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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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

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H. L. BAER
...ER & BAER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., ...in Somerset and adjoining counties. ...entrusted to them will be promptly

...LLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., ...prompt attention to business entrusted ...in Somerset and adjoining counties. ...Printing House Row.

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aug 18

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ROSES.

The roses, nay I love them not.
They only bring to me
Sad thoughts that waken in my heart
A bitter memory.

I loved her as a man can love
But once—and even yet,
Though I have learned how to forgive,
'Tis harder to forget.

Since then the summer sun has shone
Full oft o'er hill and plain;
For me no sun can ever make
This earth so bright again.

I've seen the roses bloom and fade
Full oft since then, but they
Will never look the same to me
Until my dying day.

The white rose has a purer tint,
The red a deeper glow,
They breathed a sweeter perfume then—
Ah me, how long ago!

I love them not, they but recall
All that I would forget—
A faithless woman whom I loved,
And whom I must love yet.

When summer roses die no more,
When life knows no regret,
When summer sunshine fades no more,
Then, I may forget.

PUNCTUALITY.

The trouble began as soon as we were married—nay, even before. I had been engaged to Charlie long enough to learn his weakness pretty well, and as our wedding day approached, I began to tremble.

"Charlie," I said, as we parted the night before, "don't be late to-morrow, whatever you do."

"Good heavens, Lelia! what do you take me for?" said Charlie. "If ever a man was ready for anything——"

"Which you never were since I knew you," I said. "I believe you would manage to be late for your own funeral."

"That would not depend so much on my own volition," said Charlie, laughing. "Make your mind easy, little woman, I shall be in time."

I was by no means convinced of it, but I could say no more. At first I had thought of being married in the English style, but I did not fancy waiting at the chancel rails for Charlie. The only safe thing seemed to be to secure him before we left the house.

Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the wedding, and as the time approached of course I was in a turmoil. I was sure that the hair dresser was late, but Aunt Fan convinced me that the appointed hour had not yet arrived. He came promptly on the stroke of the clock, and then all was hurry and worry until my toilet was completed. I was ready from the spray of orange blossom which fastened my veil, to the rosette on my slipper, but Charlie had not come.

"It's too bad," I said. "He promised so faithfully to be on time. Do send somebody to look him up."

"Dear child!" cried Aunt Fan in terror, whatever you do, don't cry. Blushing cheeks are all very well for a bride, but blushing eyes are a decided mistake. There is plenty of time. It is only half past one."

"But he might be here," I cried. "I am ready and why isn't he? It's too bad."

One great tear splashed down upon the brocaded satin of my dress. That frightened me, and I resolutely repressed the rest, while Aunt Fan carefully dried the spot with her lace handkerchief. It was completely effaced, but still Charlie did not come. Then I fell into a stony despair.

"He won't come at all," I said. "There will be no wedding, and I shall be the laughing stock of everybody."

"My dear Leila," said Aunt Fan, "we are not in England. You can be married at any time, and it is not two yet."

"But just on the stroke," I said.

Just then the cuckoo clock shouted out its two absurd notes. A moment after the door bell rang, and Charlie walked in as calm and composed as if I had not been enduring agonies.

"Charlie! Charlie! how could you?" I cried, and then stopped and bit my lip to keep back the tears which rushed to my eyes.

"What is it?" said Charlie, looking utterly bewildered.

Instead of looking ashamed when he understood the state of affairs, he began to laugh. "My dear child," he said, the clocks were striking two as I came up the steps. I said I would be in time and so I am."

The wedding journey was not a period of unalloyed bliss to me. Charlie never missed a train or boat, but he was never more than just on time, so that I was kept in constant terror. To the hours for meals he paid not the least attention. When I reminded him, of them, he merely asked me if I was hungry. If I could not say that I was he laughed and said. "Then why hurry? What is the use of being in a hotel if we cannot take our own time?" As if punctuality was not a virtue in itself.

