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All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.
Sept. 1, 1880.

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Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. Business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

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Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to him in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office Printing House Row.

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Office in the Court House. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, in Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

CLARUE M. HICKS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Somerset, Penn'a.
H. S. KIMMELL.
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Offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally absent, be found at their office, on Main street, east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of Medicine.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 2, '79-tf.

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

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

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS,
DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store. He can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, of the best material inserted. Operations painless.

DR. JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office above Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross street, Somerset, Pa.

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

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

AUCTIONEER.
PARTIES needing my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at auction, will find I will give entire satisfaction. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
W. A. KOONTZ,
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DIAMOND HOTEL,
STOYSTOWN, PENN'A.
This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new and fine furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the travelling public. The table and room cannot be surpassed, all being fresh and clean, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. Plenty of good boarding can be had at the lowest possible rates, 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 & Truxal, Gebhartsburg, Pa.
CHARLES A. WALTER,
Jan 5 Administrator.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 39. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1547.

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CHAS. J. HARRISON, Treasurer. J. S. HARTZELL, Manager.

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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 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,
Quemahoning, Pa.
Apr 7

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

WALTER ANDERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE,
AND
NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET
PITTSBURGH, PA.
febl8

JNO. HICKS. LA RUE M. HICKS.
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.
apr 15

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,
108 BALTIMORE STREET,
CUMBERLAND, Md.
WATCHES, CHAINS,
SOLID SILVERWARE, DIAMONDS,
AMERICAN CLOCKS, FRENCH CLOCKS,
SILVER PLATED WARE,
JEWELRY, &c.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS!
Watches and Jewelry
Repaired by Skilled Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Engraving. Goods warranted as represented.
oct 15

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.

SCANDAL LANE.

It is not on the starboard, sir,
Go search both far and wide;
Or in the town directory,
The map, or railroad guide;
And if you pump your neighbor, sir,
You pump alas, in vain,
For no one e'er acknowledged yet
He lived in Scandal Lane.

It is a fearful neighborhood,
So secret and so sly;
Although the tenants oftentimes
Include the rich and high.
I'm told they're even cannibals,
And when they dine sup,
By way of change they'll turn about
And eat each other up.

They much prefer the youthful, sir,
The beautiful are rare,
They grind up character and all,
And call it wholesome fare!
And should the helpless victim wince,
They heed not cries of pain;
These very bloody cannibals
That live in Scandal Lane!

If you should chance to dine with them,
Pray never be deceived,
When they seem most like bosom friends
They're least to be belived.
Their claws are sheathed in velvet, sir
Their teeth are hid by smiles,
And woe betide the innocent
Who fall beneath their wiles!

When they have singled out their prey,
They make a cat-like spring;
Or hug them like a serpent, ere
They plant the fatal sting!
And then they wash their guilty hands,
But don't efface the stain,
These very greedy cannibals
That live in Scandal Lane!

BETTER THAN HE DESERVED.

Paul Ridgeway stepped out of the cars at a tiny village situated just back of the noble Hudson; and unconscious, to all appearance that he was for that moment the centre of attraction and a source of wonder to the group of loungers which usually frequent village depots at the incoming of a train, he leisurly walked up to the bar of the neat little hotel and called for a glass of wine, which he drank with a certain offhand carelessness that proved that he was not a stranger at the business. He then drew from his cigar case a real Havana—he always carried them with him, for fear he could not sometimes meet the genuine article—and lighting it he walked out upon the piazza for a smoke.

A man in a ragged coat, with a nose shining forth like a beacon light of warning, nudged his neighbor with his elbow and whispered shrilly:

"Say, do you know that chap?"

"No, I don't. Something better'n common—leastwise in his own opinion," was gruffly answered in a very low tone of voice, as he scowled at the stranger.

Paul Ridgeway must have heard, but his face did not betray the fact by the least change from its former careless, indifferent expression. He threw himself down upon the broad wooden settee by one of the open windows of the bar room, and leaning his head back, apparently entirely absorbed in the pale blue wreaths of smoke curling upward from his cigar.

"So Miss Leslie's going to take boarders this summer," remarked he of the beacon nose.

"I believe so," replied his companion, "though I don't see the need of it. They have advertised, and Miss Leslie has engaged my Becky Jane to help her when the borders come."

