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The Somerset Herald.

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…T. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

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

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

…ORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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

…F. PATTERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. …business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Sept. 1, 1880.

W. H. RUPPEL. …FFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, …business entrusted to their care will be …and punctually attended to. …Main Cross street, opposite the …

…ENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, …and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. …Mammoth Block.

…ALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW …in Real Estate. Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

…HN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. …all business entrusted to his care …and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.

L. C. COLBORN. …LBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. …entrusted to their care will be …and punctually attended to. …in Baer's Block. Up stairs.

…HN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. …promptly attend to all business entrusted …Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

…OGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. …business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

…POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, …Somerset Co., Pa. …professional services to the public. …and other legal …attended to with promptness and fidelity. …a specialty. [june2,'80.

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

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

…HN H. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. …Court House. All business entrusted …attended to with promptness and fidelity.

…MES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. …Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, …Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

…ENZO M. HICKS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Somerset, Penn'a.

H. S. KIMMELL. …H. M. KIMMELL & SON …their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main …of the Diamond.

…J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of …Office opposite Charles Krissinger's …apr. 23, '79-tf.

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

…A. G. MILLER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, …South Bend, Indiana, where he …by letter or otherwise.

…JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. …Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross …Somerset, Pa.

…WILLIAM COLLINS, DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. …Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug …where he can at all times be found prepared …all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, …best material inserted. Operations warranted.

…NSION AGENCY. …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 will address him at the above place, enclosing discharge and postage for reply.

AUCTIONEER. …desiring my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at …will and I will give entire satisfaction. …by mail promptly attended to. W. A. KOONTZ, Confluence, Pa.

…VIS BROTHERS, …SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTERS, SOMERSET, PENN'A.

3,000 Gallons …URE FERMENTED WINE, FOR SALE …A. J. Casebeer at A. J. Casebeer & Co.'s …Somerset, Pa., or at his …GAR GROVE FARM …north of Somerset, the place of manufacture. The following is a list of the kinds in …GRAPE, BLACKBERRY, CHERRY, CURRANT, ELDERBERRY, WILD-CHERRY AND CIDER WINE, …in quantity to suit purchaser. …for medical and sacramental purposes; also as a beverage by those …pure wine.

JOS. HORNE & CO., 197, 199, 201 and 203 Penn Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ANNOUNCES

That they have received the largest assortment of

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

That they have yet had the pleasure of offering to the public.

Very Best Values, In every line of Goods,

If you do not come to the City to do your shopping you can have your wants satisfactorily supplied by sending us your orders by mail. We have this branch of our business thoroughly organized, and all orders for either

SAMPLES or GOODS,

and any information that may be desired, that it is possible for us to give, will have our most careful and prompt attention the same day they are received. In sending your orders state as explicitly as you can what you want.

☞Do not fail to read our regular itemized advertisements, as they appear from time to time in all of the Pittsburgh daily and religious weekly papers.

RETAIL STORES, 197, 199, 201 and 203 Penn Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

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.

JAS. A. M'MILLAN. JNO. H. WATERS

M'MILLAN & CO.,

PRACTICAL

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

No 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.

Special attention given to House Drainage and Sewer Ventilation.

ESTIMATES MADE AND WORK DONE

In the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

R. C. LANDIS.

Has constantly on hand at his distillery

PURE RYE WHISKY

For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for

MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.

Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa., will receive prompt attentin.

March 2, 1880.

NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank,

CHARLES J. HARRISON, Cashier and Manager.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.

Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1000.

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.

aug 18

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

ONE AND THEN ANOTHER.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the longest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little choral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived
By oft-repeated effort
Has been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task,
You never can get through;
But just endavor, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not built in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches,
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches,
Think not of far off duties,
But of duties which are near,
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

A SPRING SHOWER.

Mrs. Travers' morning room was the ideal of luxurious elegance, and the lady herself made a charming picture as she lay back amid the crimson cushions of her cozy easy-chair. One daintily slippered foot impatiently patted the floor, and an indignant flush dyed the clear olive of her cheeks as she closely scrutinized the countenance of the room's other occupant, her handsome brother Hugh.

