The Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held responsible for the subscription.

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

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 30. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1884. WHOLE NO. 1695.

J. J. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, up-stairs in Cook & Beerits' Block.

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

J. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All business intrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collection made in Somerset, Bedford, and adjoining Counties. Surveying & Conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block next door to Boyd's drug store.

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

P. Y. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

M. J. PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, up-stairs in Mammoth Block.

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

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block.

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

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

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

ISAAC HUGUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office, on Main St. east of the Diamond.

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. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—One door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Dec. 8, '82.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office up stairs in Cook & Beerits Block, Somerset, Pa.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS, DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store where 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, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

H. HOWARD WYNNE, M. D. JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A. Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Special and Exclusive practice. Hours, [illegible] A. M. to [illegible] P. M. Lueker & Green Block, 295 Main St.

J. P. THOMPSON, M. D. SURGEON DENTIST. Johnstown, Pa. Has had a professional experience of more than thirty years. FILLING TEETH A SPECIALTY. Office rooms No. 222 Main street (up stairs) over John Dibert's Hardware Store. It will be necessary for persons who want work done to make engagements beforehand.

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

JAMES O. KIERNAN, M. D. tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. He can be found at the residence of his father on Main Street or at the office of Dr. Henry Brubaker. Sept 6 1882.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN, PENN'A. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new and first class furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. The table and rooms cannot be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices, by the week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond Stoystown, Pa.

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

BARGAINS! In House-Furnishing Goods We Offer:

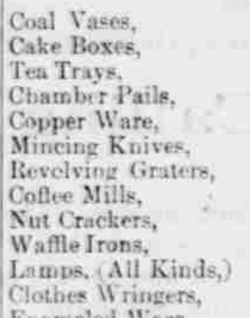
Coal Vases,	Bread Boxes,	Fine Carving Sets,
Cake Boxes,	Cash Boxes,	Knives and Forks,
Tea Trays,	Toilet Sets,	Fine Plated Ware,
Chamber Pails,	Egg Beaters,	Cake Beaters,
Copper Ware,	Slaw Cutters,	Egg Pake Molds,
Mincing Knives,	Pudding Molds,	Spice Boxes,
Revolving Graters,	Lemon Squeezers,	Lanterns,
Coffee Mills,	Can Openers,	Oil Stoves,
Nut Crackers,	Apple Parers,	Tea Canisters,
Waffle Irons,	Mrs. Potts' Irons,	Granite Ware,
Lamps, (All Kinds,)	Bread Toasters,	Wire Broilers,
Clothes Wringers,	Towel Rolllers,	Cuspadores,
Enameled Ware,	Steak Pounders,	Dust Brushes,
Queen Oil Cans,	Pocket Stoves,	Rolling Pins,
Knife Trays,	Farina Boilers.	

AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER ARTICLES.

In connection with the above we offer the Largest and Finest Assortment of RANGES, COOKING and HEATING STOVES ever shown in Johnstown.

Special attention paid to Jobbing in Tin, Galvanized Iron and Sheet Iron, Sugar Pans, Steam Pipe, Hot-air Pipe, Roofing, Spouting, Stacks for Engines, and all work pertaining to Cellar Furnaces. Estimates given and work done by first-class mechanics only.
HAY BROS., No. 280 Washington Street Johnstown, Penn'a

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,



Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage. Yours, &c.,
WM. M. HOCHSTETLER, Somerset, Pa. mar5

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD
HORNE & WARD, SUCCESSORS TO EATON & BROS, NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.
SPRING, 1882.
NEW GOODS
EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES —IN—
Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
ORDERS BY MAIL ATTENDED TO WITH CARE AND DISPATCH.