"Well," said the first speaker, "Miss Leslie's a mighty fine woman, my way of thinking, and a good looking one too. It's strange she's been overlooked so long; what, with one of the finest farms in the country and a snug bank account, she's a prize. Though Miss Leslie's not old by any means, there's many a gal has married younger; but I 'spose some fortune huntin' city chap will gobble her up yet. She's a rich prize."

"I hope not," replied the other. "Miss Leslie is deserving of a good husband, and I think the right one will come along yet."

If any one had watched Paul Ridgeway during this conversation, he would have thought he had not heard at all, so little interest did his indifferent face portray; but he heard every word, and the gossip had interested him just as much. It had entirely changed his plans. When he first got off the train at the little village he only intended remaining a few days to sketch some wild, beautiful scenery which had attracted him; for Paul Ridgeway called himself an artist; but during the last few moments he had decided to remain there for the summer. He arose lazily from his seat, threw away the remainder of his cigar, and taking his portmanteau, left the hotel. To the first boy he met he said:

"Say, my fine little fellow, will you show me the way to Miss Leslie's house? I will pay you well for your trouble."

The lad's eyes fairly sparkled with eagerness as he answered:

"Yes, sir, I will."

Some 20 minutes after Paul Ridgeway was ringing the bell at the door of one of the quaint, picturesque farm houses he had ever seen, nestled in a lovely valley, almost covered with honeysuckle and creeping rose vines, which clambered from veranda to gable in the wildest luxury imaginable.

The door was immediately opened, and our hero stood face to face with a lady of about thirty-five, of medium height, slightly inclined to petiteness, with fair skin, blue eyes, and a sweet smile which displayed a set of well preserved teeth, and kept the dimples dancing in her cheeks.

"I would like to see Miss Leslie, if you please."

"That is my name," replied the lady. "Will you walk in sir?"

"She is at least good looking; that is a comfort," thought Paul. "Thank you," he said aloud. "I have been informed that you intend keeping borders, and called to see if I could obtain board here this summer. I'm an artist, and the scenery about here is very fine."

"Walk in, and we will talk the matter over," said Miss Leslie, throwing wide open the door of the elegant little parlor.

The dining room also opened into the hall, and as Paul passed the door he caught a glimpse of a graceful little figure in a neat print dress, with a snowy collar fastened at the throat with a tiny gold pin; a mass of brown curls tied back with a blue ribbon, and for a second his eyes met the glance of a pair of laughing brown ones.

"I wonder who she can be?" thought Paul, as he and Miss Leslie sat in the parlor, settling the terms of board, &c.

"If you would like to begin to-night, I will send John over to the hotel for your luggage. Tea will soon be ready."

"Thank you. I have brought my portmanteau with me. My trunk has not yet arrived."

A few moments later the tea bell rang and Paul again had the pleasure of seeing the young lady in print, who when he first saw her was occupied in arranging the shell-like china tea service upon the table.

"My niece, Mr. Ridgeway, Miss Leslie."

Paul bowed low over the tiny hand extended to him and thought:

"Some orphan niece, no doubt, to whom in the goodness of her heart Miss Leslie had kindly given a home."

During the meal Paul found no difficulty in keeping up a brisk conversation with the elder Miss Leslie. She was well informed upon the current topics of the day, literature, &c. Altogether quite a pleasant sort of a person to converse with. Her niece said very little at first, but soon the restraint which a stranger's presence always cast over her sunny disposition wore away, and before the evening was over she even indulged in her usual nonsenses, and flashed merry glances from her laughing brown eyes upon our hero. That night the last thoughts of Paul's waking moments were of those same brown eyes, and he certainly dreamed of them the whole night.

The next morning, contrary to his usual indolent habits, he was awake and astir before the rays of the sun had fairly crept over the hill tops, and with portfolio under his arm containing sketching paraphernalia and his camp chair in his hand, he passed through the rose-scented garden and out into the dewy fields beyond. Possibly the cause for his early rising was an eager desire to begin a sketch immediately of a wild romantic, spot which he had marked for a picture, or more probably it was a desire to see how the broad lands which he coveted and hoped someday to possess looked by morning light.

"Why, it's a perfect Eden!" he muttered, halting for a moment and gazing around him. "This place, together with the elder Miss Leslie, would not be the worst fate to which a man might be consigned, but substitute her niece and it would be a veritable paridise. Bah! Paul Ridgeway, don't you be fool enough to fall in love with that brown-eyed witch. What would you do with a poor wife? In fact, you are far too indolent to marry the dependent niece, instead of the rich aunt. To be quite plain, Puol Ridgeway, you are lazy You would rather live at your ease than labor for even the woman of your love; so now prove yourself sensible and let the head, instead of the heart, decide for you in this matter."