He was standing by the fire, one arm resting on the low, marble mantel, an amused smile covering his lips as he regarded his irate sister.

Mrs. Travers in her intent search of his face saw the smile, and then the vials of her wrath burst on the head of the unlucky offender.

"I declare, Hugh Castlemon, you are the most provoking mortal I ever saw!" she exclaimed, with a flush of her sparkling black eyes. "Just see how you are spoiling all my plans by your stupid obstinacy. I have written and invited Elnor Vance here, and stated particularly that you are staying with me and were anxious to meet her. I sent the letter yesterday, and now she'll come and find you gone. Of course she'll know that you only went to avoid her, and what will she think? Don't stand there smiling at me in that tantalizing kind of way, for I have no patience with you at all!"

And, with a toss of her jetty braids, Mrs. Travers tightened the rose-colored cord girding her pale gray *robe de chambre*, while Hugh broke out into a little laugh.

"Why, sister mine, you don't know how well your little temper becomes you!" he said smiling down into the flushed face. "But seriously, Flossie, I don't see why you should fly into a tantrum because I take a jaunt into the country for recreation from the dull care of a lawyer's office."

"Recreation, indeed!" exclaimed the lady, with an impatient gesture. "Don't, Hugh—don't run away with the idea that I believe anything like that, for I am well aware that you are only going to avoid meeting Elnor Vance, though why you should do so is an impenetrable mystery to me."

The gentleman made an impatient movement.

"Well, Flossie, I acknowledge that is my reason for taking myself off just about now," he responded a look of seriousness settling on his face. "Why, sister, do you suppose that I would stay here for a moment, playing the devoted to Miss Vance, simply because she is an heiress? or that I would consent to stand quietly by while she coolly measured my physical and mental qualities with a view to matrimony? Heaven forbid! And, Flossie, I must say that in the matter of a wife I prefer to do my own selecting, and certaenly my choice would never be one who could, even in the slightest manner, appear as a husband-hunter."

"Husband-hunter, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers, now thoroughly angry. "As if Elnor Vance, the heiress, with the beauty and accomplishments that she possesses, would stoop to such a thing! Oh!" sarcastically, "I think it is a most excellent idea of yours, this of going away; for, should you stay here, and Elnor just chance to smile on you, your insufferable conceit would immediately construe it into an avowal of love. It is certainly a blessed escape for her."

And, with this Parthian shot Mrs. Travers and her sweeping train sailed majestically from the apartment.

Hugh gave a long, low whistle as his sister's plump form disappeared through the doorway, and then he laughed softly to himself; for he knew that the pretty matron's little temper would soon be over, and by dinner-time she would be her own lively self again.

While all this was taking place in the Travers mansion the subject of the conversation was bending her golden head over Flossie's letter. The pleasant chatty contents brought a smile to the sweet young face; but suddenly the smile vanished, and, with puckered brow and compressed lips, Elnor read the concluding paragraph of the closely-written epistle.

"*Ma Cherie*," ran on, in Mrs. Travers' gliding chirography, "you have so often promised to pay me a visit that now I am going to insist on the fulfillment of your word, especially as Hugh is with us. (You remember his likeness that I showed you while we were at school together?) He is particularly anxious to see you." (This last clause being an inference on the part of the writer.) "So, now, dear, you must come and stay with us until the warm weather sets in, then go with us to Long Branch. Hugh will, of course accompany us there, and—. Well, strange things happen sometimes. Be sure to come, that's a darling, for you don't know how much good a sight of your dear face will do

Yours eternally,
FLOSSIE.

"P. S.—Write at once on what day and train to expect you, and I will send Hugh and the carriage to meet you. F.

"P. S. No. 2.—When I showed your likeness to Hugh he was captivated at once, and declared he had never seen so charming a face. What will he say to the original?