ESTABLISHED 1880.
Fisher's Book Store.
Always in stock at the Book Store a well selected assortment of Bibles, Testaments, Gospel Hymns, Christians' Hymn Books and Hymnals, Lutheran Hymn Books, Dictionaries, Albums, Pens, Inks Papers, Envelopes, Magazines Novels, Reviews, Blank Books, Deeds Bonds, Mortgages and all kinds of Legal Blanks,
BOOKS OF POETRY
Books of Travel and Adventure, History, Biography, and Educational Works, Toy Books for children, in fact every thing usually found in a well regulated book store. Headquarters for school teachers and school books and school supplies.
Chas. H. Fisher. Cook & Beerits Block. jan17

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK! (ESTABLISHED 1877.)
CHARLES. J. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS. Cashier.
Collections made in all parts of the United States.
CHARGES MODERATE.
Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $3 00 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All legal holidays observed. dec7

NEW GOOD!
For the Fall and Winter Trade
NOW IN STORE!
Cashmeres, Silk Finished Suitings, Velvets, Fancy Dress Goods Prints, Ginghams, Cheviots, Cotton, Plaids, Flannels, Linseys, Canton Flannels, Jeans, Sattinets, Cassimeres, Corduroys, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Yarns, Notions, Fancy Goods, Neck-Wear.
A Full Line of Choice Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY
HATS and CAPS.
A large and varied assortment,
CLOTHING.
Nails, Glass, Stove Pipe, Tinware, Oils, Paints, Drugs, Dyes, Salt, Flour, Meal and Chop.
It will be our aim to keep in stock everything usually kept in a well-regulated general store, all of which will be sold at rock bottom prices. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market prices. We take occasion to thank a generous public for the liberal patronage we have received since we have commenced business, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. To those who have not as yet dealt with us, we kindly ask to give us a trial and be convinced.
Short profits and quick returns, is our motto.
D. W. C. DUMBAULD & CO., VANSVILLE, PA., Oct. 19, 1883.

MUSIC SCHOLARS WANTED.
Having given up my music classes in Connellsville and Dunbar, I will give lessons on the piano and organ in Somerset and vicinity the ensuing year commencing October 8th
ELLA SCHELL. aug29

OLD RELIABLE SADDLERY & HARNESS SHOP, (OPPOSITE THE GLADE HOUSE,) MAIN CROSS ST. SOMERSET, PA.
I keep constantly on hand a large assortment of
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, BRUSHES, COLLARS, WHIPS, DUSTERS, ROBES, BLANKETS,
And everything usually found in a First-class HARNESS SHOP.
Harness from $10.00 a Set Upwards.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance.
Jeremiah Woy, PROPRIETOR. nov7-3m.

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.
TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE

Don't go shivering through this cold weather for want of a good, warm Overcoat; it will not pay.

We have them in all grades, from the plainest, low in price, to the finest.

A. C. YATES & CO. Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Henry M. Baker, dec'd, late of Milford township, Somerset County, Pa.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Wednesday, January 23, 1884, at the late residence of said deceased.
MRS. SUSAN BAKER, Executrix. dec5.

DESIRABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE!
A good two-story frame dwelling house, with basement, good stable, wood and coal house, with plenty of good water soft and hard; all kinds of fruit, good garden and large lot; a fine location, near the Public Square. Terms to suit a cash or time buyer. Inquire of
JACOB NEFF, Somerset, Pa.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town, $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. dec20-1y

PATENTS
MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. $3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 261 Broadway, New York.

GRANDMAMMA.

It is many years ago
Since she led
On a tiny tapered toe
With a tread.
Like a whisper, in the dances;
She's the sweetest of romances—
She's the darling of my fancies,
Though she's dead.

Grandpapa was very slim
Wore a wig
When she courtesied to him
In the jig;
She was modest, prim and pretty,
He was wealthy, wise and witty,
And he joggled through the city
In a gig.

Sixty summers side by side
Did they go.
Then the feeble father died,
And the snow
Streaked the curls that used to tangle
At a captivating angle
By her cheeks, before the bangle
Caught the beaux.

And they say she used to sit
All day through
With her Bible reading it
Till she grew
Very old; then came the tragic
End of life's unraveled magic.
For her epitaph no adjec-
Tive will do.

All that I remember now
Is the quaint
Gold-rimmed glasses on her brow
In the paint
Where a portrait painter caught her—
And a most devoted daughter—
Mother—she who always thought her
Just a saint.

—*Puck.*

JOSEPHA.

We were at Cham when our delayed mail was received. There was a month old letter from my young nephew, Reginald Travers, containing sad news. My dear old friend Oswald Hamilton, was dead; his affairs left in a bad way. The arrangement of his papers, straightening of accounts, and settling up of the estate were left in my hands. A second was to the effect that Josepha (the only and motherless daughter of my old friend, now about twenty-four years of age,) had refused him. That he had secured a chance in the 10th which was soon to be ordered away to fight Zulus, and closed by saying that the best thing I could wish him was a bullet through the head in the first engagement.