It was a relief to me when we came home, and settled down at last to begin life in earnest. We had one little quarrel about the furnishing of our house. I wanted a clock in every room, to which Charlie decidedly objected.

"Time was made for slaves," he said. "Why should I be constantly reminded of bonds? When I am down town I must be punctual and energetic and a score of other things I come home for relaxation, and I want to forget all annoyances. Have a clock in the kitchen, by all means, and put one, if you choose, in the servant's bed room. For the rest we have our watches, and what possible need nave we of more?"

I yielded, but I made up my mind then which of Charlie's faults was likely to give me most trouble.

Charlie was always good natured; I will say that for him. On the whole, I am not sure that that was the most aggravating part of it. I always made a point of being ready before the time, when we were going anywhere, hoping that my silent example would have its effect but it was of no use. "What! going already, little women?" Charlie would say. Then pulling out his watch, and looking at it. "Oh, we need not start for an hour yet; plenty of time."

Then he would throw himself into a chair, and rattle away about anything or nothing, while I felt myself growing more and more nervous every minute. I had made up my mind that nothing should induce me to quarrel with him—quarreling is at once foolish and vulgar—and I never did. As the time drew on, however, I would say, "Charlie, ought you not to be getting ready?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," was the invariable reply—"time enough." At last however, he would rouse himself, look at his watch, yawn, stretch, and then rise slowly from his chair.

"That bonnet is very becoming. I suppose that is why you like to wear it so long," he said on one such occasion. Then he went out of the room laughing, and I heard him move about overhead in the deliberate way which nearly drove me frantic.

The worst of it was that he always did manage to be just in time. If I could only have convicted him of being just too late for once, I should have had something to fall back upon in our arguments, but as it was I had nothing to take hold of.

Things had gone on in this way for two or three months. I did not suppose that Charlie cared, or indeed, saw, how I fretted about it. I tried hard to hide my irritation, for I really loved him, and did not wish to annoy, still less to alienate him, but I suppose that my efforts were in vain. We were talking about a reception to which we were going in the evening, and I said:

"Now Charlie, dear, won't you be ready in time, just for once? You do make me waste so much time waiting for you."

Charlie laughed, as usual, and was about to make one of his careless retorts, but he stopped suddenly.

"We have been married four months, haven't we, Leila?" he said.

"Four months to-day," I said promptly. "It was the 8th of August and this is the 8th of December."

"And in all that time you have not been able to cure me of that dreadful fault? Poor little girl! Your hair will be gray in a year, at this rate. I'm going to try the effect of turning over a new leaf, and see how we like it."

I did not know exactly what he meant then, but I began to understand when he went into his dressing room the moment I suggested it. He came out fully equipped, even to his gloves, before I had half finished dressing.

"No hurry, Leilia," he said looking in as he passed, "I only wanted to let you know that I am ready whenever you are."

Of course I had to hurry after that, but as I always hurried anyhow, it did not make much difference. Charlie said nothing except, "The carriage is at the door," when I came down. Of course, after all the fuss I had made, I could not say that it was too early to go, though I knew very well that it was, and was quaking inwardly all the way. Don't you think it wou'd be pleasant to drive around by Washington square?" I said in desperation.

"Washington square?" exclaimed Charlie, "are you mad, Leila? Why not by Philadelphia at once? Washington square is miles out of the way."

As if that was not just my object! I could not explain myself, so I kept still, and we drove to our destination the shortest route. Of course the house was dark when we reached it, the hostess entirely unprepared to receive, and the waiter who let us in equally surprised and contemptuous at our untimely arrival. Of course we had the pleasure of spending a solitary hour, I in the ladies' and Charlie in the gentlemen's dressing-room. Before we dared descend. Even then we were among the earliest guests.

"I begin to feel the reward of virtue already," sighed Charlie, as we descended the stairs. "How nice it is to be early! The carriage is ordered for one, and I'll be sure to be ready."