F. T."

Mrs. Travers was correct there; just how much so she did not know. The truth was, although nothing could have induced him to acknowledge it, Hugh had fallen half in love with the pure, patrician face of Elnor's photograph, and in his heart of hearts he had invested her with all the attributes which adorned his exalted ideal of feminine perfection; and it was with secret disappointment that he had heard of her intention to visit his sister, after what he felt sure Florence had hinted at in her letter. For Mrs. Travers had taken it for granted that Elnor would come, and Hugh's high estimate of delicacy could not but be offended at what he considered—well, to put it mildly—a visit of inspection; for he really believed it to be that, notwithstanding his sister's vigorous protest to the contrary. But in that, he acknowledged to himself, he might be mistaken, and if so, why, Miss Vance would have every reason to believe him a fortune hunter, should he remain to play the devoted during her stay with Flossie. So he considered it the wiser plan to take himself off, which he accordingly did, telling Mrs. Travers to call it sudden business, or anything else she liked.

What Elnor thought of him we may judge by the exclamation that greeted the close of her friend's epistle. A bright, angry flush burned on either soft, rounded cheek, and the blue eyes flashed with indignation, as their owner sprang to her feet, tossing the letter aside, clenched her dimpled hands, and, proudly cresting her royal head, exclaimed, passionately:

"Does Florence Travers think for one moment that I would be guilty of the unwomanly conduct at which she more than hints in this letter? Does she suppose that I would seek her brother—would visit her house with the avowed intention of making his acquaintance? Ah, Florence, you make a great mistake if that is your idea of Elnor Vance, and I have made a greater one in the estimate of your brother's character. Judging from the picture which you showed me I considered him a noble, refined gentleman, but I see I have been mistaken. "He is particularly anxious to see me, is he? Well, Mr. Hugh Castlemon, I do not think you will have the pleasure of playing attendant cavalier to the heiress just yet awhile."

And the scornful emphasis on the word "heiress" will give us an idea of her suspicions as to Mr. Castlemon's "anxiety" to see her.

"I had intended visiting Flossie this spring anyway," soliloquized Elnor, seating herself and speaking in a low tone, "but this," with a contemptuous glance toward the letter, "has completely altered my purpose. I had anticipated so much pleasure, too," in a desponding tone. "But, oh, I know what I'll do," with a sudden brightening of the sweet face. "I'll go right down to Aunt Sallie's and stay there the whole spring and summer. Dear old Appleton! I can fancy I smell the honeysuckle that grows over the front porch and peeps in at the kitchen window. And dear Uncle John and Aunt Sallie! How glad they will be to see their little Nellie! There I'll be safe from fortune hunters, at any rate. I will throw aside the heiress and simply be country Nell. But now I will answer Flossie's letter, telling her I will be unable to accept her invitation this time."

One week later found my heroine a guest at her Aunt Sallie Ware's, whose substantial farm was situated about a mile from the bustling little village of Appleton. The soft breath of spring had just begun to awaken into life the jonquils and harebells, and the sweet blue violets, when Elnor reached the place. Uncle John and Aunt Sallie welcomed their little Nellie with open arms for they loved her for her own sweet self alone. Aunt Sallie had nursed her through a severe spell of sickness in her infancy, and since then had loved her as her own.

Elnor's visits to the farm were the gala days in the lives of Uncle John and Aunt Sallie, and they never tired of petting "little Nellie," as they always called her. Elnor, too, loved to be with them, and it was a sigh of perfect content that she breathed as she sat the first evening of her arrival in a low rocker on the front porch, inhaling the fragrance of violets and honeysuckles, and thinking exultantly how she had outwitted the two conspirators, as she mentally designated Mrs. Travers and her brother.

The gentle afternoon breezes were stealing through the vines that clambered over the front porch of the Ware homestead, every breath drawing fresh incense from the sweet flowers nodding their fragrant heads beneath the soft blue of the April sky. Down the road, leading through the wood opposite Aunt Sallie's, Elnor slowly walked along, every now and then stooping to pick a daisy or buttercup from the myriads around her. She was on her way to the village post office, thence to stop at the "store" for some yarn, which Aunt Sallie's busy fingers were to convert into subatantial hose for Uncle John.