Our hero did not flinch at all from his own plain thoughts, although he certainly would have resented it if another had called him lazy. But it was the sound truth—he was lazy. He professed to be an artist, but it was for more of an excuse to loiter around than from any great gift or the love of art. It was far beyond the limit of his scant purse, or he would have been at some fashionable resort this summer in search of a rich heiress, instead of finding himself in this quiet place; but he called himself in luck for happening to cross her here.

Paul Ridgeway would not have soiled his dainty white hands with anything criminal, yet he was ready to do a very contemptible thing—marry a woman for her money, and rest content for her to support him the remainder of his days. In short he was one of those fortune hunters of which there are not a few in the world.

Early as Paul was astir, Flora Leslie was returning from her usual morning ramble, and his eyes glanced down toward the meadow and saw her tripping along the path, he thought he never saw a lovlier vision. With one hand she held her dainty blue muslin dress from the ground, just far enough to display her tiny feet, while her straw hat, with its wide blue ribbyn, swung idly from the other hand.

After feasting his eyes for some time upon the lovely picture Flora made in her innocent unconsciousness, Paul hastened down the path toward her, and nearly reached her side before she heard his step in the grass and turned a startled glance toward him. When she saw who it was she blushed, and her glance fell before his admiring gaze as he said:

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie; did I startle you? You choose an early hour for a walk."

"And you have taken the same privilege," she saucily replied, the roguish look coming again into her eyes.

"I have a penchant for sunrise in summer," he said: but did not add the truth, that this was the first time in years he had not preferred a morning nap to the most glorious sunrise scene.

"There! I've lost sight of that dear little squirrel! But never mind; I ought not to stand here any longer, for auntie may need me."

And Flora tripped lightly away, perfectly unconscious that she had by her manner left Paul thinking that she held him of less importance than the little grey squirrel, and enjoying the same grey squirrel on account of it. He walked slowly onward, wishing he had some good excuse for abandoning his ramble and walking back to the house by Flora's side.

Things went on quite smoothly for some time. The Leslies were delighted with their border, and he with his bording place. Paul spent his time in talking literature and politics with the elder Miss Leslie sketching or rambling with Flora, and reading Tennyson to her. The latter was a very dangerous passtime, for, although Paul well knew he was treading opon treacherous ground, he lacked moral courage to resist the temptation. Already he could see in Flora's trembling hand when it chanced to rest in his, and her down cast gaze, that she was not indifferent to him. When away from her he called himself a villian, and vowed he would henceforth avoid her; but this was as far as it went.

One beautiful day in June the two lovers—for they could be called nothing else—wandered down to the river side and seated themselves on a rustic bench. They talked nonsense awhile, then Paul read to Flora as usual. Ah! that was a day that lived long in the memory of each, though in after years they strove to forget it; the river running broad and deep, with the trees and shrubs mirrored upon its smooth surface; the sky blue and smiling above them, the air quivering with the music of happy songsters, and a subtle intoxicating sweetness in the atmosphere. Paul was not thinking of what he read, but of the beautiful girl beside him. Could he crush back and destroy his love—the strongest, purest emotion he had ever known? Could he throw aside the true heart which he knew beat stronger for him than any other upon earth? Would the wealth for which he was scheming make up for the loss of her love, which his soul craved?

In that moment a noble purpose was struggling for life in his heart. He would be a man—ask her to wait for him—then he would go forth into the world and labor with the hope of winning a little home in the future where they would be happy together. With these thoughts, the most noble his narrow mind had ever held, he flung aside the book.

"Flora, have you guessed how dear you are to me—that life in the future would only be a blank without you?"

She was at first startled by his vehement manner then as the knowledge that she was beloved by him—her idol—rushed, in one sweet, bewildering wave over her soul, she bowed her head without one word and rested it on his breast.

"God bless you for this, darling. I need no further answer."

For a few moments they remained in blissful silence, soul speaking to soul. Why, oh, why! into every Eden does a serpent creep? Why into every blue sky of happiness does there steal the black cloud of woe? Why is it that the cup of bliss is rudely dashed from our lips ere we have scarcely tasted the wine of love? Perhaps that we might not drink the bitter lees at the bottom. God knows, and knoweth best.

