The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 34. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1542.

Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald,

[illegible] every Wednesday morning at $2 00 [illegible] if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, Postmasters neglecting [illegible] as when subscribers not take out papers will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,

Somerset, Pa.

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

B. F. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

GEORGE E. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

PATTERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

[illegible] W. H. KUPPER.

SMITH & KUPPER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

[illegible] entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Office in Mark Cross Street, opposite the Court House.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, [illegible] Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Kooser Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, [illegible] in Real Estate Somerset, Pa., will [illegible] business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

JOHN C. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Office in Main Cross street.

C. E. COLBORN.

COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, [illegible] entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office in Main's Block, Up-stairs.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] to all business entrusted to his care, promptness and fidelity. Office in Coffeenbaugh's Building.

H. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset Pa.

[illegible] entrusted to my care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

J. COTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa. [illegible] services to the public. Claims collected, and all other legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. [illegible] a specialty. [June 2, '80.

H. L. BAER.

BAER & BAER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office adjoining Mansion House.

JOHN S. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] Block, All business entrusted to his care will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

JAMES I. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] Block, up stairs. Entrance, Cook street. Collections made, estates settled promptly, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

ADAM M. HICKS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Somerset, Penn'a. H. S. KIMMEL.

C. M. KIMMELL & SON [illegible] professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the firm can be found at their office, on Main Street, in the Diamond.

D. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of Medicine. Office opposite Charles Koontz. apr. 23, '79.

D. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset. Office in residence on Main street in the Diamond.

D. G. MILLER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, [illegible] South Bend, Indiana, where he may be found when not professionally absent.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS, DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Samuel Hicks, above Hoy's Drug Store, where he can at all times be found prepared to do work, such as filling, regulating, or Artificial Sets of all kinds, in the best material inserted. Operations [illegible]

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross Street, Pa.

PENSION AGENCY. [illegible] of Soldiers in Somerset county, Pa., claims of the Pension, surviving and widows, promptly collected. Bounty and Pay [illegible] to late. Persons wishing [illegible] will address him at the above place, stating discharge and postage [illegible]

DAVIS BROTHERS, HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTERS, Somerset, Penn'a.

AUCTIONEER. PARTIES wishing my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at Public Sale, will find it will give entire satisfaction. Orders by mail promptly attended to. W. A. KOONTZ, Confluence, Pa. Jan. 31.

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN, PENN'A. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the travelling public. The bar will contain only the best of liquors, and the table will be supplied with the best the market can afford. Attached to the house, with a large public hall attached, is a large and roomy stabling. Fine carriages will be had at the lowest prices, by the week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Jacob Walter, late of Milford Twp., Somerset county, Pa., deceased. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Thursday, the 17th day of February, 1881, at the store of Walter A. Troxal, Gebhartsville, Pa. CHARLES A. WALTER, Administrator. Jan. 5

A. J. CASEBEER, President. WM. H. FREASE, Secretary. CHAS. J. HARRISON, Treasurer. J. S. HARTZELL, Manager.

—DIRECTORS:—

ISAAC KAUFMAN, JOS. H. ZIMMERMAN, FD. KIERNAN, ED. KYLE

—SOMERSET—

MECHANICAL WORKS, (Limited.)

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

The Somerset and Petersburg Foundries have been consolidated under the style of the

"SOMERSET MECHANICAL WORKS," [Limited.]

Located in the borough of Somerset, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of

Machinery and Farming Implements.

The celebrated

HARTZELL PLOWS!

are manufactured and kept on hand. Also a full line of

COOKING AND HEATING STOVES.

All kinds REPAIRING will be promptly done. The public is informed that all kinds of work generally done at a

FIRST-CLASS FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP!

Can be procured at SHORT NOTICE. Sept 15.

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 retain 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 store, as in the past, to give first class goods and full value to all.

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

WM. S. MORGAN, Quemahoning, Pa.

Apr 7

CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, (Above Henry Heffley's Store.) SOMERSET, PA.

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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

JNO. HICKS. LAURI M. HICKS.

JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA., And Real Estate Brokers. ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons wishing 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. [illegible]

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 13

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.

A FREE SEAT.

He was old and poor, and a stranger
In the great metropolis,
As he wended slowly thitherward
To a stately edifice.
Outside he inquired, "What church is this?"
"Church of Christ," he hears them say;
"Ah! just the place I'm looking for,
I trust he is here to day."

