Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald,

[illegible]

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 31. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1539.

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 larger 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. Dunmerty, who first introduced my goods into many parts of the county.

I will strive, as in the past, to give first class goods at full value in all.

New customers and those we failed to find last year, will please address card to

WM. S. MORGAN,
Quemahoning, Pa.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)

SOMERSET, PA.

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

WALTER ANDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

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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,

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.

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.

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 Berkey, late deceased, viz:

A tract of land situate in Paint Twp., Somerset county, Pa., containing [illegible] acres more or less, of which there are about 1[illegible]0 acres cleared, 20 acres in meadow, having a large two-story brick Dwelling House, Bank Barn, and other outbuildings thereon erected, also a good Apple Orchard thereon, adjoining lands of Frederick Ott, Simon Berkey, John Geisel, Emanuel Rummel 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 sold subject to a dower of $2,922 83 the interest of which is payable annually to Elizabeth Berkey, and at her death the principal 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 Berkey, dec'd.

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 them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, the 15th day of January, 1881, at residence of David Lohr, dec'd.

HENRY SCHLAG,
Dec. 8 Executor.

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To Elizabeth Kepler, widow, residing at Jenner X Roads Somerset county, Pa., Copeland Kepler, of Hillegas, P. O., Montgomery county, Pa., Reuben Kepler of Crooked Hill, Montgomery county, Pa., Jonathan Kepler, dec'd, who left Hannah Kepler, his widow, and issue, three children viz: Clara Hagy, widow of Keely Hagy, dec'd, of Boyertown, Berks county, Pa. Harry G. Kepler, of Philadelphia, Pa., Sallie Kepler, of Boyertown, Berks Co., Pa., Sophia intermarried with Henry Hood, of Fallon Station, Perkiomen Branch of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, Edward Kepler, of Crooked Hill, Montgomery Co., Pa., Sallie, intermarried with James F. Neal, of No. 2343 North 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa., and Levi Kepler, of Eddington, 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, } EDGAR KYLE,
Dec. 11, 1880. { Dec 15 Sheriff.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Pile & Woy has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books will be left with Mr. Woy, who will carry on the business at the old stand.

JEREMIAH WOY,
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 course, its fidelity to sound principles, and its merits as a newspaper.

For 1881, THE TRIBUNE will try to deserve equally well of the public. [illegible]

THE TRIBUNE will labor for, and it confidently expects [illegible]

[illegible]

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 largest circulation among the best people. This position THE TRIBUNE has earned and means to retain by becoming the medium of the best thought and the voice of the best conscience of the time; by keeping abreast of the highest progress, favoring the freest discussion, hearing all sides, appealing always to the best intelligence and the purest morality, and refusing to cater to the tastes 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' departments, the literary, scientific and religious features, the standard market reports will all be kept up, and, as opportunity offers, extended.

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Postage free in the United States.

DAILY TRIBUNE	$12 00
DAILY TRIBUNE, without Sunday edition	10 00
SUNDAY TRIBUNE	2 00

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Single copy, one year	$3 00
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Ten copies, one year	2 00 each

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Five copies, one year	1 50 each
Ten copies, one year	1 00 each

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

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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 desirable it has ever offered. Note the following:

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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 pronunciation; exhibiting 311,000 references, 118,000 beyond Cruden; marking 30,000 various readings in the New Testament; with the latest information on Biblical Geography and Antiquities, etc., etc. By Robert Young, LL.D., author of a new Literal Translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; Concise Critical Comments on the same; a Grammatical Analysis of the Minor Prophets in Hebrew; Biblical Notes and Queries; Hebrew Grammar, etc. etc.

In one handsome quarto volume, containing over 1,100 three-column 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 that of the Dictionary. [illegible] It is a shelf Concordance, a Greek, Hebrew and English Lexicon of Bible words, and a Scriptural Gazetteer, and will be as 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 scholarly clergyman.

This great work was originally published in England in October, 1879, and was sold for $17. It is now offered 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 five copies one year, or ten copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year.

For $20 the Concordance and twenty copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year.

The postage on the Concordance is 40 cents which the subscriber will remit if wishing it sent by mail. Except for shorter distances the mail will be cheaper than the express.

Our second new premium for this year is the following:

THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE.