On the day of which I am writing Elnor was as pretty a specimen of the village lassie as one could wish to see, with her buff lawn just short enough to reveal the first two buttons of her dainty boots, her little poke bonnet, with its blue ribbons, coquettishly tied to the left side of her dimpled chin, while all around her lovely face, strayed the soft rings of her golden hair.

As she sauntered leisurely along Aunt Sallie, in the doorway, watched the retreating steps of her pet until it disappeared from the view of her kind gray eyes.

The errands at postoffice and store were soon completed, and Elnor, turning homeward, noticed that the sky was rapidly becoming overcast with dark clouds, which threatened a heavy shower.

She had brought no umbrella, and the fear of being caught in the rain lent speed to her steps. Nearly half the distance was passed, and Elnor was just beginning to congratulate herself on being almost safe, when patter, patter! she heard the big drops falling on the leaves above her.

Faster went the flying feet, and faster came the falling drops. Out of breath, Elnor stopped beneath a wide-spreading oak, and trembling with exhaustation, stood beneath its protecting shelter.

The rain was now pouring in torrents, and in a few minutes a little stream came oozing through the leaves, splashing on her dress and trickling down her back, sending cold shivers all over her body.

Elnor was now thoroughly frightened, as well as almost saturated, for it was nearly sunset, and almost dark. Suppose the rain should continue, for an hour or two more? The house couldn't be very far now. If only she could make Uncle John, or somebody at the farm hear! Anyway, she would try, and summoning all her strength, she shouted, at the loudest her lungs were capable of:

"Uncle John! Uncle John! Do somebody, come here!"

But no answer came.

"One more effort," said Elnor, despairingly; and then: "Oh, Uncle John! Some—body! Help!"

After a second or two there came a response.

"Who calls?" was shouted.

"I—Nellie!" exclaimed Elnor, thinking it was Uncle John. "Over here by the big oak. Do hurry, for I'm nearly soaked!"

There was no answer; but, in a moment or two Elnor's strained vision beheld a huge umbrella looming not far away, under which two gigantic legs were making strides toward her. The face and upper part of the body were hidden from view by the umbrella; but, in a moment, it flashed on Elnor that those limbs could never be Uncle John's.

Meanwhile the knight of the umbrella had reached the blushing girl and was offering his arm.

"Allow me," he said, in low, courteous tones, not seeming to notice the petite figure.

Elnor placed her hand within his arm, and, not daring to raise her eyes, murmured a soft, "Thank you!"

"Oh, not at all!" exclaimed a cheery voice, "Now which way shall we go?"

"Elnor directed him, and explained how it was she had been caught in the rain; then, as her wet garments swished around, she could not restrain a laugh at her comical though decidedly uncomfortable situation.

The rain, still pouring, was saturating the gentleman's light clothing, and it was with a heartfelt ejaculation of thankfulness that Elnor entered the little front porch of her aunt's house.

Mrs. Ware came to the door as she heard the little gate shut, and her exclamations were many and varied as she perceived her niece's saturated appearance. She at once hurried her away to change her attire, leaving Uncle John to do honors to the gentleman.

Elnor, as yet, did not know his name, nor had she seen his face, and in her heart she was anxious for both as she descended the steps a half-hour later. Her drenched lawn was changed for a black grenadine; a sweet rose was at her throat, another nestled amid the shining braids of her golden hair, entering the sitting-room, she made her way to the figure standine by the mantel, his back to the door which she had entered. She knew that pepper-and-salt coat only too well, and she was just a trifle disappointed that it was her uncle, and not the stranger whom she saw there. Anyway, though, she would find out his name so, softly placing her hand on one pepper-and-salt shoulder she asked with a little laugh.

"Who is he, uncle?"

Uncle turned, and by the flickering light of the fire, for the evening had grown chilly, Elnor's amazed eyes fell on—Hugh Castlemon—only attired in Mr. Ware's dry garments.