My poor Reg! It was his first taste of life's bitter, and it was going down hard. I longed to grasp his hand in sympathy. I cursed the stupidity of mail carriers, and stormed and swore at the hundred and one annoying delays that kept me so long on my homeward journey. However, in two days I was well on my journey.

Soldiers are rough of speech. I began to fashion some soft phrases of sympathy for my old friend's daughter, but gave up in despair, trusting that, as in battle, when the opportunity comes, I should be ready to equal it. And, after all, to such self reliant natures as Josepha's sympathy held a tone of pity which gave it a distasteful flavor.

A word of myself. An old soldier nearing fifty, but hale and hearty, I inherited at my brother's death the pile of stone he called home and his large business interests. A misanthrope, he had shown little taste for the society of his kind. My visits to him were few and brief. I had taken little notice of Josepha until I came to Deerwood as its master. Her name described her. Divinely tall, she had none of the awkwardness peculiar in women of her stature, but her motion was at all times free, suggesting the flight of a sea bird. Better than beauty, her face expressed dignity and character. Her mouth was shapely and red, although a square jaw and long chin proved somewhat detractive to it.

But her eyes—glorious! Clearest gray, with pupils of velvet, set under a man's forehead. She had a frank, bon comarade way which played sad havoc with men's hearts, whatever their armor. Many of the wisest and wariest knelt at her shrine, but each and all vainly. Between her and my dear lad there had been an understanding, based on a childish attachment. Merely a silken link. I cared little for society, though, thank God! never unfeeling and cold to my kind, like my brother. The surrounding country families who would have lionized me on account of a few scars and decorations met with small encouragement, and but for the flying visits of my young lieutenant, and an evening cigar on one of the wide verandas of Hamilton Place, my time was passed in riding, walking and shooting.

Now I will let you into a secret. I was surprised when I found it out myself. I had fallen in love with Josepha. Preposterous! So I said. At any rate, give me some credit. I never dreamed of telling her, and I went away immediately—traveling with a party of friends.

My old friend I mourned sincerely. Though ten years my senior, we had been friends years and years. He knew I stood ready to lend a helping hand whenever it was needed, but he was proud to a fault, and though I had begged him to allow my assistance, for I knew he was in sad straits, he would never take a penny.

His reverses were quick and sudden. His indomitable will upheld him in his struggle for a time. When that broke beneath the burden of troubles, which grew heavier day by day, he died.

Dear old friend! "Here lies a man whom pride brought low," I murmured as I stood over his grave.

I had arrived at Deerwood late in the afternoon, and had stopped in the church yard on my way to Josepha.

The grass waved to and fro. I fancied the one below stirred uneasily.

'Peace,' I whispered. 'Your name shall be cleared; your daughter guarded well.'

Josepha let me in. She staid to fasten the door, and as she came up with me in the corridor she slipped her warm hand into mine, and I held it strongly. My eyes fell on Oswald's picture as we entered the drawing room. Together we stood looking at it. Then I looked at Josepha in her long, black gown, her neck rising like a lily stem from its sombreness, as she stood by my side. Bereavement and harassing cares had set his mark on brow and lips, though she held her head still proudly, and her eyes looked into mine unmisted.

If I had loved her in the midst of her happiness and light heartedness, how much more I loved her now, penniless, with a faint shadow of dishonor on her name, forsaken by the crowds of summer day friends! She looked into my face, for my tongue was tied, and then bent her head and kissed my hand.

'My dear,' I said, 'my dear.'

The only safe thing for me to do was to go to the window, and I went. Presently she followed me, and, having myself as thoroughly in hand as an old fighter should by this time, I sat down beside her, and we had a long, serious talk.

The long rays of sunlight paled from orange to amber, and gradually faded into the gray of dusk, and as yet we had not spoken of the future. Josepha had her father's own pride and strength of will, and my heart failed me as I mentally marshalled my forces and prepared to advance. First, I meant that she should come home with me.

'Josepha,' I began, 'this is no place for you; 'and then I called myself an old blunderer. who deserved to be well kicked for his unalterable stupidity.