Embracing Chamber's Encyclopedia complete, omitting only some of the cuts, with extensive additions by an able corps of American editors, treating about 15,000 additional topics, thoroughly Americanizing the entire work, adding to it over 25 per cent of the latest, freshest and most valuable matter, the whole making 15 Handsome octavo volumes of 3 by 9½ 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 $15 { THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE complete in 15 octavo volumes substantially bound in cloth as above described, and THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE 5 years to one subscriber.

For $20 { THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE as above described, and THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE 5 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 be sent by mail or express at the subscriber's expense. The postage if sent by mail, will be 21 cents per volume. If packages by express, they can be had much cheaper.

PROMPT WORK.

To induce quick work for this great premium we make the following MOST 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.

These books, like the others, will be sent at subscriber's expense by mail or express. The postage on the three volumes will be 21 cents.

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THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE will send at 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 remitting:

$10 for a single five years' subscription in advance, or five one-year subscription to THE WEEKLY, or,

$15 for a single five years' subscription in advance, or five one year subscriptions to THE SEMI-WEEKLY, or one years' subscription to THE DAILY or

$30 for a single three years' subscription in advance 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.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

A farmer traveling with his load,
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn door,
That Luck might down upon him pour;
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife,
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astounded man.
His hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
The rats devoured the fallen legs;
His corn, that never failed before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died or went astray;
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drought baked the sod,
And roasted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;
The staves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the hooping cough,
And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together felt inclined:
In short it was no use to try
While all the land was in a fry.

One [illegible], demoralized with grief,
The farmer clamored for relief;
And prayed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed the land;
Why house and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along,
To whom he told with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe,
The farmer brought it into view;
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright and quickly said,
"No wonder skies upon you frown—
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down!
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,
And showers began to swell the ground;
The sunshine laughed among the grain,
And heaps on heaps piled up the wain;
The loft his hay could hardly hold,
His cattle did as they were told;
His fruit trees needed sturdy props
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potatoe fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And now the merry farmer sings
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Nail up the horseshoe the right way."

—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

THE GOLDEN TULIP.

"What is the price of that plant, my friend?" I asked of the little German florist at the corner shop.

The man named exactly the sum which I possessed in the whole world, and I paid it and took the flower.

"Were you mad?" I hear a reader ask. No, friend. I was only in love.

The lady of my heart had a weakness for rare flowers, and I felt sure that she would prize such a gift beyond expression. Therefore I forgot the various persons, to whom the sum that I expended was due for value received, and felt happy with the great pot with its nodding foliage in my arms.

It was the rarest tulip I had ever seen. I was not skilled enough in the varieties of flowers to know whether the man told me the truth or not when he said that only he possessed a flower of those colors, and that by certain mystic florist arts he had produced the flower, which he called the "golden tulip." But I felt that it might very well be so when I observed its splendor.

It was almost pure gold, save where, at the bottom of the cup, laid flecks of scarlet and white, and beside it the other tulips on the stand lost their beauty, and looked dull and faded.

The pot in which it was planted was a curiosity, too, a Chinese thing with a perspectiveless picture of a lady walking beside a blue little river, attended by a person with a fan and surrounded by square flowerpots.

The florist offered to send a boy with the pot but I would not permit it; who knew that the plant would arrive whole and sound, and undecapitated at its destination?

I carried it myself high in my arms, the flower out of harm's reach above my head, the leaves fanning my face, and found myself in the presence of Helen Harrington, exactly at the moment when she tripped, watering-pot in hand, into her garden.

Of course she admired the flower, and of course she thanked me, and her smiles were so bewitching and her eyes so bright, and she was so evidently really pleased that I found courage to speak as I had not dared to speak before, and tell her how I loved her.

Then I discovered that she returned my affections, and to end the story as briefly as possible, before we parted we were betrothed.

Certainly, under the circumstances, my trust in Macawber's expectation of "something turning up" was remarkable.

I had not a cent in the world, not a patient, though my sign, bright with gilding—"Theodore Holly, M. D."—had glittered on my office door for two months or more, and no wealthy relatives to aid me in time of need.

Yet I asked a girl accustomed to refinement, if not luxury, to keep house for me in a year's time with as much *sang froid* as a millionaire could have exhibited, as coolly as I had spent my last dime (promised to my landlady that very evening) upon a tulip!