He was—and I was not. I had met an old friend, and we were in the middle of a most interesting conversation. She was only in New York en passant, and I should not see her again. It was very provoking to be obliged to break off in the middle of our talk; but how could I tell Charlie that I was not ready, when he stood waiting with that air of conscious virtue? It was beyond my power, and, absurd as it was, I had to say good-by to Annie and go.

I had not supposed at first that Charlie's reformation was permanent, but as the days went on, I was forced to confess that it looked very much as if it were. Promptly as the clock struck six in the evening, he entered the house, promptly as it struck nine in the morning, he left it. No entreaties could detain him an instant beyond his time.

"No, Leila, my dear," was his invariable reply. "I have already wasted too much of life by my unpunctuality. You have convicted me of my error. Why strive now to undo the good which you have done?"

Of course such sentiments ought to have delighted my heart, and they did, in a measure. Only in a measure, however, I must confess, for I began to think we would be known everywhere as "the early birds." It was never necessary to urge Charlie to get ready for anywhere. We were always the first in church; we were waiting at the door of operas and theaters long before they were open; at parties or receptions it was our invariable custom to spend half an hour to an hour in the dressing room in order to descend with the earliest guests. And Charlie was continually expatiating on the sweet reward of virtue and thanking me for teaching him the beauty of Punctuality. I spent myself in vain wondering as to how long this state of things was going to last; but of course it came to a climax finally.

My oldest and most intimate friend, Tina Verringer, was to be married, and Charlie and I vowed in the most solemn manner to attend the wedding. Tina lived at Montclair, and it was there, of course, the wedding was to take place.

"Do you think that nine o'clock will be early enough to leave here?" asked Charlie, meekly.

"Nine o'clock, my dear Charlie, she is not to be married until one, and Montclair is an hour away."

"I know," said Charlie, "but I was anxious to be on time. I think we had better start at nine to make sure."

I swallowed my astonishment as best I could, and submitted. It was not a pleasant day. If I were not afraid of exaggerating, I should say that it was decidedly an unpleasant one, being cold and gray, damp and chilly, with that chilliness that goes straight through to the bones. Already a few snow flakes were fluttering down, giving promise of a settled storm later in the day.

The depot at Hoboken is not a specially exhilerating place to wait in; but Charlie settled himself comfortably with his paper on one of the straight-up and down settees, saying: "We need not take too early a train, but it is well to be on hand, even if we reach Montclair too soon, we can walk about and see the place, you know."

Walk about and see the place on such a day! I said nothing but inwardly decided that we would not take too early a train. At least we were warm and sheltered where we were, and who knew what we might find at the other end? While I was settling this point in my own mind, the door at the end of the room was flung open and Charlie sprang to his feet.

"Come," he said, we might as well make sure of this train, after all;" and before I could find words in which to couch my objections without giving the lie to all the fixed principles of my life, we were in the cars.

Charles was buried in his newspaper and I was gazing from the window upon the fast whitening meadows, when the conductor paused before us with a demand for "Tickets." They were ready to hand, but the conductor gazed upon them blankly.

"Where to?" he asked briefly.

"Montclair," replied Charlie, with equal brevity.

"Wrong train. Your train left ten minutes later from the other door. You'd better get off at Newark, and take it there. If you miss it there will be another along in forty minutes."

"It is fortunate that we have plenty of time," said Charlie to me, as the conductor left us. "Aren't you glad that I have reformed in regard to punctuality?"

"Oh, very glad!" I said, with a slight tinge of irony, and adding, inwardly, "especially if it leads you to take the wrong train rather than wait for the right one."

We got at off Newark and took the next train that came along. Being the next, we made sure that it was the right one, but it wasn't. They landed us at Orange, where we spent a quiet hour before another Newark bound train picked us up.

"You see, dear," said Charlie, "I go upon your principle of always being in time. If we keep on taking the first train that comes along, we shall be sure to get there some time—if not in time for the wedding, then perhaps in time for the funeral of all the family."

"We shall certainly not be in time for the wedding at this rate," I said half laughing and half crying. "Suppose, by way of variety, we try the effect of taking the last train?"