He passed through the spacious columned door
And up the carpeted aisle,
And as he passed, on many a face
He saw surprise and smile.
From pew to pew, up one whole side,
Then across the broad front space;
From pew to pew, down the other side
He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit
To listen to gospel truth;
Not a sign of deference had been paid
To the aged one by youth.
No door was opened by generous hand,
The pews were paid for—rented,
And he was a stranger, old and poor,
Not a heart to him relented.

As he paused a moment outside to think,
Then passed into the street,
Up to his shoulders he lifted a stone
That lay in the dust at his feet,
And bore it up the grand broad aisle
In front of the rank of pews;
Choosing a place to see and hear,
He made a rent for his use.

Calmly sitting upon the huge stone,
Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly reviewing the worshipers,
A great confusion he sees.
Many a cheek in crimsoned shame,
Some whisper together sore,
And wish they had been more courteous
To the stranger, old and poor.

As if by magic so me fifty doors
Open instantaneously,
And as many seats, and books, and hands,
Are proffered hastily;
Changing his stone for a crimsoned pew,
And wiping a tear away,
He thinks it was a mistake after all,
And Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard
Was preached by a humble stone.
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth,
That lodged in many a heart,
And the church preserves that sacred stone,
That the truth may not depart.

A CHURCH MOUSE.

"I must trust to your instinct," muttered the traveler, letting the bridle fall upon his horses neck. "The eyes of an owl would be at fault on such a night as this. Be quiet, you brute! Do you mean to betray my confidence by breaking my neck?"

The animal had shied so violently as nearly to throw his rider, and stood trembling in every muscle. His master peered through the darkness in the endeavor to make out the cause of his terror. He could perceive before him in the dim outlines of a dismantled church, with its broad avenues of graves clustered around it. Besides the road, so close that he could have touched it with his whip, he discovered an indistinct white object crouched upon one of the graves.

Resolved upon knowing what it was, he dismounted and approached it. As he did so, it arose and fled rapidly away. With his curiosity now fully aroused he followed it. As it neared the church it turned and suddenly confronted him. At this moment a broad glare of lightning flashed athwart the sky and he saw before him a young girl dressed in a thin, water-soaked garment, her hair falling in drenched coils upon her shoulders. For an instant her white, scared face was turned toward him and her large sorrowful eyes met his with an appealing look, then she seemed to melt in the solid body of the church.

As well as the darkness permitted, he examined the spot where she had disappeared, but could find no opening through which she could escaped.

He called aloud that he was a friend, and that she had nothing to fear. The only answer was the weird wail of the tempest through the broken arches. With a feeling akin to superstitious terror, he hastily remounted his horse, and did not draw rein until he reached the village inn.

"Who occupies the old church yonder?" he enquired of this landlord.

"Ah! you have seen it," exclaimed the landlord, mysteriously.

"It?" echoed the traveler. "I saw what I thought to be a poor, demented girl."

"You saw the spirit of one," answered the host, solemnly. "Every one here knows the story. When she was alive her name was Ada Morton. Her father died a year back, leaving her heiress to his property. As she was yet a minor, he appointed his friend Stephen her guardian, who in case of her death unmarried, was to inherit the property. It is said that he beat, starved, and cruelly ill-treated her. One night—just such a night as this—she disappeared. Her hat and cloak were found on the river bank next morning. It was plain that the poor creature had sought deliverance from her prosecutor by suicide. That was 3 months ago. Her body was never found, but her spirit has been often seen in the church yard where her father lies. Meanwhile, the man who drove her to her death lives at his ease in her father's house on the hill."

The traveler was evidently deeply interested in the story, but he made no comment upon it. Merely informing the landlord that he should remain for a week or two, he returned to his room.

Like many another young man of fortune, Charles Barclay was afflicted with too much leisure. His sole object in this part of the country was merely a languid search after amusement. The landlord's story had strongly aroused his curiosity. Moreover, the young girl's sad face and beseeching glance in the churchyard had made a strange impression upon him. Something in her improbable history had led him to form a vague suspicion of a truth nearly as improbable. Eagerly accepting the possible chance of an exciting experience, he determined to sift the matter to the bottom.