I intended vaguely to be rich some day, of course—every man does—and I had no doubt that luck would change before long.

Therefore I felt no compunctions of conscience, but went right home in a merry mood, thinking myself the happiest fellow under the sun.

Of course, I expected that my course of love would run on smoothly; but before the next day had passed I found out my mistake. I had an early caller in the morning, no other than Helen's father, a stout old gentleman with an imposing manner and a loud voice, and a general air of well-to-do respectability quite annihilating to one of my peculiar disposition and habits.

Hitherto, however, he had been very gracious to me, and I was quite unprepared for the angry frown with which he stalked into my untidy room as I opened the door for him.

My heart sank, but I placed a chair for him, and assuming my sweetest smile, remarked that we were having "charming weather."

"Charming fiddlesticks!" was his answer.

"I did not come here to talk about the weather, and you know it. Don't you consider yourself a precious rascal, sir?"

I started at him in amazement.

"No one has ever dared to call me one, sir," I answered. "I——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the old gentleman. "No affectation with me. You know you are one. A pretty fellow indeed, to ask a girl to marry him within the year. What do you mean by it?"

"That I love her, sir," I said.

"Bah!" cried the old gentleman. "Lov—a fine love, indeed. When we love people we have some consideration for their comfort. What is your wife, if you ever have one, going to live on, sir? All, sir, like a chameleon? Good heavens! your impudence surprises me."

"We must all have a beginning, sir," I said. "You had yours, I believe."

"A beginning," cried the old man. "I did not begin by associating with wild young fellows whose very acquaintance was ruinous to my reputation. I did not spend my nights drinking or gambling. I did not waste my substance in riot. I did not spend the hours which should have been devoted to study in recovering from the effects of whisky and beer. A new way to rise in the world! And that is your way. You don't deny it. Rise! you'll sink down to the very gutter. What right have you to ask a girl to marry you?"

I put my head down on my hands, and hid my face for very shame. It was all true enough. I was reckless, wild, unsteady. Yet I tried to falter forth an assertion that I was not so bad as some men after all, and that I intended to have a large practice, and be steady and prosperous some day.

Above all that I loved Helen better than my life; which was true enough, heaven knew.

"Good intentions pave the lower regions," said the old gentleman, when I had finished.

Speaking rather more kindly than before, but still decidedly:

"I cannot give my daughter to one who has given no proof that, he intends to put them into practice. But, aside from your habits, I have always liked you. I think you might, if you choose, become an honor to your profession, and rise in the world in every sense; and since Helen has given her heart to you, I will make a compromise. You are both young. You can afford to wait on each other. Abandon your evil habits, go to some distant city, then work hard, and try to become worthy of the love of a good woman, and at the end of three years return. Then, if you are what you should be, you may have my daughter."

Three years! It seemed an eternity to a young and ardent lover, but Helen was the only girl in the world for me, and I had only the choice of my obeying her father's mandate or parting from her forever.

Besides, the old gentleman was right; my companions and my habits had not won me the regard of our own town, where the medical students were almost a public nuisance from their wildness and dissipation.

I resolved to do what I knew would ultimately be for the best; and having declared my resolution, found a friend in the old merchant.

He gave me letters of introduction to persons of influence in San Francisco, loaned me the wherewithal for my journey, and wished me well. But he forbade me to write to Helen during my absence, or to communicate with her in any way.

"If your love is worth anything it will live without *billet doux* for three years," he said, and Helen had never disobeyed her father.

"He is very kind, Theodore," she said, "and we may trust him at his age to know what is best for us."

So in a few weeks we parted, and no one can blame me, loving her as I did, if the moment was one of intense sadness.

Three years—three weary years before I might see her sweet young face again, and one of us might die, or another might take my place in her heart! Who could tell? I felt sure of myself, but how could I be sure of her? Who was so beautiful so good, and so everyway charming that others than myself must also be enamored of her, and strive to win her?

"Do not forget me," I pleaded, as I kissed her lips at parting, and she promised to be true to me until we met.

My last glimpse of her was taken as I turned my head and saw her waving her handkerchief to me from the window, on the sill of which my golden tulip in the Chinese pot nodded its gorgeous head in the breeze as though it were also bidding me adieu.

I shall say nothing of my voyage to California, nor of my first struggles in the city of San Francisco. Enough that I abandoned my habits of dissipation, and became steady and industrious.