She recognized him the moment her eyes rested on his handsome face. She saw at once the likeness to his photograph; and he, with wonder on his face recognized her.

"Mr. Castlemon!"

"Miss Vance!"

Both started back. Elnor's fair face crimsoned; and then Hugh exclaimed, in incredulous tones:

"Why, Miss Vance, I thought you were with Flossie!"

"I though you were there!" exclaimed Elnor, with a proud lifting of the gold-crowned head.

Hugh at once understood the significant gesture, and his heart beat the quicker at the thought that she was not what he had half suspected her, but was the sweet, womanly being that her pure, lovely countenance betokened.

He could have taken her in his arms then, as she stood there, her fair cheeks abloom, her proud head erect; but instead of that he only said, with a quizzical glance into the blue eyes:

"And that is why you are not there?"

Eleanor gazed straight into his face, and while the hot blushes covered her face and neck replied:

"It is."

"And I am not there because I thought you were," said Hugh.

Further explanations were rendered impossible by the advent of Aunt Sallie, who called both young people to supper, at which cozy meal Hugh proved himself a most agreeable acquisition.

The rain continued until a late hour; so Mr. Castlemon remained over night. In the morning, as he was taking his leave, he requested permission to call again—a permission which was readily grant, and as readily acted upon.

Nearly every day after this found Hugh at the Ware homestead, until Elnor began to watch for his coming with a strange, new flutter at her heart. There has been no spoken explanation, but between them was a tacit understanding of the feelings which had prompted each to avoid the other.

One evening when May had decked the earth is robes of loveliness, Hugh and Elnor took a walk along the road where they first met. The calm of evening lay like a spell over all the beauteous scene; the sweet scents of wild flowers, the low music of birds, were all about them, and Hugh, gazing into the pensive face beside him, felt how dear—how very dear—it was to him, and ere he could restrain it the story of his love burst forth in words deep with the passions of his heart, and then, looking down into the sweet blushing face, he asked her to be his wife.

And Elnor, veiling her starry eyes beneath their soft, white lids, placed both fair hands in his, and, in a voice of unutterable happiness, answered: "I will!"

Didn't Know How to Take Them.

He was on his way home from Leadville. He had on a ragged old summer suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals about thirty hours apart to make his money carry him through.

"Yes, I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine, and some of the people are as honest as need be. The trouble is knowing how to take the bad ones."

"I should think that would be easy."

"Yes, it looks that way, but I had a little experience. I am the original discoverer of the richest mine around Leadville."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir, I'm the very man, but you wouldn't think it to see these old clothes."

"Then you don't own it now?"

"Not a bit of it. I'll explain: I was poking around the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay; staked out a claim and went off to the assayer. It was two days before he let me know I had struck the richest ore he had ever assayed, and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if I hadn't been jumped!"

"How?"

"Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spot and built up a pole shanty and hung up a sign of 'First Baptist Church' over the door. Sure as shooting they had, and the law out there is that no miner can sink a shaft within 200 feet of a church building. They saw me coming and when I got there they were actually holding a revival! There was just six of them, and they got up one after another and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, and, would you believe it, they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law but they beat me. Three days after the verdict the Church burned down, and before the ashes was cold the church was developing a mine worth a million dollars. You see I didn't know how to take 'em."

"Was there any particular way of taking them?"

"You bet there was! I ought to have opened on the revival with a Winchester rifle and given the coroner $50 for a verdict that they had died of too much religion."

To be Carried in Your Pocket.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secret if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains, give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Earn money before you spend it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old. Never run into debt unless you can see your way out. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

Worth Remembering.

Now that good times are again upon us, before indulging in extravagant show, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasantest surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disordered stomach, liver or kidneys, or a dry, hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, when a 50 ct. bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the expensive doctors and quack medicines they have ever tried. It always makes the blood pure and rich, and will build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column.

Shoots his Tenant.

CINCINNATI, May 13.—Michael Cain became involved in a quarrel last night with John Saurbeck, his tenant, in the eastern part of the city, and shot him in the face, inflicting a wound which is regarded as fatal. Cain gave himself up to the police.