'No, it is my home, my dear old home, no longer. I have looked over the papers which are in this book enough to see plainly that the place will not be sufficient to satisfy the demands of the creditors. Let me know as soon as you can the full amount of the deficit; I have thought it all out. No, dear Major, I cannot be contented to remain idly at Deerwood, kindly as you mean the offer, while my father's debts remain unpaid. Ah, I am afraid you are angry, but indeed, indeed, I cannot, Major.'

She was rock to arguments and persuasions. She was her father's own daughter. After all, her spirit and determination demanded admiration. I gave it grudgingly enough, feeling as if I would enjoy scolding her soundly and then kissing her.

I took the box, and chose to leave her with the impression that I disapproved totally of herself and her determinations.

I sat down to hard work over the papers, and when morning dawned I could talk definitely about the state of affairs.

Well, they were in a bad way, indeed. I made no effort to mince things to Josepha, who had made me an early call. She gave a little gasp, turned her back on me, and walked straight to the window.

It was a beastly morning; couldn't have been nastier. The rain fell—drizzle, drizzle, drizzle. She could see the gray shaft which marked her father's grave. It was dreadful. The clock ticked on and on.

'Josepha,' (anything to break this stormy silence.)

No reply.

'You are not legally bound to pay these debts. All the law can do is to claim the estate.'

Perhaps she heard. She turned her head a trifle.

'I do wish you would be more like people. Here, I am with more money than I can use. Borrow of me. Your false notions will benefit no body, and as for your pride, I call it foolishness. At any rate, stay here in Deerwood. I will go away willingly if it will be pleasanter in any way for you. Let me, as your father's old friend, advise you.'

She came to my chair, and put her hand on my shoulder.

'Did I rate your friendship (and it is very, very dear to me) above the duty I owe to the dead and my conscience, I should prove unworthy of it. Risking the loss of your regard, Major, I must still adhere to my course.'

She scratched off two advertisements, handing them to me as she rose. 'Wanted— Position as governess,' and 'For Sale—Hamilton Place,' were the headings. I did my best to obtain her consent to tearing up the first, but all she would say was:

'Do not urge me.'

How like she was to Oswald, with that square jaw, that clear, firm tone, and imperious pose.

And so, perhaps because of the reminder, I gainsaid her no longer. Governess she should be if she wished, and Josepha went home pleased as any headstrong girl who has her way.

In pursuance of a plan to head her off I sent a telegram to Reg. The idea of her not loving such a fine, manly, true hearted fellow, the best man ever inside a lieutenant's uniform. He had only to ask to wed anywhere. He came as soon as he could get leave. They were off in a fortnight.

I told him of Josepha's resolves.

'There is one power that will stop her.'

'And that, uncle?'

'Love.' Profound sigh from Reg, but no disposition to open his mouth.

Do you try your luck again! Remember the old rule about two negatives. I have observed the young woman pretty closely, and I think you will succeed. Tell her that in case she consents to make us the happiest of men you are to give up your commission and come into my firm at once. Pshaw, boy! Don't look so dazed. I have intended it all along; only taking time by the forelock, you know. There, you young bear. Would you hug me to death! Go along with you! Tell Josepha when you find her that an eccentric old duffer, who has taken a fancy to the place, offered £25,000 to-day for it, and that being by long odds more than she can expect to have offered again, I took him up.'

'All right, uncle; anything more?'

He was already half way out of the library.

'Tell her—no, never mind.'

Reg was by this time beyond hearing.

For an hour I walked up and down my lonely, luxurious drawing room. Free from the restraint of Reginald's company, the fever rose again in my blood, my pulse beat fast, my step quickened. Then I formed a hundred plans which I thought would aid in crushing down my heart. I would travel; I would trust to time; with seas and years between us I would grow calmer in my feelings. I would come back and find my happiness in Reginald's and hers. I would give them Hamilton Place for their wedding gift, and I imagined myself in after years frolicking on those green terraces with Regie's oldest or youngest, as the case might be. But the fever rose again, the longing was as strong as it was vain. I was not in the frame of mind to meet my nephew, and as soon as my roan was saddled I sprang to her back and was off—away—I cared not where, so I could ride this madness down.

I came home late. The hardest battle I had ever fought I had won. I had such a grip on myself that, after seeing Bess comfortably stabled and rubbed down, I went to Regie's room without the least fear of self betrayal.