I established a small practice almost immediately. It increased. I did my best to earn the favor of my patients by thinking of their real benefit, instead of merely grasping at my fees, and considering the sufferer who had turned to me for aid only so many "good curses."

Doctors would often succeed better in this way than any other—I found it so at least; and my health and strength of body and mind were augumented by the regular life I led, despite the severe mental labor I imposed upon myself.

I thought of my dear Helen constantly, and a letter from her would have been very precious.

I believe it would have been kinder in her father to have permitted a correspondence. I suffered much anxiety on her account, which might thus have been avoided. But I had promised to submit patiently, and I worked without intermission, thus leaving myself as little time for thought as possible.

There were women, of course, within my circle of acquaintance, who were neither old nor ugly, but they never made the least impression on my heart.

What were they when compared to my dear Helen?

I even shunned society; not from any fear of their fascinations, but because it involved expense, and my object was economy.

And so the three years passed, and at their end I found myself with a fine practice, splendid health, a sum of money laid away for a rainy day, and every wild habit of youth discarded.

It is needless to say that when the moment my time of probation had expired, I lingered no longer.

Confiding my patients to a brother physician on whose skill I relied, I took passage for New York at once, and arrived there upon a glorious October day, with a heart beating wildly with the emotions which were naturally born of the near approach of my reunion with my dear Helen.

I only lingered in the city long enough to banish the traces of travel from my person, and then, dressed as becomingly as I knew how—for who ever forgot personal appearances on such an occasion?—I jumped upon a train of cars which ran through the town where I had parted, three years ago, from my darling.

The time of the journey was four hours—it seemed almost an eternity to me.

I could scarcely wait for the train to slacken speed when the town was reached.

I strained my eyes to catch sight of the poplars that grew above her dwelling, and rather ran than walked down the wide street which led to the green lane on which Mr. Harrington's mansion stood, when a scene met my eyes that transfixed me to the ground in horror.

The poplars stood green and tall as ever, but beyond them rose one ruined wall, with empty windows, and at its foot a heap of rubbish, charred and blackened, and telling, as I thought of a recent conflagration.

I was too much overcome to move for many moments, but at last I summoned courage to make inquiries with a throbbing heart.

I walked up to an old woman who stood at an opposite door, and asked her if she could tell me where to find Mr. Harrington.

She shook her head.

"No," she said; "nor no one in the place. They went away in the night, and we've never heard of 'em. Perhaps you'r a friend of theirs?"

"Yes, yes," I gasped tell me all you know."

"You see Mr. Harrington failed two years ago," said the woman, "and that crushed him down, and then the bank broke where he had a little left after things were settled, and then some one set his house on fire, and he was so burnt that he lost his sight, and they couldn't bear, I suppose, to live where they'd lived so well, as they'd have to live, and so they went away secret like, and hain't been seen since, nor heard of. They did say she was married, but that may be nonsense, and some say they're in New York, but it's all guess work. Why, how pale you look! You are a relation, are you?"

But I could not answer her. I leaned against the door-way, faint and ill.

It was to hear this at last that I had struggled with fate and denied my heart a glimpse of her I loved for all these years.

The old woman was right. No one knew more than she. I went to New York and searched for her for months, I advertised, but all in vain.

At last believing that I had indeed been forgotten, and that the tale of her marriage was true, I settled down in that city as a physician, determined at least to be worthy of her and to live the life which I had lived for her sake.

And so two more years passed without a glimpse of her.

One Christmas Eve, the fifth year of our parting, I sat alone in my office, and could have wept with loneliness.

What was the wealth and fame I now might confidently hope to win, if her smiles did not bless me, if no wife ever sat beside my heart, and no child called me father? I began to wonder whether it might not be better for me to find some woman worthy of respect and admiration, and bestow upon her what remains of a heart I had to give, ere I grew cold and selfish in my loneliness. And as I thought thus, a woman came rapping at my door to beg me to come at once to 47——street, where an accident had happened.

I hurried on my overcoat and hat and followed her.

It was a tipsy hod-carrier who had scalded himself with boiling punch, and it was no easy task to bind up his wounds and convince him that he was in no danger, if he would obey my instructions and refrain from tippling.

Consequently it was late when I hurried down stairs on my way home.

