we are at our stopping-place."

At the top of a long flight of rickety stairs Miss Huntly knocked at one of the doors that opened from the landing. It was opened by a pale-faced, thinly clad little girl, perhaps seven years old. There were two younger children in the room, also pale and hungry looking. But there was a bright fire in the little stove; and bending over it a woman worn and weak, looking scarcely able to stand, was broiling a bit of savory meat. On the uncovered deal table stood butter and a loaf of bread, with a few earthen dishes. As the door opened the woman looked up with an eager, pleased smile. "I thought it must be you, Miss Huntley. You see the things you ordered have come, and as soon as I could get the fire kindled fairly I put the meat on, for the little ones are hungry."

"We have brought a few things you are sure to need," answered Miss Huntley. "Let me introduce my friend Mr. Grey, Mrs. Marion." If the introduction had been to a queen of fashion in her own drawing-room it could not have been given in a more punctilious fashion. Spencer Grey bowed with grave courtesy, and placed the basket on the table, took the chair which Mrs. Marion offered him. Lillian sat down for a few moments, but presently she said,

"We will not stay long this time, but I will see you very soon again. If you will be so kind as to empty the basket I know that Mr. Grey will gladly return it to Stone's, and save you the walk in the morning."

Mr. Grey bowed acquiescense. As they rose to go Mrs. Marion spoke with deep feeling, "Miss Huntley you must let me thank you again, for your sympathy and helpful words to-day, even more than for your gifts. And I thank the dear Lord for sending you to me in my bitterest need."

"You have trusted Him, Mrs. Marion, and he does care for those who cast their care on Him."

It was spoken in the tone of calm assurance, of certain experience of the thing she said. There was something in it that, to one hearer, recalled her singing, in the anthem that evening.

He found himself asking again the question of an hour ago—was it then, truly, the fullness of devotion that inspired that tone? This time he found a conviction growing in him that it must be so, although he had drifted so far from faith himself as almost to disbelieve its very existence in others. He looked with interest at the woman whom, apart from her voice, he had thought scarce worthy of remembering before. They walked in almost entire silence to her home, each busy with thought. At her door he calmly spoke:

"Miss Huntley! is this faith then real to you? Is what you said—and sang—to-night an actual thing in you? Do you really believe all that is implied in your words to that poor woman?"

"With all my heart!" she answered, in a steadfast, serious voice.

"Forgive me for such abrupt questioning. You would if you knew! Good night."

"Good night!"

He was gone, pacing the streets with unquiet steps. He could not resolve his own mood. It was something very different from that with which he had walked his study when he said he had forgotten what the Christmas spirit was like—when he had adopted Tennyson's lament with such bitter emphasis. How should he know that the Lord cares even for those who have not learned to cast their care on him? How should he guess the early evening to be but a preparation for that which was still to come—that the song of songs to which he had listened, the incident of its practical carrying out he had witnessed, bore a lesson for him?

It was nine o'clock when he entered Percy Vail's parlor.

He found his sister there, and the promised supper waiting. That over they adjourned to Mrs. Vail's cozy sitting room.

On some excuse of unfinished Christmas preparations the ladies presently disappeared. The host paced the room deep in thought while his guest read. At last Percy spoke:

"Grey, I need not ask you whether you remember Mrs. Winstanley—Helen Alton—though you never speak her name. No, you need not motion me to silence. I have something to say that must be said. We all lost sight of her after she went to Texas with her husband. Two months ago she came back to Riverdale, and the very next day she sent for Mrs. Vail.

"Winstanley had died a year before, and she was herself dying. She had a little girl with her, five years old, her only child. Before her death, and she lived only a few days, she told my wife and your sister Laura, her story of your separation. There are none of us who think that the fault was wholly hers.

"I think your own heart must have told you you were too exacting and suspicious that summer at Nahaut. She has gone—and that cannot be recalled. But she left her little girl unprovided for. She has been with us since her mother's death, for Mrs. Vail promised to care for her, and told Helen so. She has waited till Christmas, hoping the season might help to plead her cause."

There was dead silence in the room.

Spencer Grey's face was hidden in his folded arms. His friend went out and left him to wrestle with the angels.

Who can guess how the bygone years marshalled themselves before him, bringing the face and the sweet voice and the winning ways of his early love!