"What! and abandon principle! Never!" cried Charlie. "However, I think we will inquire before we try again."

We did inquire, but with the result of finding that the next train which it would be possible for us to take would not reach Montclair until half an hour after the time set for the wedding.

"Shall we try it?" asked Charlie, cheerfully. "The wedding may be delayed, you know. The groom may be unpunctual or something."

I fairly broke down at that.

"No we will not," I said. "I don't want to go dragging in just at the tail of the ceremony. I'm cold and tired and wretched, and I want to go home."

I was cold and tired and wretched, but I was more than that. I was thoroughly indignant, for I was sure that Charlie had done it all on purpose. Though I had a hidden consciousness that I deserved a lesson of some kind I thought that he had punished me too severely. So I had little to say to him then or when we were sitting together in the evening Charlie was too busy with pencil and paper to take any notice, though.

"Leila," he said suddenly.

"What is it?" I answered sulkily.

"I am thoroughly convinced now," said Charlie, "that punctuality is the king of all virtues, the crowning merit of humanity, but doesn't it strike you as rather an expensive one?"

"How so," I asked, melting a little but not much.

"Well, I won't speak of to-day, for that was not a fair test. I know that you think that I made all these blunders on purpose, but I didn't. I suppose the intoxication of such unusual virtue flew to my head and muddled my wits, for I certainly made uncommon hash of the affair. I have been punctual according to your ideas, for a month now, and I have just been making a little computation of the results. I began to practice the virtue of the night of Mrs. Lee's receptions, I believe? Very well. We each spent a solitary hour in the dressing room, which, I suppose, may fairly be considered wasted. Two hours to begin with. We went to the opera an hour too early (though we had our seats engaged) on two occasions—six hours. Theater, ditto, twice—four hours. Six and four are ten, and two make twelve. Really, my dear Leila' punctuality is a noble virtue, but do you know, it strikes me that life is too short to practice it in. It might do for Methuselah or an archangel, but for the ordinary mortals——"

"Don't, Charlie!" I cried, breaking down suddenly. "I have been a vain idiot. I was so proud of my own virtue, and it's nothing but a vice, after all. I have been beginning to see it for ever so long, and I am ready to say that I will never waste time to be punctual again."

"Don't!" said Charlie, laughing. "This month has done me no end of good, for I was inclined to run things too close. I never was exactly late, but often made a precious tight shave of it. We'll help each other after this, won't we little woman? You'll spur me on, and I'll rim you in, and we will neither of us get out of temper with the other. Is it a bargain?"

His hand was out, and his good, honest eyes were shinning into mine, and, before I knew it, my arm was around his neck, and I was promising anything and everything.

So that was the end of the first and last quarrel that threatened to overshadow our married life.

Lincoln and Father Blair.

Respect and reverence for old age was one of Lincoln's marked characteristics, as was strikingly shown in an incident which occurred on the route from Springfield, Ill., to Washington before the ceremonial of his first inauguration.

The sullen roar of civil war was heard in the distance, and a spirit of apprehension and doubt possessed all grades of society, as was made manifest in the vast crowds that assembled everywhere along the line to either greet the President with enthusiastic cheers, or mutter mad threats of denunciation and death.

In the progress of the journey the party had reached one of the larger cities of Southern Indiana, and Lincoln, while standing on the platform of the car, discovered an old white-haired man, whose form at one time had been of herculean proportions, but then bent and feeble, vainly making an effort to approach him. It mattered not to Lincoln that his audience were spell-bound with the weight of his argument and thrilled with the appeal made to their patriotism and loyalty. For as if alone before him stood the veteran of almost a century (Father Blair), challenging his assistance and sympathy, so with a few neatly turned and appropriate words, he descended, passed rapidly through the throng, and placing the old man's arm within his own, retraced his steps to his former position.