But the lad was not there. A note sticking in the mirror frame attracted my attention. It was addressed to me. It ran, with many a blot and erasure:

'DEAR OLD UNCLE:—It was all a mistake. Josepha never really cared two pins for me. That boy and girl affair wasn't love at all. She told me so before, and I ought to have known better than to go to her twice, but you—there, I don't blame you, uncle. How should you know? She was very kind, if you can call that sort of thing kind, and I dare say I shall get over it. But I'm awfully cut up, and I don't feel as if I could face even you, just yet; so I'm off without waiting for you.'

A line or two more so badly blurred as to be illegible, and a great scrawl which bore but a faint resemblance to 'Reg.'

Poor lad! Poor lad! He tried hard to be cheery in the farewell letter he sent before he left the shores of old England, but I saw the heartache be tween the lines.

In a few days I was called suddenly to London on business, being detained there some little time. When I returned to Deerwood it was to find my erratic young neighbor flown. Mrs. Harwood, my estimable housekeeper, had a message for me from Miss Hamilton—'she would write regularly, but I was not to seek her out.'

Having delivered the message with a dignified air, slightly damaged by the curious, speculative glance with which she regarded me the while, Mrs. Harwood rustled majestically away, giving a vicious little jerk to the door knob, as much as to say, 'Well, there! He might a' said more than 'O, indeed.' Just as if I didn't know she'd gone off a-governessin'! But men is so clus mouthed.'

As I went into the garden for a quiet smoke I heard the housekeeper address the housemaid:

'Mary, run with all your might now and tell the cook Major's back again. Yes, I gave him the message. Surprised? You never know whether 'e is or 's isn't. But lawk, Mary! think o' tellin' 'im, the Major, not to seek out 'er, which 'as gone to be a governess!'

'An' after 'er packin' off Mr. Reginald, the stuck up piece,' said Mary, who had a sweetheart of her own she thought the world of.

The weeks slipped into months, and the months numbered eighteen before I saw Josepha again.

She was ill and wrote for me to come to her. No. 6, Beverly Square, was the address, and the neighborhood was most aristocratic. No. 6 was an imposing stone house of the mausoleum type. In answer to my ring there appeared an undersized footman whose gravity of demeanor carried out the funeral idea suggested by the house itself. Untold millions could not have tempted him to smile.

He went off with my card, and by and by Josepha—or her ghost—trailed down the stairs. To give you an idea of how weak she was, let me tell you there were two tears in her eyes when I took her hand. Josepha, and Josepha reduced to womanly tears. It was difficult to recognize the two.

I saw my chance and took advantage of it. Now, while she was unfit for work, homesick and needing a change, she must make Deerwood a visit. Mrs. Harwood knew how to make my guests comfortable, and nothing would suit me better.

I listened to no remonstrance, and when she half consented I put an end to the last 'but' with a sly hint that she had better improve the present opportunity to visit her old home, for the old gentleman who had bought it intended to dispose of it soon.

I bore Josepha away on the five o'clock train, much to the disgust of my lady, who was losing a governess such as Beverly Square should not soon again see.

The quiet and the change did work a wonderful change. Josepha in a fortnight was almost herself again, and queened it over me in her own delightful way.

She began to talk of going back to London again, and one afternoon asked for the keys to the Hamilton Place.

I had made my plans to head her off, but this time I sent no telegrams. I simply waited until the afternoon sun was low, and then I followed her

I found her, as I knew I should, before her father's portrait. Her head was thrown back, her face uplifted, her hands clasped behind her

'Josepha,' I said, speaking as naturally as I could—I had a most exasperating lump in my throat—'the wedding for which this house was designed a gift never came off. The old fellow doesn't know what to do with it, and, in fine, says if you will take it back—and—himself into the bargain, he'll be no end obliged.'

Her eyes lit up, the loveliest color came to her cheek. I kissed her for I saw I might. And when the first stars came out we walked together through the fields and our troth was plighted.