Suddenly Flora sprang to her feet, trembling with new-born happiness, yet blushing at her lack of maidenly reserve, as she styled her former act.

"There is aunt calling me. I must go." And she sped away with the fleetness of a deer, gladly hailing this excuse to get away, that she might collect her bewildered thoughts.

Paul Ridgeway gazed after her with a growing shadow in his face. A regret was always creeping into his heart and in five minutes more he was berating himself soundly for his folly.

"Now Paul Ridgeway, you have made a nice mess of it! You can never marry a poor girl and you know it. Why will you be so rash? Well, thank goodness, I did not ask her to marry me, and I must get out of it someway. She's a proud little thing, and never would say a word to her aunt. This world is hard on a fellow. Well, I must make the best of it now."

Paul studiously avoided Flora, and devoted himself to the eldest Miss Leslie, and she was very well pleased with the attention of a handsome, fascinating young man.

There were no more walks and talks with Flora; and when the poor girl was forced to own the humiliating truth that for some reason unknown to her Paul wished to avoid her, she felt at first mystified and bewildered, then deeply hurt and almost heart-broken. She could scarcely believe that river scene anything but a sweet dream. Night after night her pillow was wet with tears, and she went about her daily duties unusually reserved and quiet. Once her aunt would have quickly perceived the change in her; but now she was so taken up with her own happiness that she did not notice the difference.

Flora received a note at last from Paul which ended forever her dream, and caused her to cruelly stand face to face with the reality. She was a sensible girl, and after she had read this letter half the battle of conquering her love for him was won. It ran thus:

FLORA:—I know you must heartily despise me, and will despise me still more when you read these lines. I must ask you to forget that ever a word of love passed between us. I have this day received a promise from your aunt that she will become my wife in a few weeks. Much as I deserve it, still I cannot bear to think that you will hate me. Fate has been unkind to me in giving me poverty, when others have so much wealth. Consider the great temptation placed before me, and pity my weakness. PAUL.

Flora shed tears over this note then calmly sat down to think it all over, and came to the sensible conclusion that although she had loved Paul Ridgeway as probably she would never love another, yet for all this, she was not going to pine away and die, but chose to see a little happiness in store for her. She was young and time would heal her sorrow.

"I wonder if any one will ever truly love me for myself?" she sighed. "I cannot blame Paul for preferring a queenly, intellectual woman like Aunt Alice, to a simple little body like me. I am glad he had the strength to resist marrying me for my money. What a miserable life we should have led! I would have found out sooner or later, that he did not love me." Then she grew almost happy thinking over a little plan for a wedding present to aunt Alice of a life interest in the farm. "They will both be so happy here," she thought, "and I will find a home somewhere else," she added, with a big lump in her throat and striving to keep back the tears.

Little did Flora dream that Paul was laboring under a mistake, and instead of at last resisting the temptation to marry for money, he had been overcome by it, and she never knew it.

The wedding day of Paul and Miss Leslie drew near, and Leslie place, as the farm was called, was alive with bustle and preparation for the event.

It was the day of the wedding, and Miss Leslie stood radient and beautiful, looking not a day older than twenty-five in her rich bridal dress—a present from Flora. She had with her own hands given the finishing touches to her aunt's bridal toilet; then she slipped a note into her hand, and silently left the room.

Miss Leslie glanced over it, then uttered a little cry of delight. Paul had just approached and stood in the doorway. She flew to his side and slipped her hand through his arm.

"Oh, Paul! Just think, how kind and good of Flora! We shall not have to leave the dear old place after all."

"Why should you expect that we would?" he inquired, almost petulently.

"Why, of course you know dear, everything belongs to Flora. She has allowed me to live here, and go on with everything, just as if I were mistress instead of her. Of course I could not expect a home here after I was married; but the dear little thing has given the farm to me during my lifetime, and oh, Paul, we shall be so very, very happy."

A death pallor stole over Paul's face and an icy hand seemed grasping at his heart, and he reeled as if he were going to faint.

"Why, Paul, you are ill," exclaimed Miss Leslie in alarm.

"It is nothing but those tube roses," he said, his voice sounding strange and hollow. "I always did hate the smell of them."

It was too late to turn back now. Already the guests were assembled and the minister in waiting, and Paul Ridgeway, like one in a dream, descended into the parlor and listened to the words which bound him to Alice Leslie for life, instead of Flora, the heiress and woman he loved.