By this time a hush of perfect silence had fallen. Every eye was fixed and every ear bent to catch the first utterances of that tremulous voice. But soon the tones grew stronger, as with the fervor and earnestness of his earlier manhood years he exclaimed:

"Abraham Lincoln, I desire to commend you and my beloved country to the God of nations and of battles. Then, like Simeon of old, I shall be ready to say: 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

With this Lincoln dropped his head like a child at his mother's knee. And with one hand resting on the bowed head before him and the other extended heavenward, the old man called upon the God of Isaac, of Jacob and of Abraham to preserve and bless this man Abraham Lincoln, that through him all men may be made free, and our civil rights and free institutions be established forever.

As the last amen and amen was uttered, Lincoln arose from his kneeling position and with kind, solicitous care took leave of the patriarch, who like Jacob of old was now ready to be gathered to his father's. The scene was a touching one; eyes unused to weeping were wet with tears, and not only one heart but many went out in benediction upon the great statesman who lingered by the wayside for an old man's blessing.

They Know, You Know.

Yesterday a Woodward avenue grocer selected a roll of the choicest butter in market, and placed it at his door with the sign: "Please taste." Along came a citizen in about two minutes, and after carefully examining the roll he put a bit of it in his mouth and spat it out in great disgust, and said:

"I can give you my opinion of that miserable stuff in a York second! You may fool some folks on oleomargarine, but I can tell it a block away."

"Then you don't like it?"

"Like! Why, a pound of that would kill a man!"

The second man lifted up the roll, smelled all around it, and finally put a crumb into his mouth.

"Pretty fair article, isn't it?" queried the grocer.

"Well, yes, though there's a trifle too much lard it. Not going to keep it for sale, are you?"

"Oh, no."

"I wouldn't either, Faugh. How that lardy taste sticks to my tongue!"

In the course of an hour seven worthy citizens of acknowledged taste sampled the butter and turned from it in disgust. At one time two men almost came to blows because one called it butterine, and the other knew it was oleomargarine. When the fun began to grow monotonous the sign was changed to: "New arrival of gilt edged," and the first man who tasted ordered ten pounds to be sent home right off.

Improvement for Mind and Body.

For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50 ct. bottle contains more life and strength restoring power than a bushel of malt or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney corrector, it meets with astonishing success, and invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity, mental and physical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See other columns.—*Commercial.*

An Awful Scene.

I have the same old story to tell. My conduct has been such again—at any rate, that's what father says; and I've had to go up stairs with him, and I needn't explain what that means. It seems very hard, for I'd tried to do my best, and I'd heard Sue say, "That boy hasn't misbehaved for two days, good gracious, I wonder what can be the matter with him." There's a fatal litty about it, I'm sure. Poor father! I must give him an awful lot of trouble, and I know he's had to get two new bamboo canes this winter just because I've done so wrong, though I never meant to do it.

It happened on account of coasting. We've got a magnificent hill. The road runs straight down the middle of it, and all you have to do is to keep on the road. There's a fence on one side, and if you run into it something has got to break. John Kruger, who is a stupid sort of a fellow, ran into it last week head first, and smashed three pickets, and everybody said it was mercy he hit with his head, or he might have broken some of his bones and hurt himself. There isn't a fence on the other side, but if you run off the road on that side, you'll go down the side of the hill that's steeper than the roof the Episcopal church, and about a mile long, with a brook full of stones at the bottom.

The other night Mr. Travers said—But I forgot to say that Mr. Martin is back again, and coming to our house worse than ever. He was there, and Mr. Travers and Sue, all sitting in the parlor, where I was behaving and trying to make things pleasant, when Mr. Travers said, "It's a bright moonlight night: let us all go out and coast." Sue said, "O that would be lovely, Jimmy get your sled." I didn't encourage them, and I told father so, but he wouldn't admit that Mr. Travers or Sue or Mr. Martin or anybody could do wrong. What I said was, "I don't want to go coasting. It's cold and I don't feel very well, and I think we all ought to go to bed early, so we can wake up real sweet tempered." But Sue just said, "Don't you preach Jimmy, if you're lazy just say so and Mr. Travers will take us out." Then Mr. Martin he must put in and say, "Perhaps the boy's afraid, don't tease him, he ought to be in bed anyway." Now I wasn't going to stand this, so I said, "Come on. I wanted to go all the time, but I thought it would be best for old people to stop at home, and that's why I didn't encourage you." So I got out my double ripper, and we all went out on the hill and started down.