He had parted from her in bitterness, and he had let that bitterness submerge almost his whole life. He had allowed it to sweep away his faith in all women. More than that he had suffered it to undermine his trust in God.

Was not the fault, as Vail had said, at least in part his own? And she had gone away from life, out of the reach of reconciliation or forgiveness! If he could but call her back long enough for that!

But her little girl—Winstanley's child! bearing her father's name, perchance her father's face! How could he take and keep before him such a remembrance of the past? Laura wished it, and Laura and Helen had been friends, closer than Helen and Mrs. Vail! The storm in his soul waged fiercer yet.

Suddenly across the storm swept the sound of the Christmas anthem, the angel's song. He seemed again to hear Lillian Huntley's glorious soaring voice chanting "Glory to God in the highest! On earth peace!" the two were joined—the peace on earth, the ascription of glory to the Giver of peace! And, "He cares for you."

Had he heard these words spoken to some one a little while ago? Might their meaning then reach far enough to include him—his past life—this evening's pain? Neither Percy Vail and his wife, nor Laura Grey, knew how the Lord had been preparing the way before them.

Spencer Grey lifted his face at last. He rose and walked the room. Then Laura, hearing his step, ventured in.

She led in with her a lovely child whom, with no word spoken, she lifted and placed in her brother's arms. The child was like her mother. Spencer looked into her face a moment steadfastly, then bent his head to kiss the innocent lips.

"Her name is Helen!" then said the sister, and went out, leaving the two—the strong man with his bitterness subdued, and the beautiful child—together. The angel had conquered.

The Christmas spirit had come back to Spencer Grey's heart. The angel's song was singing itself in his spirit yet more tenderly than he had heard it sung in the organ loft at St. Paul's.

That was two years ago. Do you need the story finished? Little Helen grows in favor and in sweetness. Lillian is still soprano singer in the choir of St. Paul's, but she is Lillian Huntley no longer. Spencer Grey, listening to his wife's marvelous voice, gives thanks always for the evening when, unknown to herself, she aided in gaining for him victory through submission.

A Long Bridal Tour.

A correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press* tells this very interesting story:

Reading about bridal tours permit me to relate a strange experience. Some months after the close of the war, a gentleman residing in Texas overtook on the road a well dressed soldier. The soldier was accompanied by a pretty, neat-looking girl of apparently about eighteen years of age. She carried a bundle in her hand.

The soldier stopped to ask directions about the road. The gentleman found the stranger was a confederate soldier returning to his home in Texas with his wife. He invited the stranger home with him to dinner. The soldier—a fine-looking Texan—told his story. His home, he said, was on the Neuceas. He belonged to Johnson's army, and had gone through all the various fortunes of a soldier—been once wounded, and twice a prisoner.

In one of his various wanderings he had met and fallen in love with the daughter of a widow residing in the northern part of South Carolina. The widow's husband had fallen at the battle of Manassas.

The widow, from competence found herself reduced almost to want.

When the war closed our soldier went to the house of his intended mother-in-law, and for a month worked with all his might, mending fences and putting the farm in the best order he could; then thinking it time to see about matters at home and his old mother in southern Texas, of whom he had not heard one word for two years, he prepared to return, but it was hard for him to leave his sweetheart, especially when he was unable to perceive when he could make money enough to return to her.

She settled the matter by saying she was going with him. So one morning they were married, and started for Texas on foot, with knapsacks on their backs, and with out a cent of money.

"But," said the bride, "we found people very kind. We made friends all along the road,; we were never turned off at night, we always got plenty to eat, and the people would often make us little presents of money."

"We would frequently overtake a wagoner, who would give us a ride as far as he was going our way. When we came through New Orleans we had to get passes to cross the river. The northern general noticed that my shoes were nearly worn out, whispered something to one of his aids, who went out and came back with a pair of shoes, and the general asked if I would oblige him by accepting them. I have them on now.

"When we left he shook hands with both of us, and said we were a 'plucky young couple.' When I get to my husband's home I shall have traveled over six hundred miles—and most of it on foot. I would not take anything in the world for my trip. I have found everybody so kind and good to us both."

The young husband looked into his wife's bright face and smiled, as though he thought he saw there the reason why every one was so very kind.