A New York florist claims to sell over 10,000 rosebuds every day.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The President's Remarkable Reception.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1.—Poor people stayed at home in Washington to-day. It rained too hard to make calls on foot and carriage prices went up quickly to ten dollars an hour. The people who remained at home prophesied an early death to the horrible custom of making New Year's calls. General calling does not commence here on New Year's till late in the afternoon. The President commences to receive at 11 o'clock and his reception continues until 1 o'clock. Then the mob or public is admitted, but no one waits for them to finish. The "public" callers at the White House are a motley crowd. It is a field day for cranks and the colored brother, no one is excluded, and these people take advantage of their opportunity.

THE FUN BEGINS.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the Marine band, which was stationed in the vestibule played "Hail to the Chief" and as the first notes sounded President Arthur, accompanied by Mrs. Carlisle and preceded by Col. Rockwell and Marshal McMichael entered the corridor. They were followed by members of the Cabinet, their wives and a number of ladies without escort, who were to assist in the reception. The party passed into the Red parlor and thence into the Blue room. President Arthur stood midway between the east and west doors. On his right and behind him were the ladies assisting, and on his left, during the reception of the diplomatic corps, stood the Secretary of State. Both the President's son and daughter were in the room.

The decorations of the Executive Mansion, were simple but tasteful. Ferns, palms, and cut-flowers from the White House conservatory were placed in the three parlors, the great East room and main corridor, and the mirrors and large glass chandeliers, which were lighted, were hung with graceful festoons of smilax. There were a few potted plants, such as begonias and primroses, blooming in the East room; a huge bouquet of selected cut-flowers was placed in the Red parlor, and another still larger ornamented the central divan of the Blue room.

THE PRESIDENT NERVOUS—HIS DRESS.

The President was not in a very happy frame of mind this morning. The rain depressed him, and he naturally recalled the tragic ending of his last New Year's reception, the death of the Hawaiian Minister, Mr. Allen, on the threshold of the Blue room. He was very nervous before the reception commenced but gradually became more cheerful as it progressed without accident or incident to mar the occasion. Mr. Arthur was dressed in a handsome black frock suit. The coat was buttoned up very high and showed off his frame to good advantage. It gave him an almost ministerial look. A bright red rose was in perfect harmony with his necktie. When the reception commenced Mr. Arthur had on two white gloves, but a little later his right hand glove became perfectly black. Mr. Arthur has learned Gen. Grant's trick in shaking hands. He chooses his own grip and avoids the misery of having his hand crushed to a jelly by too enthusiastic friends.

The members of the Diplomatic Corps were the first guests received by the President. They were admitted in the order of the date of the presentation of their credentials at the State Department. The Haytian Minister, Mr. Preston, is at present the dean of the Diplomatic Corps, and he headed the list.

SUPREME COURT—ARMY AND NAVY.

The Justices of the United States Supreme Court and wives were next received, after which Col. Rockwell and Marshal McMichael took a place beside the President and introduced a large number of Senators and Representatives. At 12 o'clock the doors leading to the main corridor were thrown open and a long line of army and navy officers filed in to pay their respects to the President. General Sheridan, accompanied by Judge Holt and General McKee Dunn, formerly Judge Advocate General of the army, and the officers of his staff; Adjutant General Drum, followed and accompanied by Assistant Adjutant General McLeever, General Ruggles, Colonels Benjamin and Barber; then came nearly all the army officers stationed in Washington, both line and staff.

THE MEDICAL CORPS

was represented by Surgeon General Murray, Dr. Baxter, Dr. Basil, Norris and others. Paymaster General Rochester was followed by a number of officers of the pay corps. The engineer officers were headed by General H. G. Wright and a number of other officials. Following the army officers came representatives of the navy, Admiral Porter at the head, accompanied by Commodore Earl English, Chief Engineers Henry, Lee, Snyder and John C. Shafer, and followed by almost every naval officer at present in Washington. The army officers were introduced to the President by Colonel Rockwell. Lieutenant Mason presented the naval officers to Colonel Rockwell, who in turn introduced them to the President.

BRILLIANCY OF THE UNIFORMS.

In the East room army and navy uniforms showed to great advantage and the scene was a very brilliant one, as a number of the diplomatic representatives were still in the room as were also many handsomely dressed ladies.

Assistant secretaries of department and chiefs of bureaus were next received, and followed by the veterans of the Mexican war and war of 1812, representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Oldest Inhabitant's Association, and citizens generally.