All the lamps in the house were lit, and over the table of a rather respectable room on the lower floor flamed a jet of gas. Its sharp hissing—for it was turned on too far—attracted me.

I glanced at it, and remained riveted to the spot.

Beneath it, on the table, stood the "golden tulip" I had given five years before.

The same flower in the same pot, but covered with a glass case.

Without pausing to think of the propriety of the act, I strode in and bent over it. Then I saw it was made of wax—the flower, at least. The pot must be, I knew, the very same.

It was not my tulip, but its portrait from life. I struck with my cane upon the table, and a dingy little girl ran in.

"To whom does this belong?" I asked.

The girl stared.

"It's her's," she said. "She makes 'em. It's wax."

"Yes, yes," I said, remembering on the instant that wax flower-making was a favorite amusement of Helen's. "Let me see her."

The girl ran away.

I waited in intense anxiety, expecting my darling, sure that I should see her, my heart palpitating, my hands trembling.

At the sound of a step upon the stair I started to my feet and stood ready to clasp her to my arms; but alas, only a stout, elderly female, with a vulgar face and course, red hair, entered.

I shrunk back as she stared at me in surprise, and strove to compose myself.

"I desire to see the lady that made this," I said.

"That's me, sir. I dispose of 'em," she answered. "What can I do for you."

"You!" I faltered. "I beg that you will tell me from what that flower was copied, and where you obtained the vase."

She looked at me in amazement.

"Honestly," she said. "But bless you, you're not ill?"

"No," I said, "but that flower is an old friend of mine; I will pay any sum for information in regard to it."

The woman looked at me doubtfully. I laid a bill on the table.

"Tell me all you know of the plant from which this was copied," I remarked.

She smiled—her fingers touched the money.

"It's breaking," she said, "but I'll own up. I didn't make it—I could not; but you see a lady does 'em that boards with me. I was her servant once, and she's come down to earn her living that way. That ain't for sale. It's one she made for herself to keep, a flower she was fond of, before her eyes. But she makes others—beauties—and she supports herself and blind father by it. He's very proud, and won't let it be known. So I pretend it's me, and sell 'em."

My heart beat rapturously.

"Is she here?" I asked: "in this house?"

The woman answered that they were, but "would see no one."

"Give her this card," I said: "she will see me."

And I waited once more in the little parlor—this time not in vain, for in a few moments the door opened once more, and I clasped my Helen, as beautiful and charming as when I left her, to my bosom.

The tale was soon told. She loved me still, and we were married, and beside our happy fireside the old merchant ended his happy days in peace and tranquility, and died blessing us.

And still upon a stand in one of our apartments nods the waxen tulip in all its golden splendor; and when I look upon it I often think how small a price I paid for it compared to its worth, for who would have thought that when in my extravagance I gave all that I possessed for a flower, that through its means I should have found at last the joy and comfort which now crown my last days—that by its means my love should be returned to me?

How The Supreme Court is Opened.

To begin with, there is a degree of dignity and stately bearing about the Court and its members which permeates even to the most humble attache. There is a quiet in the court room which recalls the Sabbath of the Covenanters. Whoever enters the involuntary feeling comes on that the room is set aside only for the contemplation of the sober side of life, and woe to him who gibes or jokes in the presence of the Court. The Court is opened in about this fashion:

At 12 o'clock (noon) the Justices come in from the consulting room and take their seats on the Bench. Away to the left of the chambers is seen a youthful officer, whose business is to catch the first glimpse of the advancing Judges. Then comes three raps with a ponderous gavel by the same officer. This is meant as a signal for the audience to rise. Then, with the Chief Justice in advance, the Judges enter from the right of the chamber. To the rear of the Justices' seats is an aisle. In the centre is an arched entrance for the Chief Justice. Through this aisle the Judges file and take position on the right and left. None enters until the Chief Justice emerges from the centre entrance. After all have filed in the Chief Justice makes a graceful obeisance to the standing audience. Then the Justices take seats, a stroke of the gavel is made and the audience seats itself. The opening of the Court falls upon a youthful official. It is after the old English form:

"Oh, yea; oh, yea," etc., and concludes with the words:

"God bless the honorable Supreme Court."