Without dropping a hint as to his intention, he left the inn on the next night shortly after eleven o'clock and proceeded to the old church. The place was silent and deserted; not even a stray dog was to be seen wandering about the church yard. An ineffable dreary air hung about the place, depressing his spirits and almost resolving him to abandon his object. But a sentiment of pride urged him on, and he cautiously made his way into the church and sat down in one of the pews.

For more than an hour nothing occurred to attract his attention. He became drowsy, and was on the point of falling asleep where he sat, when a low weird peal from the old organ moaned through the church. He sat erect and listened with suspended breath. The sound rose higher and clearer, and presently the sweet but mournful tones of a woman's voice joined it. He could make out the words of a prayer for the wretched.

After a moment the music ceased, he could hear the singer sobbing in low, heart-broken way, that brought tears to his eyes. He strained his eyes through the darkness, but could make out nothing. Arising, he called out:

"Whoever you are, you are in sorrow and affliction. I cannot see you. I will not pursue you. All I desire is to be your friend. Will you answer me?"

There was no reply, and the weeping suddenly ceased. After a moment of hesitation he made his way to the organ loft and struck a match. No one was visible, nor was there the smallest trace of the recent presence of any living being. Considerably startled, he left the church, determined to repeat his experience on the following night.

Providing himself with a dark lantern he went to the church on the next night, and secreted himself near the organ. As before it was nearly midnight before he became conscious of the presence of another person in the building. On this occasion the organ was not played but there was a rustle as of a woman's dress, and presently he heard the same low bitter weeping.

Quickly arising he shot the rays of the lantern in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Not more than three yards from him in the broad glare of the light he beheld the girl whom he had met in the churchyard. She was looking at him with an expression of intense terror in her white face and tear wet eyes. As she stood cowering before him she reminded him of some innocent animal crouching at the hunter's feet. With an accent of deep pity he addressed her:

"I saw you in the churchyard night before last, I spoke to you last night. I am not an enemy, nor an idle curiosity seeker. I earnestly want to help you. Will you not trust me?"

Keeping her eyes fixed upon him with the same distrustful look, she answered in a faint, far-off voice:

"Your friendship or your enmity can be nothing to me. The world you live in by its wickedness and cruelty drove me to my death. I am doomed to this place until justice is done upon my destroyer."

"You are trying to mislead me," exclaimed Barclay. "You are no spirit, but a poor, starving, homeless young girl. You have suffered miserably and I have resolved to restore you to your rights, as well as exact reparation from the man who has wronged you.

He advanced toward her as he spoke and stretched out his arm to seize her. For an instant she seemed uncertain how to act, then even as his hand seemed to pass boldly through her shape, she melted into the shadow of the place. This time he did not pursue her. Her mysterious escape, which seemed to confirm her own words, began to impress him with the belief that he had indeed confronted a visitant from the other world.

Next morning, however, cool reflection taught him that he might easily have deceived himself in the excitement. He therefore resolved all the more obstinately to pursue the investigation.

For three nights following he secreted himself in the church and awaited her appearance, but his watch was fruitless. This caution on her part fully convinced him that he was dealing with a human being and not an impallible phantom.

Meanwhile in pursuance of the suspicion which the landlord's story had imparted to him, he found a pretence on which to make the acquaintance of Stephen Eastburn. The man impressed him unfavorably at the first sight. Tall and gaunt of figure, with small, restless gray eyes and a false smile, he seemed to Barclay to be capable of any villainy. The young man was careful to avoid mentioning the supposed ghost, and departed with an invitation to call again.

On the fourth night Barclay again secreted himself in the church. It was cold for the season, and he shivered in his hiding place despite his warm clothing. Hour after hour passed away, and he was beginning to fear that his errand would again prove fruitless, when a faint light in the body of the church caught his eye. As it rose higher, he could see that it proceeded from a small heap of stick collected upon the stone floor. Crouching over it, he beheld the figure of the young girl. Evidently overcome with the cold, she had ventured to indulge in this small comfort in the hope that it might escape notice.

Pulling off his shoes, Barclay crept up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, seized her in his strong grasp.

"I knew you were no ghost," he said, smiling; though if you continue this life much longer you will become one."

She uttered a faint cry of terror, and sunk upon her knees.

"Spare me," she sobbed. "I am only a poor homeless, friendless girl, who never wronged anyone. Why do you pursue me?"

"For your own good, my poor girl," he said kindly. "Why will you not belive me in my good attentions?"