I sat in front to steer, and Sue sat right behind me, and Mr. Travers sat behind her to hold her on, and Mr. Martin sat behind him. We went speedily, only the dry snow flew so plentifully that I couldn't see anything, and that's why we got off the road and on the side hill before I knew it.

The hill was just one glare of ice, and the minute we struck the ice the sled started away like a hurricane. I had just time to hear Mr Martin say, "Boy, mind what you're about or I'll get off," when I struck something—I don't know what—and everybody was pitched into the air, and began sliding on the ice without anything to help them, except me. I caught on a bare rock, and stopped myself. I could see Sue sitting up straight and sliding like a streak of lightning, and crying, "Jimmy, father, Mr. Martin, O my, help me." Mr. Travers was on his stomach, about a rod behind her, and gaining a little on her, and Mr. Martin was on his back, coming down head first and beating them both. All of a sudden he began to go to pieces. Part of him would slide off one way, and then another piece would try its luck by itself. They all reached the bottom after a while, and when I saw they were not killed, I tried it myself, and landed all right. Sue was sitting still, and saying, "My goodness gracious I shall never be able to walk again. My comb is broken and that boy isn't fit to live." Mr. Travers wasn't hurt very much and fixed himself all right with some pins I gave him, and his handkerchief; but his overcoat looked as if he had stolen it from a scare crow. When he had comforted Sue a little he and I collected Mr. Martin—all except his teeth—and helped to put him together, only I got his leg on wrong side first, and then we helped him home.

This was why father said that my conduct was such, and that his friend Martin didn't seem to be able to come into his house without being insulted and injured by me. I never insulted him. It isn't my fault if he can't slide down hill without coming apart. However, I've had my last suffering on account of him. The next time he comes apart where I am, I shall not wait to be punished for it, but I shall start straight for the North Pole, and if I discover it the British Government will give me morn' a million dollars. I'm able to sit down this morning, but my spirits were crushed and I shall never enjoy life any more.—*Harper's Young People.*

Of Course Not.

"Do you know a person named John Fairchild?" inquired a citizen of another as they met on Larned street the other day.

"John Fairchild? No; never heard of him."

"Such a person called on me yesterday and said he was an old friend of yours."

"Then he lied. What did he want?"

"He asked for the loan of five dollars."

"And because he said he was an old friend of mine you let him have it, the villian?"

"No, sir; because he said he was an old friend of yours I showed him the door at once!"

"Um," growled the one.

"Um," replied the other, and they slowly backed off and continued their ways.—*Free Press.*

Sunday Afternoon.

There are two or three hours on Sunday afternoons which give to most of us a feeling of perfect leisure. How do we employ them? The attendance on morning church and Sunday School is over, and before the evening bells shall ring we have this space, this margin, which is an opportunity for repose, for reflection, and for improvement, such as no other day in the week affords.

Well, some of us go to bed. The Sunday afternoon nap is taken by people who never think of lying down except on Sunday. Monday for washing, Tuesday for ironing, Wednesday for baking, Thursday for mending, Friday for sweeping, Saturday for a grand campaign of everything combined, and Sunday for a collapse.

That is their way, practically. If they go to church, they are too tired to gain the real good they ought to gain in God's house. So when afternoon comes and dinner is over, they go to their rooms, shut out the sunshine, darken the blinds, turn the key and go to sleep. We do not declaim against a daily nap. Every woman who can get it is better in health, and the fresher in feeling, and will last the longer in her usefulness and energy, if every day she will lie down for a half or a whole hour, and rest, and sleep if she can. But we do not approve of making a convenience of the Lord's day, and spending its golden time in slumber, simply because it is His day, and we cannot sew nor scrub.