Late for the Train.

It was a long drive to the station, and the unfortunate horse had his mouth sawed, and his flanks lathered with the whip; but all in vain, for when we reached the station Mr. Stiffle and his wife gazed with unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just disappearing under the bridge. Their first impulse was to run after it; but as the train was out of sight, and whistling for the next town before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the chaise, and disconsolately turned the horse's head homeward.

"It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready," Mr. Stiffle broke in with, very grimly.

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Stiffle in irrepressible impatience, jerking his horse's jaws out of place; "just listen to that! And I sat out in front ten minutes, yelling at you to come along, until the whole neighborhood heard me!"

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Stiffle, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten!"

Mr. Stiffle groaned.

"This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that I was going around the world, I should just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, seize my knapsack and fly; while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dwadle about the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Stiffles put off their visit until the next week, and it was agreed that each should get him or herself ready, and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left.

The day of the match came around in due time; the train was to go at 1.30, and Mr. Stiffle, after attending to his business, went home at 12:45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour to train time. Look sharp—a fair field and no favors, you know."

Mr. Stiffle ran into his room and rushed through that, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling all the time under his breath to think how cross Mrs. Stiffle would be when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time; for the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dinning room, and hung it on the corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he ran through the hall and tossed it on a hook on the hat-rack, and by the time he reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer, and began to rattle things like a scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor!" he shrieked, "Where are my clean shirts?"

"In your drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Stiffle, who was standing placidly before a glass, calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't," shouted Mr. Stiffle, a little annoyed. "Ive emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a shirt to be seen."

Mrs. Stiffle stepped back a few paces, held her head to one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, and stay where she put it, repled:

"Those things scattered about on the floor are all mine. Probably you havn't been looking in your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Stiffle, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me, when you had nothing else to do all the morning!"

"Because," said Mrs. Stiffle, settling herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody puts mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear." Mr. Stiffle plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Where are my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Stiffle went out into another room and presently came back with her gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Stiffle empting all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she said:

"In the shirt you took off."

Mrs. Stiffle put on her gloves, while Mr. Stiffle hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled at last, "I believe you know where those buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady, settling her hat. "Didn't you lay them on the window sill in the sitting room lost night?"

Mr. Stiffle remembered and he went down stairs on a run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count, and landed with a bang like an explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" asked the wife of his bosom, sweetly, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned.

"Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked. She pityingly kicked it to him. "My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged away at his boot.

"Up in your dressing room," she repled.

"Packed?"

"I do not know—unless you packed it yourself—probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob. "I had hardly time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate, when the door opened, and he shouted:

"Where, in the name of goodness, did you put my vest? It has all my money in it?"

"You threw it on the hatrack," she called back. "Good bye, dear!"

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Stiffle! Did you see anything of my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling a cab to stop, and cried:

"You threw it on the siver closet."

The street cab engulfed her graceful figure, and she was seen no more. And when he went forth at last, he left the kitchen door, side door, and front door, all down stairs windows and the front gate, wide open. And the loungers around the station were somewhat amused just as the train was running out of sight, to see a flushed, perspiring man, with his hat sideways, his coat buttoned two buttons too high, his cuffs unfastened, and necktie flying, and his valise flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his tremendous fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from a car near the end of the train.

Mr. Stiffle went home a sadder and a wiser man. He has come to the conclusion that women are of some use after all, and that in future he will make no bargain necessitating self help, even if connected with smiles.

By the way, when Mrs. Stiffle returned, she bore him no malice—in fact, she calmed him down by saying that she had passed a miserable evening, and wished that he had been there.

Old Bill Gridley.

"You may say what you please about old Bill Gridley," said a gentleman just down from Bodie to the crowd who were spinning for hot Scotches in Phil McGovern's backroom the other night. "I know there's lots of fellers talking against him—specially now that he's dead—but I allers speak of a man as I find him, and old Bill was as fair and square a one as I wish ter see, spite of his crankiness."