"Why should I?" she cried passionately. "Did not my father's trusted friend, the man who had sworn to be my second father, seek my life?"

"Ah!" said Barclay with a start. "My conjecture was true, then. He decoyed you to the river, and after believing you safely out of the way, he left your cloak and hat upon the bank to give the impression that you committed suicide?"

"Yes," she answered; "but the river was more merciful than he, for it cast me ashore alive. Sick with horror, and madly afraid of the whole world, I came here where my father lay, to die upon his grave. But it hard for one so young to die. I have lived here these three months, suffering, freezing, dying. That I was taken for my own ghost was fortunate for me, for it kept every one away from me, and aided me to get what little would keep me alive after nightfall. And I encouraged the superstition. Now you know all. If you are that man's emissary, may God forgive you and help me."

"I am the emissary of mercy," returned Barclay. "I am here to do justice on a villain and to restore you to your rights. Will you trust and help me?"

She looked at him.

"You have a good, kind face," she said, offering him her hand, "I will trust you."

"Then," said Barclay, keep up the character you have assumed for one more day. To-morrow night I shall bring Eastburn here with witnesses. Do you play on that organ when you hear us enter. When I turn the dark lantern upon you, rise, and denounce him as a murderer. We can safely leave him to accuse himself."

"I will do as you wish," she answered, brokenly. "How can I thank you?"

By following my directions," replied Barclay, brusquely, to his own emotion.

With a few words more of advice he left her. His next move was to go directly to the landlord of the inn, relate the whole story, and secure his support.

At ten o'clock the next night, in company with the landlord, he called upon Stephen Eastburn. Cutting short his smooth salutation, Barclay said:

"Mr. Eastburn, the obscure manner of your ward's death has give rise to strange rumors in the village. Her spirit is said to wander in the old church. We desire you to accompany us there to night in order to set these stories at rest."

Eastburn's jaw dropped, his face grew livid, and he was barely able to reply in a quavering voice.

"Ghost! absurd! Do you mean to make a fool of me? I will not go to the church at this hour of the night."

"Allow me to observe," said Barclay, sternly, "that the rumors, unless you aid in dissipating them, may culminate in a charge of murder."

Something significant in his tone seemed to render him suddenly submissive.

"Of course I will go, out of politeness if you insist. We shall bag a church mouse. They are proverbially so startled as to be incapable of flight."

No reply was made to this lame attempt at humor, and in a very uncomfortable frame of mind he went with them to the church, and was shown into a pew in the dark between them. After a moment's silence the low tones of the organ sounded through the church, accompanied by a woman's voice.

"What is this?" cried Eastburn, starting up. "Whose voice is that?"

"Be silent," said Barclay, sternly. "Good reason have you to hear that voice with guilty horror."

At the same instant the glass from his lantern fell broadly upon the organ. Standing before it, looking down at them, was the figure of Ada Morton.

"Oh, God," groaned Eastburn, chokingly. "My sins have found me out. She has come back from the other world to accuse me of her death."

"Yes," said the girl solemnly. Stephen Eastburn, you are my murderer."

"I confess it." Shrieked the terror-maddened wretch. "I ask no mercy from men, for the grave has condemned me. Take me away—hide me from this awful sight.

The light was turned out and the girl's figure disappeared. The horror-smitten Eastburn shrieking mingled prayers and curses, was taken to the village and imprisoned on the double charge of fraud and attempted murder. In course of time he was convicted and punished.

On the same day that he was sentenced, Barclay called upon Ada Morton, now installed in her father's house. With the restoration to her rights she had recovered her health and beauty, and it was with a strange feeling of mingled hope and fear that the young man took her hand and said:

"I have called to say good-bye, Miss Morton."

The bright smile faded from her face, and a look of pain came in its place.

"You are going away? I had hoped you would stay with us."

"My work here is done," he answered, "I have restored you to your home, and to-day your enemy receives the punishment of his crimes. What more is there to do?"

"Nothing," she returned brokenly, "but to forget the poor girl whom you have befriended. That will be easy."

"No," he replied earnestly, so difficult that I shall never accomplish it. To stay as your friend is impossible. I must go away and labor to crush out this longing, this love for you which has overgrown my whole heart, or stay to cherish it for your sake. Tell me, dear Ada, which must I do do?"

She looked up at him shyly, and came nearer to his side as she whispered: "Stay."