"But were you not afraid to come so far with a wild Texan?" some one asked.

"Oh, no!" was the smiling reply. "I always liked the Texans—they make such brave soldiers."

"You have indeed proved that you like one of them."

After dinner the gentleman had his carriage brought around, and carried them a day's journey homeward.

As he shook hands with the bride, all wished her a pleasant journey.

"Oh, never fear that," she answered. "I am almost home—a hundred miles or two isn't much. I am happy as a queen."

They drove on—the happiest couple ever seen. Now wasn't she a heroine?

I do not think that many women would have undertaken such a bridal tour.

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.—*Advance.*

There are about four hundred species of minerals known; but the varieties of these species are almost infinite. For example, carbonate of lime exists as chalk, marble, spar, lithographic stones, etc.

An expressman's fish C. O. D.

A Catamount in a Trap.

A recent letter from Monticello, N. Y., to a New York paper, says: Catamounts have not been so numerous and bold for years, and the dreaded lynx has made its presence known in the Black Lake region. The appearance of these animals, all deadly enemies of the deer, is certain evidence that their prey is here in unusual numbers this season. Wm. Puleson, a bark peeler, while passing through the Beaver Kill wood heard a loud howling proceeding from a spot some distance to his right. He was unarmed, but crawled steadily toward the place until he was able to see two huge catamounts feasting on a doe they had killed. He carried the news to the nearest settlement. Three men armed with guns proceeded to the spot.

The animals had disappeared, after burying the remains of the deer's carcass. This meant that the catamounts had satisfied their appetites for the time and had secreted what was left of their feast to be eaten at some future time. This is one of the habits of the catamount. As the safest and surest way to capture at least one of the animals, a large steel trap was buried at the side of the carcass.

On going to it next day the hunters found one of the crtamounts fast by a hind leg in the trap. The men desired to secure it alive, but no one dared approach near enough to put a rope over its head. Its rage was such that it made violent efforts to spring upon its captors. One of them finally approached with a long pole, which he expected to pass over the animal's neck and hold it tight to the ground, while others tied its legs together. When the man was ten feet away the catamount made such strong surgings and springs forward to meet him that it tore its leg apart, and thus released from the trap sprang upon him before he was aware of the situation. It set its teeth in the pole not two inches from where one of the hunter's hands grasped it. Both fore paws seized the pole, and the one hind claw struck the hunter above the right knee, tearing the flesh for nearly a foot and at least half an inch deep. The hunter dropped the pole and rushed back to where his companions stood gazing with terror on the unexpected attack of the infuriated animal.

The catamount crouched for a spring in the midst of the hunters, but a rifle ball from one of them broke its fore shoulder and another shot gave it a mortal wound. No trace of its mate had been seen, but while the men were looking at the catamount they had killed, as it lay stretched on the ground, the unmistakable cry of the other was heard off in the woods. It came nearer and nearer until the animal sprang into an open space near the hunters, and confronted them with glaring eyes. It crouched a moment and then mounted to the branches of a chestnut tree, where, lying flat on the limb, it prepared for a spring on any one who ventured near enough. It was shot through the head with a rifle ball. For at least half a minute it hung suspended from the limb by the powerful claws of its fore legs, and then fell with a fearful yell to the ground, where it soon died.

Anecdote of Zack Chandler.

When Mr. Chandler was in the Department of the Interior, at Washington, a man called one morning at his office. Introducing himself, he said. "Mr. Chandler, I presume it is your intention to have none but correct persons in your department?"

"That is my intention."

"Well, sir, do you know that you have a woman in one of the bureaus of your department who is of bad character?"

"No, sir; I do not know that I have any such person in my department."

"I thought you didn't, Mr. Chandler, so I decided to come and inform you."

The name of the clerk has given, and the charges made against her still more explicit. Mr. Chandler listened quietly, and finally picked up a pen and handed it to his caller.

"Just put that down in writing sir, and if it is true, I will dismiss the woman.

The accuser hesitated, and said: "Now I hope, Mr. Chandler you will not connect my name with the matter. I don't want to be known."

The Secretary thereupon leaned back in his chair, and said: "You know all about this woman, and I know nothing about her, except what you state to me. But you want to put a stain on her reputation upon charges you are unwilling to substantiate with your name. Never! Leave the office!"