Some people write letters on Sunday afternoon. There is a sort of correspondence which it is perfectly proper to engage in in holy time, but it goes without saying it is correspondence suited to the day and to the spiritual tenor of thought and feeling which the day should induce. To save secular time by writing letters in sacred time is a sin. To devote the pen to the service of business, of gossip, of compliment, or of mirth, is to defeat the object for which the hallowed day was given, and to lower the tone of one's religious character.

It is not remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, not observing it by a holy resting all that day from employments appropriate to other days.

Some people read novels on Sunday afternoon. They may be sprinkled with piety as a cake is coated with sugar, or flavored with morality as a pudding is spiced with nutmeg. But they are nevertheless works of fiction, whose primary purpose is to please the fancy, to amuse an idle hour, or to afford recreation to a jaded mind. We thoroughly approve of good novels, for secular reading. For Sunday afternoon, we entirely disapprove of them. Standard Christian classics are abundant. Biography presents a wide variety, from which to choose, and no reading is more directly efficient in forming character than that of the lives of good men and women. Devotional poetry and missionary literature are elevating and profitable. Many of us could not do anything for ourselves quite so beneficial as to set apart our Sunday afternoon leisure for Bible reading and study. Few of us study our Bibles so deeply and so thoroughly as we ought.

The mother with her little ones, some of them too young as yet to comprehend distinctions of day from day, is doubtless the person who can least secure a season of unbroken rest on Sunday afternoon. But in the Christian family the children early learn that the more noisy play is prohibited on the Sabbath. They are willing, while yet very small, to have the little wagons, and drums, and whips, and tops put in the closet till Monday, and though the wee girlie may take care of her dolly, as mamma does of the baby, and the little boy run and jump out of doors, as the lambs frisk and the colt leaps, they soon catch the Sunday atmosphere; they like to see the Sunday picture books and to hear the Bible stories.

Mother ought not to have the whole work of entertaing and teaching the children left her. Father should share it, or auntie, or elder sisters, and the duties of the day should be so adjusted that every one under the home roof should receive into the soul the blessing and the gladness of the day which is God's ever benignant gift to man.

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

Let body, soul and spirit, a threefold union, enjoy and delight in the festival.

The Colors of Flowers and Leaves.

We have generally supposed that the colors of flowers are due to a variety of matters—each color in fact being a distinct chemical combination. But Professor Schnetzler, of the Vandois Society of Natural Science, has proved by experiment, that by putting spirits of wine and adding an alkaline acid to an isolated color of a plnat, all the colors which flowers present may be obtained. For instance, a peony flower will with alcohol give a reddish violet fluid. Add salt of sorrel and it becomes a pure red; and by the addition of soda this red will change into a violet, a blue or a greenish shade according to the quantity of alkali used. The green coloring matter in the leaves of plants is called chlorophyll, and the professor supposes that this is the only original coloring matter in plants; but being modified by certain agents—for in all plants there are acid or alkaline matters—or by transmitted light, this chlorophyll furnishes all tints of flowers and leaves. It has been ascertained that tannin with chlorophyll changes the colors of the green leaves in autumn to red. Professor Schnetzler himself changed peony seprals from green to red with salt of sorrel; and the green liquid solution of soda with the peony blossom and alcohol became red when he transmitted light through it. He therefore concludes that chlorophyll is the only source of color in plants, the others being merely the results of atmospheric alkaline action upon that coloring matter.

Twice Resurrected.