There is a great love of home about rabbits, although they do run down their own burrows.

Best place for the blind—the sea.

How He Knew.

In the beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine there is a noble castle which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side above the grove of trees as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call simply the baron. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land. It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the old Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle he began to talk about his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him.

The baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took occasion first to show him a beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever gentleman," replied the gentleman.

Then the Baron went with the visitor into the garden and showed him many beautiful plants.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all the poor children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house looked so happy and innocent that the Frenchman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron:

"What a happy man you are to have such a good son."

"How do you know I have a good son."

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both clever and good if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have not seen him."

"No; but I know him very well because I judge of him by his work."

"You do; and please now draw near this window, and tell me what you observe from hence."

"Why, I saw the sun traveling through the sky shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and vast range of woods, and see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle, and sheep feeding in green fields, and many thatched cottages here and there."

"And do you see anything to be admired in all this? Is there anything pleasant, or lovely in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think that I want common sense, or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman, somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish such a charm as this?"

"Well, then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God by witnessing such wonders of His handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you my good friend, say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have not the use of your senses."

A Revengeful Owl.

A remarkable instance of intelligence shown by an owl in conceiving and carrying out a project of vengeance on a farm laborer who had destroyed a whole family of young ones before they had gained the requisite strength to take wing, is related by a French provincial journal. An owl had built its nest in an old oak tree which grew near a farm in the commune of Beauvry. Its mate had laid during the month of July several eggs, which in due time developed into a promising progeny of young birds. A farm laborer, moved by a sentiment of aversion for owls, which is common in country parts, determined a few days ago to cut short the lives of the young ones, and, choosing a favorable opportunity put his project into execution. The infant owls were taken away from the maternal breast and massacred, but by what followed it will be seen the parent birds did not allow their tragical fate to remain unavenged. On several evening succeeding that during which the nest had been plundered, the vilagers returning from the fields remarked the male owl flying in an agitated manner round the farm; but no attention was paid to the circumstance, which was put down to lingering attachment on the part of the bird to the spot where the nest had been. The event proved, however, that it haunted the neighborhood of the oak tree from an instinct of revenge, and was lying in wait for the destroyer of its family. During a whole week it hovered near the farm biding its time and at length the right moment arrived. The young man who had so ruthlessly exterminated the brood of owls was crossing the threshold of the farm at dusk when the bereaved bird swooped down on him from the tree where it was keeping watch, and with surprising swiftness tore out his left eye with its claws. The intolerate pain caused by this sudden attack made the victim swoon away. When he recovered consciousness, and had his wound dressed, he related the circumstances under which he received it, and a search was instituted to discover whether the owl was still lurking in the vicinity.

Too long a sermon is really and truly a "clerical error."

Torture in Olden Times.

The tortures of those days were studied as a science, though perhaps it had gained in diabolical refinement by the time that Dameins was operated on before the beau mode of Paris for his attempt upon Louis the well-beloved. The scene in the sixteenth century was usually a gloomy underground chamber, dimly lighted by torches or cressents, and deaded by massive masonry against the escape of sound. The executioner was probably born in the scarlet, or had at all events served an apprenticeship to some master who had perpetuated the grim traditions of the craft. He and his aids had paid careful attention to the machinery; if the screws and the pulleys worked slowly and roughly, that was all the better, so long as they did not kill. A speedy release was the thing to be guarded against; and most horrible of all was the presence of the chirurgeon. There he stood in grave imperturbability, with hard, watchful eyes, or with the finger on the pulse of the patient, appropriately robed in his sad-colored garments, ready to interpose should tortured nature seem overstrained, or to awaken it when it had found relief in kindly oblivion. In the latter case he would apply himself with salts and essences to the revival of the mangled wreck of humanity, and rekindle the sparks of life by assiduous attentions, till the recovery was so satisfactory that the torture might be resumed. Occasionally the sufferer would make full confession; sometimes, having nothing to say that was worth hearing, he would groan out a tissue of incoherent falsehoods; not unfrequently he would be firm to the end—greatly to the credit of his courage or his obstinacy. In the sixteenth century, and long afterward, that licensed inhumanity was recognized all over France, and abused—if abuse may be said to be possible—by the possessors of seiginoral rights, as well as by the provincial parliaments, and governors. Remembering the traditions of cruelty and insolence that have been multiplying themselves from time immemorial through the length and breadth of the land under the rule of harsh and irresponsible tyrants, we may have some conception of the revengeful spirit that was unchained when the mob had broken loose and become masters in their turn.