"Putty bad tempered, wasn't he?" said Phil, who was sprinkling red pepper on the salt herring to encourage trade.

"Well, he was—and he wasn't. I've seen that man keep his grip on himself and go along cool and easy like when any other man in the camp would have stood on his hind legs and rared. I call to mind suthin' that happened once away back in the flush days that showed what a big heart old Gridley had in his shirt. You see, we were at a mining camp called Lone Skull, up on the Feather river, and Bill's claim had paned out so rich that he began to put on a good deal of style. He had the largest shanty in the place—four rooms—and what must Gridley do but send clear round the Horn for a carpet for the parlor. It took him nearly a year to get it out, and then it was the only carpet in that part of the state. White ground, with yellow and red flowers. Folks used to come for miles around to see it.

"Is this yarn in one act?" growled a friend of the miner, who was wistfully watching the barkeeper take the lid off some hot chowder in the other room.

"It's in one scene," continued the party from Bodie. "Lem me see; where was I? Well, to make a long story short, I was playing Pedro in Bill's best room one night, with some prospectors just up from Frisco, and was losing considerable dust, when I dropped on one of 'em taking a jack out of his sleeve. As luck would have it, I wasn't heeled that night, so I just picked up a tobacco knife that lay on the table and cut the fellow's throat clean across."

"Good scheme, too," grunted a faro steerer in approval.

"Well, as I was saying, old Gridley, who was in the next room, heard the scuffle and came in. There was that cut chap lying on the floor, with the blood all over the carpet—the whole thing just ruined. Everybody was scared to see Bill's face; he looked just awful, I expected to get a bullet through my head quicker'n a wink."

"This is pretty tough on me," says Gridley, looking at the new carpet.

"I know, Bill," says I, "an' I axes yer parding, old man. I never once thought of the carpet. I wouldn't er done it if I had."

"No I don't believe you would, Tom," says he kinder sorrowful like. "I don't believe you would." And he actually helped me to heave the corpse out of the winder, and kinder wipe up the muss a little. I tell pou, gentlemen, old Bill Gridley was a white man, he was; and if I ever go back on him after that, I'm a coyote!"

And they all agreed that a man must have a pretty big heart to act like that after all.

A Brave Woman.

An interesting story is told of a young wife who went West with her husband, and there encountered all sorts of "hard luck." Crops failed, cattle died, the young farmer sickened. During all this time the young wife never grew discouraged, but did all in her power to keep her husband from getting "the blues." But one morning the boy, who did the chores, came in and said he could not find old cow on the farm. So our heroine set out with the boy in search of the lost animal, and finally found her where she had fallen, over between two logs—dead. The young woman was at last discouraged, and for a time would not go back with the bad news to her husband, but finally overcame her feelings, went merrily to the house, and, upon entering, said: "Well, Rollin, our luck has changed." "How is that?" he anxiously inquired. "Why," said she, "the old cow is dead; you can skin her, sell the hide, and we will have some money." And it proved to be true, for their luck changed from that day. They sold out their interest in the farm and bought another one, began over, and to-day are well-to-do people. Does not this teach a lesson to repining wives, and show what power there is in a hopeful spirit?

I had Chronic Catarrh badly. I took Peruna. I am very much better. J. Williams, Medway, Pa.

The Conquest of Mexico.

The bright particular stars of journalism are now engaged in defining the motives of General Grant and other gentlemen who are visiting Mexico. The declared object of the visit is railway development. To the average observer of passing events and future possibilities this declared object appears to cover the ground. However, there are some fools in the world, who hold to the comfortable doctrine that the world owes them a living. Perhaps it does. Anyhow, it is certain that they would not be able to collect their dues in that respect were they to depend upon the exercise of their common sense.