Not long ago a woman at Mason county, Ill., to all appearance died. She had been unwell, but her death was sudden and unexpected. The body was kept till the next day, about 2 p. m., when it was enclosed in a coffin and taken to the grave-yard, followed by a great many mournful friends. In laying her out her arms were tied together above the elbows with a strip of cloth, so that her hands would retain a position across her breast. At the grave some of her friends wishedt o view her remains and the coffin was opened that they might do so. On removing the lid over the glass they could not see through the moisture on it, and it was then seen that one of her hands had been torn loose from the band and was lying by her side, and her arms were as limber as of one alive. The circumstances bore upon the minds of several persons present, but still they could not entertain any notion but that she was dead. Her hands were again placed in position and retied with the same strip of cloth, and she was buried. After returning to their homes several of the parties who had noticed the singular appearance of the corpse commenced to talk it over, and they soon raised a doubt in their minds that she was not dead. About 5 o'clock the same evening several went to the grave and took up the body. On opening the coffin they found fresh moisture on the glass of the coffin lid, and her hands were again broken from the strip of cloth that bound them, and they were lying at her side, and, instead of her limbs being in the least rigid they and her fingers were flexible. Notwithstanding all this they could not convince themselves but that she was dead, and she was reburied. The matter was generally discussed in the neighborhood, and by the following Sunday the excitement had grown so intense that it was decided to re-exhume her the next day. The next day, Monday, after she had slept beneath the sod for four days and nights; she was again resurrected and taken to her home, where she has been slowly but gradually improving. Her friends entertain the strongest hopes for her recovery, which, if she does, will be a remarkable occurrence, long to be remembered by the people of Snicarte. The way in which this affair was managed was, to say the least, very singular.

Simon Cameron's Railroad.

Standing to-day looking out upon the stretch of railroad which winds from this thriving city off toward the State Capital, an old gentleman said: "Do you know that Simon Cameron built this railroad from here to Harrisburg? And how he did have to fight against the prejudices of the Stubborn German farmers who lived along the line of the route! I recollect," he continued, "of my father telling me years ago of the public meeting which Mr. Cameron called at Middletown to further the building of this railroad. There was a good crowd present and a bright man, a good talker, who was then the Attorney General of the State, made a very spread-eagle speech, but the subject was too big for him, it slipped from his grasp, and he failed to state clearly the real object of the meeting.

"Mr. Cameron, finding his orator lacking in the essential element of practical statesmen, took the stand himself and explained what he wanted to do. It then took two days to go to Philadelphia from Harrisburg. Mr. Cameron stated that when the railroad was built you could eat breakfast at home in the morning, go to Philadelphia, spend several hours, and take supper at home again in the evening. This statement was altogether too much for the quiet farmers so long used to the stage coach, and when the meeting broke up there was only one man in the whole crowd who took any stock in Mr. Cameron's statement. A short time after the meeting was over he approached Mr. Cameron in the country hotel and said: "Simon you made that story a little too big. You might go down one day and come back the next, but both ways in one day is too much for an honest mind to believe. I think, myself, the railroad will be a great thing for us but not so great as that." The next day he sent Mr. Cameron one of his best cows with its calf to show his respect for Mr. Cameron's foresight and to emphasize his faith in his building the railroad.

A preacher whose delight it was to startle his hearers said that there were three things which a woman should both be and not be at the same time. First she should be like the snail, always keeping within her own house; but she should not be like the snail which carries all it has upon its back. Second, she should be like an echo and speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, which always manages to have the last word. Third, she should be like the town clock and always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like the town clock, which speaks so loud that all the town can hear it.

Reformatory Home.

HARRISBURG, April 21.—The Commission appointed to take into consideration the advisability of making a reformatory home of the Huntingdon Penitentiary, as well as the buying of the Philadelphia House of Refuge, to be for the same purpose, have prepared a report, which they will submit when the act relating thereto comes up. They recommend that the Huntingdon Penitentiary be adopted for the purpose suggested, but do not advise the purchase of the House of Refuge. It is also suggested that in the management of reformatories the plan in use in Elmira be adopted.

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

If any person will invent a machine for impaneling a California jury that will return a verdict of murder in the first degree where the victim is worth $100,000 we will guarantee that the inventor is likely to go to posterity without ever seeing the machine put to test.

Every man has three characters—that which he has, that which he exhibits, and that which he thinks he has.