After the wedding the married couple went on a short wedding tour. Flora remained at Leslie place to welcome them back, and then went to spend the winter with a cousin in the city. While there she became acquainted with a young Dr. Aimes, and within a year they were married. They lived so happily together that the old love for Paul seemed only like a dream.

As for Paul Ridgeway, he wisely made the best of his bargain, and like Flora, his wife never knew he had supposed her the heiress. He never stained his hands much with actual labor, but he made a good overseer, and kept everything going along smoothly upon the farm. His friends often remarked that his marriage with energetic Miss Leslie was the making of him. After all, he had married a loving wife, and could live at his case, which was far "better than he deserved."

Robbing an Editor.

Soon after the completion of the plank road between Detroit and Lansing, a period of 27 or 28 years ago, the editor of a newspaper, located about half way between, started for Detroit one evening on the wagon of a teamster. After traveling about an hour the vehicle was stopped by a highway robber. The teamster shelled out about $16, but when the editor showed up the "pot" only reachsd 58 cents.

"You've hidden your money in your boots!" shouted the robber, and he made the editor pull then off. No more cash being found, the robber insisted that the coat and vest should come off for a close search, but at the end of a search he angrily demanded.

"What sort of a man are you to set out on a journey with only 50 cents in your pocket?"

"I am getting my ride for nothing and I was going to pay my expenses in Detroit by advertising the hotel at which I stop."

"How much advertising will you give me to let you off?"

"A straight column per week for four weeks."

"Well, I'll take it, and the teamster is the witness to our bargain. I'll send in the copy in time for the next issue."

The robber presently moved off into the woods and as the vehicle once more rolled over the plank the editor rubbed his hands together and chuckled:

"Egad, but isn't this a lift for me! I found a chance to pass off a bogus half dollar, got a splendid item of news for my local and worked up a column ad to help me tide over the dull season. I tell you the *Democrat* will be on a paying basis in less than a year."—*Free Press*

She Couldn't Do It.

"Why couldn't respectable, intelligent women sell goods by sample as well as men?" asks a correspondent. "It would not be any harder work to go from town to town with samples than to stand behind a counter or run a sewing machine."

But what lady could endure to be called a drummer? What lady could travel all night after working all day? What lady would swagger around hotel bar rooms telling anecdotes of her various love affairs? What lady, on meeting a rival drummer, would spend two hours in trying to pump him as his proposed route, and then skip a city to cut into his trade? What lady, after being kicked out of one establishment for her persistence, would pick herself up and skip into another?

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1881.

Lunatics are now making their appearance in Washington. Some imagine themselves to have been elected to the Presidency of the United States, or to be his divinely-appointed prime ministers. Last week a Bedford county man turned up at the capitol. He said that his name was Clarendon Tate, of Bedford, Pa., a graduate of the Harvard law class of '72, the richest and handsomest man in the United States. Mr. Tate said that he had recently been released from the thraldom of Satin, but now he could see all things as they actually existed. He said that President Hayes was his father and General Grant his brother, both disguised in the skin of other persons. His maternal ancestor was Mrs. Langtry, the English beauty. Mr. Tate said that he had called on President Hays but the President having the devil's chain around his neck, would not recognize him as a son. He says he will confer with General Garfield about the Cabinet as soon as he comes to be inauguratey.

Colonel Pinchover, the great defrauded, with telescope, maps, drawings and testimonials included, makes headquarters now during Congress in the committee room of Invalid Pensions, and keeps my friend Hoffman and the other clerks in a good humor between acts of committee meetings by reciting his oft told tales about Tom Scott, Sam Randall, Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and others in depriving him of his rights, and stealing his millions.

Mr. Peter Hfiley, from Somerset, stopped last week for a day or two at the Metropolitan.

Capt. Ed. B. Scull, from Somerset, who has been visiting in Baltimore, paid us a "flying visit" on Friday last.

John H. Uhl, Esq., is here and will probably remain some days yet at the capitol. From what we can learn he is on quite familiar terms with Randall and Wallace and visits them both daily. I asked the other day who he was for, Randall or Wallace? He said: "I am for either or both. The man that can win. Hurrah for Hancock!"

By the way, it is said that Hancock will be here for the inauguration. It has also been reported that John Kelly will be here too. Don't believe a word of it. It is undemocratic to attend a radical love-feast, with niggers.