Winning Him Back.

One of the Travelers for a new, fresh dry goods house recently arrived in a town in the interior of the State to find that one of his best customers was about to transfer his custom to a Boston house.

"Didn't we always do well by you?" said the New Yorker, as he sat down for an explanation.

"Yes I believe so."

"Didn't we ship goods promptly?"

"Yes."

"And did we press you when you were in a pinch?"

"No."

"Did you get lower prices from the Boston house?"

"No, I can't say I did."

"Then I can't understand why you should leave our house all of a sudden after buying of us for several years."

"I know some explanation is due, and I will make one," replied the merchant. "You know I attend church?"

"Yes, and so do I."

"Do you? I didn't know that. I am looked upon as a Christian.

"So am I. I've got the date of my baptism right here in my note book!"

"Is that so? Well our church is in need of repairs. We were talking it over the other day when the Boston drummer was in here, and he at once subscribed ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! Why that's only two kegs of nails! Put me down for thirty-five dollars cash, a new silk hat for every season, and a full suit of clothes for the minister."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do, and if that two cent Christian from Boston dares sign another five, I'll send you down a six hundred dollar church organ, and pay a man five hundred dollars a year to play it We are a house which never make a great display of gospel hymns and religious tracts, but when a Boston drummer bluffs, we show our religious hand and rake in the pot every time.

The merchant still continues to deal with the New York house.

About Marrying.

Josh Billings thus writes to a friend about marrying: "By awl means Joe, get married if you have a fair chance. Do not stand shivering on the bank, but pitch right in and stick your head under, and the shiver is over. Thar ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel; them hev all been picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you ain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for buty exclusively; buty is like ice, awful slippery and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry fur luv neither; luv is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some buty, becomingly dressed, with about $220 in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tugh constitution, a light step, small feet; and sound teeth and a warm heart. This mixture will keep in any climate, and will not evaporate. If the cork happens to be left out the strength ain't gone Joe. Don't marry for pedigee, unless backed by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree, generally lacks sense."

Father is Getting Well.

My daughter says: "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters. He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.—*Utica Herald.*

A Terrible Country.

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones lies just north of the old Mormon road to California—a region thirty miles long to thirty broad, and surrounded, except at points, with inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of wild birds and beasts never darken its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the "lost Mormon train," which went south from Salt Lake in 1850 guided by a Mormon.

When near Death's Valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number and broke off from their party. The leader turned due West; so with the people and wagons and flocks he traveled three days, and then descended into the broad valley whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only white sand bounded by scorching peaks met their gaze. And around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun.

Then the children, crying for water, died at their mother's breasts, and, with swolen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men totered and raved and died. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now after thirty years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron work and tires are bright, and the shriveled skeletons lie side by side.

The Nightingale.

One of the most celebrated birds is the nightingale, or night singer. It is a migratory bird. Do you know what this is? It is a bird that visits its northern home early in the spring, and quits it for the south early in the autumn. It migrates.

This famous bird is common in nearly all parts of Europe. It haunts woods, thickets, and gardens. It mygrates into Egypt and Syria. It has been seen among the willows of Jordan and the olive groves of Judea. In no part of Europe is it more common than in Spain or Italy; but even in these southern regions the bird is migratory.

The nightingale is shy in its habits. Its nest is placed low, and hidden from view. Its eggs, five in number, are of an olive brown. Its food consists of insects. In color it is brown, with a redish tinge on its back and tail.

As a songster, it is unsurpassed. Though its notes are heard at intervals during the day, they are poured forth in their greatest perfection on quiet evenings, an hour or two after sunset; and when the moon is nearly full, and the weather is serene the melodious song of the nightingale may be heard at midnight.

The late Bishop Stanley, of England, gives an account of one that he raised from the nest. It was kept in a cage two years; then the cage was hung open at the door, and the bird was allowed to go out.

At first it returned regularly every evening. As the season advanced, it sometimes stayed out all night in the garden; but if called by some one whose voice it knew, it would return and feed from his hand. In the autumn, as the evenings got cool, it returned to its cage again before nightfall. It was taken as usual into the house, and was kept there for the winter. This is a curious instance of the force of habit, overcoming the instinct of a bird.