Upon the abrupt departure of the visitor so dismissed, Mr. Chandler turned to one of his clerks, and said: "He belongs to the class of people who do not hesitate to ruin a person, but don't want to assume the responsibility of their acts. I cannot be a party in any such transactions.

Apples for Cattle Feed.

In answer to a question as to the relative nutritive value of apples as food fer cattle and hogs, compared with corn or turnips or common feed, the Massachusetts *Ploughman* says:

Careful experiments in feeding ripe apples to cattle, make their relative value with corn, one bushel of apples to from six to eight quarts of corn. As the query does not designate what kind of turnips, it is difficult to state the relative value, as there is a great difference in the nutritive qualities of the several varieties. It would probably require two bushels of the English flat turnip to be equal to one bushel of ripe apples. Farmers should always keep in mind the fact that ripe apples are much more nutritive than green.

The rain annually carries to the earth a quantity of nitrate and ammonia equivalent to three pounds per acre.

Eli Perkins at Mentor.

ASHTABULA, O., Nov. 19—When I got to Garfield's Mentor farm, I looked to see the growing crops; but I didn't see any.

"Didn't the General raise anything here this summer?" I asked the hired man.

"Certainty, sir; but everything's been carried off as mementoes by the visiting delegations.

"What! Carrots and beets? Have they carried them all off?" I asked.

"Lord bless yer, yes; and cabbage too. The visiting delegations have cleaned the farm. The German delegation carried off the last cabbage; and last week the Irish delegation carried of the last potato. Pumpkins went last June. The Indiana delegation took 'em; and after Grant and Conkling and Cameron left, we could not find a briar wood pipe or a meerschaum holder on the place. You ought to have heard the General talk, though, when they carried off his carrots.

"Why who carried off his carrots?"

"Well, the last delegation was a door-yard full of women from Cleveland. Of course they looked around for flowers in the garden; but, when they couldn't find even a poppy to I, they went out and dug up the General's carrots; and you'll see them now in the parlor windows at Cleveland. A clergyman down at Youngstown keeps a cabbage on his piano. He says Garfield presented it to the visiting clergymen. An Illinois man, the chairman of the workingman's delegation, carried off the front gate. A delegation of business men carried off a barrel of pork and two firkins of butter. But the worst of all was the editorial delegation.

"What did the editors do?"

"Why, they carried off the family Bible, and the lids to the cooking stove; and the next morning you ought to have heard the General's remarks when he had to go over to Dr. Robinson's to attend family prayers."

"The delegations of friends often filled up the house didn't they?" I asked.

"Well I should say they did. The night after Cameron and Grant came, Gen. Garfield slept in the barn, and Mrs. Garfield stood up in her night clothes in the hall all night long. It was a common thing to put eight or nine Senators into the same room. Even John Logan slept on the floor with the children, and Conkling slept between two colored delegates from Indiana."

"But the General has his house left?" I suggested, looking around.

"Yes, the house is here, and that well. They couldn't carry the house off. In fact, for the last week relics have been furnished by the General's neighbors. This has saved the house. Dr. Robinson sent over eight loads of turnips yesterday. Mr. Aldrich says he will bring over several liters of pigs to-morrow; and Mr. Johnson brought over pumpkins enough this morning to supply us until the inauguration. That is what sent the General up to Cleveland—to get more spoons and crockery after the visiting clergymen left.

ELI PERKINS.

A Cunning Old Man

"Many chestnuts 'round here?" asked one of the three city boys who met an aged, benevolent-looking farmer. The old man hesitated.

"You don't want to steal 'em?" he asked.

"Oh, no, we just wanted to find out."

"Well, there's a few trees back there, but if I thought you wanted to steal them I wouldn't have told you, for the owner's gone to town; but you are bright, honest-looking boys."

The boys blushed with the pride of conscious goodness.

"When will the owner be back?"

"Well, not before dark, I reckon."

The boys respectfully thanked the old man, waited till he got out of sight, jumped the fence and were soon shaking down the burrs.

The shaking was easy, but the opening of the chestnut burrs was more difficult and unpleasant. At last the boys had a splendid pile of handsome brown nuts on the ground, and they prepared to put them in the bags they had br