Hon. W. A. Grier, of Hazleton, Pa., who voted for Garfield, first last and all the time at Chicago, sent a friend here to secure two tickets for the inaugural ball, and obtained the first two tickets sold.

The following "star" mail-routes in Pennsylvania have just been let by the Postmaster General to the parties named, and at the rates given, for four years, from July 1st, 1881.

Route 8656.—From Bebford by Charlesville, Rainsburg and Chaneysville. Geo. T. Trail, of Chaneysville, $272.00.

Route 8657.—From Bedford by Cessna, Imlertown, St. Clairsville, Claysburg and East Freedom, to McKee's Gap. J. T. Gibson, of Barboursville, Kentucky, $869.00.

Route 8658.—From Man's Choice by Stuckeysville, Schellsburg, Brown's Mills, Buckstown, Stoystown, Jenner X Roads, Jennertown, to Ligonier. Not let. This route is to be changed somewhat and then re-advertised in March or April.

Route 8659.—From Man's Choice by New Buena Vista to New Baltimore. Joseph Garger, of New Buena Vista, $274.00. Mr. B. B. Myers, bid $267.50 for this route, but the officer awarding the contracts could not give it to him for the reason that he did not conform with the rules of the Department in making his bid. The Department required a $700.00 bond. Mr. Myers filed one for $600.00. One hundred dollars short. Hence no contract. Obey orders next time.

Route 8660.—From Schellsburg to New Paris and Six Roads, to Alum Bank. Vincent Boering, London, Ky., $257.00.

Route 8661.—From Cessna by Fishertown and Spring Meadows to Alum Bank. Vincent Boering, London, Ky., $147.00.

Route 8662.—From Spring Hope to Schellsburg. J. C. Foley, Whittley, Ky., $57.00

Route 8663.—From Clearville by Daniel Fletcher's and Purcell to Piney Creek. Emanuel Miller, of Purcell, $110.00. Jacob Grubb should have had the contract, his bid being the lowest, $100.00, but he failed to have but one surety on his bond when the law requires two. He will know better next time.

Route 8664.—From Ray's Hill by Akersville, Gapsville, Elnioraville, Locust Grove, Sideling Hill and Warfordsburg to Hancock, Md. Job L. Hill, Sideling Hill, $468.00.

Route 8665.—From Everett to Clearville, Robensville and Bucks Valley to Franklin Mills. Not let. This service will be changed somewhat making Clearville schedule point, (whatever that means). As soon as a report is received from the postmasters on the route the service will be re-advertised.

Route 8666.—From Everett to Five Roads. J. H. Linsley, Barboursville, Ky., $73.00.

Route 8667.—From Hyndman to Cumberland Valley. Wm. Deremer, Cumberland Valley, $94.60.

Route 8668.—From St. Clairsville by Mowry's Mill to Pavia. Levi Gordon, Pavia, $90.00. One of the Kentucky gentlemen bid $90.00, also, but lots being cast to decide who should have the contract Mr. Gordon won.

Route 8669.—From New Enterprise to Pattonville. James B. Colgrove, Washington, D. C., $96.00.

Route 8670.—From Hopewell by Yellow Creek and Pattonsville to Martinsburg. W. H. Gates, Yellow Creek, $490.00.

Route 8671.—From Hopewell by Wells' Tannery to Harrisonville. J. C. Foley, Whittley, Ky., $178.00.

Route 8672.—From Cumberland Valley to Beans Cove. J. B. Cessna, Cumberland Valley, $44.50.

Route 8673.—From Six Mile Run to Riddlesburg. C. A. McEwen, Washington, D. C., $55.00.

Route 8674.—From Burning Bush to Bedford. C. A. McEwen, Washington, D. C., $55.00.

Route 8675.—From Cresson to Loretto. D. G. Meyers, Loretto, $120.00.

Route 8676.—From Cresson to Munster. J. C. Foley, Whittley, Ky., $50.00.

Route 8677.—From Loretto by Chess Springs to Fiske. V. Boering, London, Ky., 329.00.

Route 8678.—From Fiske to Glascow, Annie and Lloydsville. J. C. Foley, Whittley, Ky., $243.00.

Route 8679.—From Fiske by Glendale and St. Bonifacius to Carrolton. F. Grief, Ebensburg, $159.00.

Route 8680.—From Ebensburg by Carrolton to Grant. Philip Hoover, Carrolton, $540.00

Route 8681.—From Carrolton to Nicktown. J. C. Foley, Whittley, Ky., $47.00.