The Court is now ready for business. All Justices are clad in black silk gowns with an ecclesiastical cut. In the dispatch of business the Chief is quite expeditious. He is always ready with a reply to a question, and eminently satisfactory. The Justices on the Bench assumed different attitudes. Justice Miller sinks down low in his chair, and but little can be seen of him but the top of his head; so also does Justice Bradley. The Chief Justice sits erect most of the time, when not hearing an argument, busy in consulting the colendar. Judge Harlan is the most striking in appearance of any of the Judges. He is tall, well built and sits erect.

They Tumbled to his Racket.

A Detroiter who was traveling in Isabella county on business last week was approached by a leading citizen of a small village and asked to make a political speech in front of the hotel in the evening. When he asked what kind of a speech they wanted, the spokesman replied:

"Well we are sort 'o split up here. We've got some Democrats, some Republicans, a few Greenbackers, one or two Communists, and about a dozen men who don't hang to any party nor believe in a God. We'd like a neutral speech. Don't hit anybody, but make all feel good. We are going to make up a shake-purse to buy candles and hire music, and all of us must be treated alike."

The Detroiter thought the matter over and concluded to oblige. When evening came he was hero of the hour. There was quite a respectable gathering, general good feeling, and he was introduced with a grand hurrah. It was impossible to make a political speech under the restrictions imposed, and he therefore hoped to get away with them on oratory. When all were ready he began:

"As great and grand as is our country—as rapid as has been its increase—as amazing as has been its inventions—we may look to the future for great results."

This was considered pretty good, and he was given three cheers and a tiger. Feeling enthused he went on.

"Fires may rage—floods may come—famine may cast his black shadow over the land—"

Here there were yells, whoops, cat-calls, hisses and hoots, and the crowd melted away like frosted cake at a picnic. The Detroiter was thunder-struck. One man was still left, and to him he appealed for the excuse for such singular conduct.

"Well you see, the boys have been caught on that once or twice and it has become old."

"Caught! Old! What do you mean?"

"Why, they knew you were going to finish with "but nothing will ever be invented which will knock a cold as quick as Mr. Kyan's cough syrup." We are up in the woods here, but the boys tumble to a racket almost by telegraph."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Knowing Dog.

Anecdotes of dogs abound. Perhaps nine out of ten which appear in the public prints are manufactured. Captain Marryatt and Alphonso Kane made them in quantity. Marryatt's best was about the Newfoundland dog who, having half a dozen hats to carry in his mouth, assorted them as to size, shoving one into the other until he made a nest of them, and thus showed his superior intelligence. Here is a story about a dog which seems authentic, as it is vouched for by the owner of the animal and a number of newsdealers. The dog belongs to suburban New York, where the houses are far apart. Buster's master taught him six months ago to fetch a New York daily paper, which the newsdealer left at the garden gate, some 100 yards from the house. Buster did the work punctually and with great intelligence up to a recent date. Since that time, however, Buster has brought to his master not only his own particular paper, but all the newspapers, irrespective of politics, which had been left at neighbors' doors within the area of a half-mile. This became such a nuisance and caused so much trouble that Buster now goes muzzled until nine o'clock in the morning, at which time it is supposed that all the newspapers have been secured by their legitimate owners. This same Buster has, however, one very excellent trait. When he was a puppy, wanting to be petted, he would never allow any one to keep their hands in thier pockets. A hand to him was something to be used to fondle him with. Now that he is three years old, he still believes that human hands are out of place in pockets. No matter, then, who is seen by Buster with his hands in his pockets, he has them removed by the dog. He insists on inserting his head and nose under the person's arm and forcing the hand out of the pocket. This trait of Buster's, uncomfortable for adults, is, of course, very advantageous in regard to the small boys in the family, as the dog never permits one of them to keep his hands in his pockets. Perhaps, if dogs were quite generally trained for this particular purpose, they would be invaluable.

Peep at the Planets.

Neptune the most remote of the planets of the solar system, is about 2,700,000,000 miles from the sun.

It is supposed that Mercury has mountains higher than the Himalayas, and volcanoes in a state of activity.

Out of all the myriad lights in the heavens, the earth is only visible to the Moon, Mars, Mercury and Venus.

The earth is 764 time smaller than Saturn, and its mean distance from us is over 91,000,000 miles.

Uranus can never see us at all, as it is 1,753,000,000 miles from the sun.

The temperature in Mercury is supposed to be seven times hotter than in our torrid zone; therefore if it is inhabited it must be by people very differently constructed from ourselves.