A Tale of a Trunk.

Some months ago a Methodist sister was sent from this part of the world as a missionary to Rosario, South America, and part of her outfit in Detroit was a trunk presented by a city friend from one of the city factories. Pasted on the under side of the lid was the picture of a gay and georgeous beauty of the Lydia Thompson stripe, with a wonderful wealth of bare arms and shoulders and that recklessness of coloring for which the professional trunk embellisher is held irreproachable. In due course of time the trunk was landed with its precious contents on the wharf of Rosario, Argentine Republic. The owner had heard much about the rapacity of South American customs officials, and when she handed over her key to the inspector it was with a lively apprehension that her precious effects were likely to be stolen, confiscated, or subjected to exhorbitant duties.

She could speak no Spanish and he no English, but he got the idea somehow that she was a missionary. On opening the trunk the first thing that struck his astonished vision was the dazzling Lydia. Gazing at it intently for a minute he solemnly crossed himself, closed the trunk without further investigation, and returned the key without a word. His action was so unexpected and extraordinary that an explanation was sought through an interpreter; to whom the official said in effect that the lady was a sister of charity come to take charge of a missionary school, and that no customs officer had any business to examine her trunk with an image of the Virgin in it.

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.*

Ventilation.

A gentleman, while attending church one evening, found that his feet were icy cold, so that he had to raise them off the floor. Calling attention of the sexton to the fact, the latter said with some perplexity, "Yes we have a good many complaints of cold feet from others; but I don't understand the reason why we can't keep the church warm—we surely have fires enough." So saying, he pointed to a register in the aisle behind the gentleman, in the adjoining pew. Looking around the latter could see that there was a hot fire in the furance beneath, and yet no heat came up. When a handkerchief was laid over the register, it scarcely stirred. The visitor asked the sexton, "Have you any means of ventilation?" "No, sir." "Are there no windows open?" "None whatever." "How, then, can you expect the air to come up here if it can't get out somewhere?" There was no response, the man was nonplused. "Did you every try to blow into a bottel?" continued the inquirer. "No, sir." "Did you think if you did, that you could force out any more air from a bottle by blowing than was in it before?" He couldn't say. Never had thought of it. "Well," continued the gentleman, "you would soon find, if you tried, that it was impossible, and neither can you force air into this church through a register if you don't open a window or some other orifice." "But," the sexton demurred, opening a window would let in the cold air, wouldn't it?" "You just try it," was the response. "Raise some of the windows on the leeward side of the church, and see what will happen." It was done, and instantly the handkerchief lying on the register rose half-way to the ceiling with the force of the ascending current. The sexton stood and stared in astonishment.

Sunflowers.

The Practical Farmer says: "In southwestern Russia, between the Baltic and Black Seas, the sunflower is universally cultivated in fields, gardens and borders, and every part of the plant is turned to practical account. A hundred pounds of the seed yield forty pounds of oil, and the pressed residue forms a wholesome food for cattle, as also do the leaves and the green stocks cut up small, all being eagerly eaten. The fresh flowers when a little short of full bloom, furnish a dish for the table which bears favorable comparison with the artichoke. They contain a large quantity of honey, and so provide an attraction for bees. The seeds are a valuable food for poultry, pastry and cakes can be made from them, and boiled in alum water, they yield a blue coloring matter. The carefully dried leaf is used as tobacco. The seed receptacles are made into blotting paper, and the inner part of the stock into fine writing paper; the woody portions are consumed as fuel, and from the resulting ash valuable potash is obtained. Large plantations of them in swampy places are a protection against intermitting fever."

The Schoolmaster and His Pupils.

"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean Joseph, in what continent—the eastern or western continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa is in the eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South."

"What are the products?"

"Africa, or down South?"

"Africa," you blockhead.

"Well, Sir, it hasn't got any."

"How do the African peple live?"

"By drawing."

"By drawing what—water?"

"No, sir; by drawing their breath."

"Sit down, Joseph."

"Thomas, what is the equator?"

"Why, sir, it's a horizontal pole running perpendicular through the imaginations of astronomers and old geographers."

"Go to your seat, Thomas. William Suggs, what do you mean by an eclipse?"

Silence.

"Next, Jack Landlin, what is an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gits on a bust and runs against the sun, consequence the sun blacks the moon's eyes."

"Class is dismissed."

A Viking's War