Route 8682.—From Glascow to Alleman's. J. H. Linsley, Barboursville, Ky., $67.00.

Route 8683.—From Johnstown by Geistown, and Elton to Scalp Level, Jas. T. Gibson, Barbousville, Ky., $167.00.

Route 8684.—From Somerset by Friedens, Stoystown, Stanton Mills, and Davidsville to Johnstown. Not let. This route will be covered by the new railroad.

Route 8685.—From Somerset by Sipesville and Jennertown to Jenner X Roads. A. Gatliff, Whittley, Ky., $383.00.

Route 8686.—From Somerset to Lavansville, Bakersville, Jones' Mills, Donegal, Laurelville, Mt. Pleasant, Ruffs Dale, Tarrs and Mendon to West Newton. W. A. Stoddard, Camden, N.Y. $1420.00.

Route 8687.—From Rockwood by Gebharts and Glade to New Lexington. James T. Gibson, Barboursville, Ky., $211.00.

Route 8688.—From Jenner X Roads to Stantons Mills. F. E. Weimer, Somerset, Pa., $170.00.

Route 8689.—From Southampton Mills to Johnsburg. J. H. Linsley, Barboursville, Ky., $77.00.

Route 8690.—From Sand Patch by Wittenburg to Pocahontas. A. Gatliff, Whittley, Ky., $117.00.

Route 8691.—From Berlin by Fine Hill and Berkley to Meyersdale. Philip Coleman, Berlin, Pa., $150.00.

Route 7692.—From Berlin by Stonycreek, Dividing Ridge, Mount Healthy and West End to Bard. J. T. Gibson, Barboursville, Kentucky, $280.00.

Route 8693.—From Berlin by Shanksville and Lambertville to Buckstown. J. C. Foley, Whittley, Ky., $253.00.

Route 8694.—From Buckstown by Forward to Hillsborough. A. Gatliff, Whittley, Ky., $127.00.

Route 8695.—From Shanksville to Somerset. A. Gatliff, Whittley, Ky., $293.

Route 8697.—From Ursina by Turkeyfoot. Vincent Boering, London, Ky., $143.00.

Route 8696.—From Ursina by Harnedsville, Silborough, Savage, Peck's Corner and Tub to Elklick. A. Gatliff, Whittley, Ky., $333.00.

Route 8668.—From Confluence by Harnedsville, Listonburg and Addison to Somerfield. J. T. Gibson, Barboursville, Ky., $269.00. Mr. J. C. Conneway's bid, $240.00, would have been successful but for the withdrawal of the postmaster's certificate.

Route 8699.—From Hooversville to Stoystown. J. H. Linsley, Barboursville, Ky., $83.00.

Route 8700.—From Wellersburg to station on C. & P. R. R. James B. Colgrove, Washington, D. C., $89.00.

Route 8701.—From Summit Mills to Meyersdale. The contract was awarded to C. A. Ewen, Washington, D. C., $127.04. The lowest bid was made by S. Phillippi, $120.00, but it was informal, and could not be considered. Samuel Ferl bid $122.50, but he had only one surety on his bond where the rules require two. Hence the award to Mr. Ewen.

The awards for the different mail routes have been generally let. I spent some time in the Post Office Department last week. Dissatisfaction among bidders generally prevail on account of the awards made to a nest of Kentucky, New York and Washington men. Who they are or what they are I have so far been unable to learn. They seem to have scoopped in everything and at starving prices. Persons entering into contracts with them should keep their eyes open and inform

PICKET.

A Sad Scene.

One of the saddest scenes in New York life, says a journal: 'Is that which comes to a man who, in this cold weather, takes an early morning walk before the bright sun touches the spires. Then it is that the hungry, bareheaded, thin clad, worthy poor, who go out to work or to seek work, may be seen hurrying forth from cheerless homes and frugal breakfasts; the traveling tinker, with cold red hands, carrying his irons and shuffling along the slippery streets in old shoes without stockings; the poor laundress, pale from the night's ironing, and showing by her pinched face that she does not get immediate pay for the great basketful of clothes, she may go without breakfast; and the poor newsboy, with shortened sleeves and pantaloons, calling his papers and occasionally breathing on his bent fingers as he jumps up and down to induce a little warmth. No beggars appear at this time. It is the hour of the worthy poor.

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are have a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtue of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of the Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to everyone's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Something Missing.

On the train going up the river