It is believed that Venus has an atmosphere much like ours, and mountain peaks five or six times higher than the Teneriffee, their sides bright with flowers, and birds of brilliant plumage.

Astronomers have calculated that the mountains are extinct volcanoes in the Moon and are higher than any on our earth.

If there were any one on the Moon to see it, the earth would appear to them a magnificent ball. The planets and sun would move behind it in brilliant succession.

Our globe appears to Mars as the morning and evening star.

Women Who Wear Breeches.

The woman who always answers when her husband is spoken to, and considers herself the "better three-quarters" of the household arrangement.

The woman who buys all the provisions and clothing, even her husband's clothes, and buy them always at a bargain.

She never thinks him of any consequence in the family, but regards him as a boarder who eats a great deal and pays nothing, while the family is supported by her own shoulders and forsight, including the "bargains" she is constantly securing.

The woman who always pins her husband's collar and cravat, washes his neck and ears, trims his hair—and pulls it, too, if he is at all refractory—who contradicts him before their children, not allowing him to express an opinion without immediately volunteering one in an opposite direction.

The woman who always demands the money on "pay day," and if her husband ventures to ask for a dollar, she looks at him sharply and asks what he want's it for; says, "there is no need for a man to have money when his wife needs it all to clothe and feed her family."

As soon as there is a hundred dollars ahead she takes it, and deposits it in the bank in her own name, announces to her husband the gratifying intelligence that she has saved a hundred dollars, but does not consider it of any importance to mention where she has deposited the same.

The woman who wears the "breeches" is almost sure to lay by something for a rainy day, as she never allows her husband a day of recreation, although on holidays she usually takes him out with the other children for a little enjoyment.

Her husband always has a quiet, subdued air, and speaks in a very nervous, hasty manner, and looks quietly from under his eyebrows, as if expecting to hear some voice in contradiction.

He has the habit of smoothing the top of his head gently and soothingly as if his hair had recently been pulled.

The woman who wears the "breeches" is usually called "smart" by the men, and a "tyrant" by the women. She speaks of the homestead as "my place" or "my farm," and considers her husband of no account in the buying or selling of cattle.

She knows just how much the pigs will weigh, and the market value of everything the farm produces for sale.

She is close at a bargain, and has been known to go so far as to drive the team and help to load the wood. She always manages the children, and if one of them turns out poorly she says:

"That child is more like his father than all the rest."

Nobody has much love for her, and she has proved eminently able to take care of herself by taking care of the whole family, no one cares much for her.

The woman who wears the breeches always puts her husband to bed first, that he may warm the front side, and then rolls him over to the wall when she gets in, and would make him get up and kindle the fire of a morning, only that she thinks he does not know enough for that.

She understands politics, and her husband votes for the man she tells him to.

How They Missed It.

The following story is told by a gentleman who is intimate with President Hayes and President-elect Garfield and whose personal truthfulness is vouched for by the Cleveland, (O.,) Herald:

"In the little village of Bedford, only twelve miles distant from Cleveland, there lived some thirty years ago two charming and attractive girls. To one of these President Hayes had become an ardent suitor, but the parents of the young lady had vigorously opposed their courtship on the ground that young Hayes was poor, and gave evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant risking their daughters future. The match was broken off, and the lady is to-day married and well known to Cleveland people. The other young lady had received some attention from young Garfield, and was well disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to their intimacy, giving as the reason of their opposition the poverty of young Garfield and the anything but bright prospects of his future. The most remarkable coincidence of the courtship were that both young ladies lived in a village of not more than five hundred inhabitants, and both refused future Presidents of the United States because of their poverty."

Make the Best of Things.

We excuse a man for an occasional depression, just as we endure a rainy day. But who could endure 365 days of cold drizzle? Yet there are men who are, without cessation, sombre and charged with prognostication. We may be born with a melancholy temperament, but there is no reason why we should yield to it. There is a way of shuffling the burden. In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can have. One good laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent is a gun that kicks over the man that shoots it off. Some must have got into heaven backward. Let us stand off from despondencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords. In a world where God has put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the toad to croak, and the fault-finder to complain. Take out-door exercise and avoid late suppers, if you would have a cheerful disposition. The habit of complaint finally drops into peevishness and people become waspish and unapproachable.

A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See adv.—*Times.*