General Grant has found it necessary to disavow any designs upon the autonomy of the Republic of Mexico, and the disavowal will probably have some effect upon the Mexican fools—for there are fools there as well as here. He is doubtless right when he says that the United States would not take Mexico as a free gift at the hands of the Mexican people. We have, as he declared, land enough, and trouble enough, without borrowing of our neighbors. The only conquest of Mexico that is contemplated by the gentlemen who are now in that country with General Grant, or who stand behind General Grant, is the conquest we made of our own undeveloped domain when we built the great trans-continental railroads. Exactly as we assailed and conquered savage nature, and so achieved a conquest of our own territory, Mexico, assisted by capital, is to assail and conquer nature within her grand domain. There is not today living a man of common sense who regards the annexation of Mexico desirable. It certainly is not among the probabilities. Every person of sagacity recognized the necessity of a closer alliance with Mexico, but only an alliance which shall make her great and independent as a nation. Soon or late it will be the United States and Mexico, and probably Canada, against the Continent of Europe. Not, perhaps, in a clash of arms, though even that is possible, but as the arbiter of the destiny of the commercial world.

Hence it is the policy of the United States to develop their own enormous resources, and in every practical way assist Mexico to develop its great resources. The future of Mexico, developed by railways and filled with industrial establishments, cannot be other than great. And thus it can become a great nation and a powerful ally in case of need. It is now the one weak spot on this hemisphere. It was through Mexico that Louis Napoleon struck at this Republic during our civil war. Had Mexico at that time been developed as this country was developed, there would have been no French invasion possible. In order to put Mexico on the path to greatness and independence there must be offered the inducement of certain greatness and distinct nationality. To annex Mexico, even were Mexico desirous of it, would be to fix it in the rut of dependence which it has so long travelled. The conquest of Mexico is necessary, but Mexico must conquer herself. That is the greatest victory of all.—*Philadelphia North American, (Rep.)*

Meanness O'erleaping Itself.

Meanness not unfrequently resembles the

Vaulting ambition which O'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.

An excellent illustration of this "o'erleaping" is furnished by a certain transaction of John Jacob Astor with one of his Captains. The story is told by a writer in the Boston *Transcript*:

"The Captain had sailed six voyages to China without a chronometer, depending on 'dead reckoning' and 'lunars;' just starting out on his seventh voyage he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be safer to have a chronometer.

"Well, get one," said the merchant.

"The Captain did so, and entered its cost in his account-current. When Astor's eyes fell upon the item, he drew his pencil through it. The Captain expostulated. Said Astor, 'I told you to get one; I didn't say I'd pay for it.'

"The Captain severed his connection with Astor then and there, and went into Wall street, engaged with other owners, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated in New York's beautiful bay.

"In three days she was ready for sea, and set sail. At the same time Astor's ship, under the command of a new Captain, set sail also. They had a race for Hong Kong, but the Captain who, as he used to put it, had discharged John Jacob Astor, by keeping the men at the braces, took advantage of every puff of wind, and won by three days.

"Then there was lively work. The ship was loaded in the shortest time possible, and before Astor's vessel, which had arrived meantime, was half loaded, our Captain weighed anchor, and, with a full cargo of tea, set sail for Sandy Hook, arrived in good time, got his ship alongside the wharf, and began hoisting out his cargo, which was sold by auction on the spot.

"This glutted the market, for the consumption was comparatively small in those days, and when Astor's ship came in, prices had fallen.

"Two days later, as the Captain was sauntering down Broadway, he met his former employer.

"'How much did dat chronometer cost you?' asked the latter.

"'Six hundred dollars.'

"'Vell,' said Astor, 'dat vas cheap. It cost me sixty thousand dollars.'

"The merchant and the Captain have long since paid the reckoning, but that chronometer is still a good timekeeper, and treasured relic as well!"

From the Hub.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the public that possesses as much intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*

Sunbeam cloth is English novelty for skirts. It has a mixture of all colors of the rainbow in stripes.

I was miserable with Chronic Catarrh. Peruna is my remedy and no other. Wm. Boyd, Pittsburgh.

The imported English gipsy hats have a netted cord covering the front and back of the turned up rim.

My daughter's defective vision was much improved by Peruna. James Cook, Bakerstown, Pa.