Throughout the entire reception President Arthur retained his position without a moment's rest. He greeted those with whom he was acquainted with a pleasant smile and a few words of recognition. Strangers he merely wished "A happy New Year." At the conclusion of the reception he retired to his private apartments.

STATE BREAKFAST.

The State breakfast at 1731 I street by Secretary Frelinghuysen to the members diplomatic corps and their ladies was served promptly at 12 o'clock, according to the time honored custom. Retaining their court costumes the diplomatic corps on throwing aside their wraps on entering, after being presented passed at once to the dining-room, where the collation was spread. The table was handsomely garnished as for a large formal luncheon, the waxen lights in the twisted silver candelabras adding greatly to the beauty and sociability of the occasion. In the centre of the table representing a mimic lake, serving to catch and reflect the many little flame jets, lay a large round plate-glass plaque bound in silver. Apparently growing up from its waveless surface spread a profusion of cut flowers, roses, maiden hair ferns and scarlet leaves. These, with the gorgeous military display of scarlet, gold and white trappings, all combined to produce a beautiful effect.

SECRETARY FRELINGHUYSEN'S RECEPTION.

The reception of secretary Frelinghuysen commenced immediately after the breakfast to the diplomats. Mrs. Frelinghuysen, in a robe of black velvet with rare old lace at throat and wrists, and headdress of the same, her jewelry being diamonds, received her guests standing in the doorway between the two parlors, assisted by Miss Frelinghuysen, who wore a Worth costume of dark blue velvet, with an entire jetted front, the facing to the dress being of cerulean blue surah. The square neck was partially filled with a jabot of lace, caught down with small pins of diamonds and pearls. On the left side was worn a bunch of lilies of the valley. Miss Lucy Frelinghuysen, in white satin brocade with brocade ruffles of lace, the train being of plain satin De Lyon. The boquet de corsage was a great cluster of varigate tulips. At the house of the Secretary of State the reception was, if possible, more brilliant than for many years back, and the numbers of those calling to pay their respects showed a decided increase over that of former occasions.

HOME OF SECRETARY LINCOLN.

The home of the Secretary of War was the center of a large and brilliant throng of callers. Mrs. Lincoln was assisted by Mrs. Senator Cullom and Miss Cullom, and Mrs. Frank Hatton. The rooms were very prettily decorated with flowers and made an attractive setting for the costumes of the ladies, who wore evening toilets. The Secretary of the Navy's house was thrown open at 2 o'clock, and a steady stream of callers began to pour in to pay their respects to Mrs. Chandler and his sister, Mrs. Kinsley. The parlors of the Secretary of the Interior on M street were thronged, and the large parlor where the ladies received their guests was adorned with flowers whose perfumes filled the air, and in another room was a refreshment table where true Western hospitality was dispensed. Mrs. Brewster held an elegant reception after 2 o'clock. The was attired in a handsome and becoming brown flowered satin dress with a crushed strawberry front. She Postmaster General's home was crowded to-day, and Mrs. Gresham, with her assistants, were kept busy exchanging New Year's greetings and dispensing the hospitality of the day.

More houses were open to callers to-day than for many years. The President is gratified at the happy termination of the day. Some of his friends think that it is a good sign for his future prospects.

A Cheerful Spirit.

The man or woman who always reveals a cheerful spirit, will succeed in life. The pleasant face will carry its professor safely through life in spite of every opposing power. Smiles will banish the darkness that gathers about every life path, and the sunlight will fall upon lifes pathway wherever a cheerful spirit exists. The sunbeams will melt the iceberg and dispel the darkest night that ever broodedover the world, and so a sunny spirit will scatter the coldness and darkness of humanity, and bring brigtness and blessing to those about it.

If there is anything repulsive about a human being, it is a fretful spirit and a sorrowful face. If there is anything utterly repelling and disgusting, it is the sour-visaged one who cannot smile or wear a cheerful look, but who continually broods over his misfortunes, and so keeps on the shadowy side of everything, God's sunshine is nothing to him, any more than the sunlight of Heaven is to the poisonous nettleweed under the shadow of the slimy rock, or dense shrubbery. His dwarfed and selfish spirit is as nearly like the nettleweed as it can be, or like anything else that grows in gloom and darkness.

A cheerful spirit is one of the most valuable gifts ever bestowed upon humanity by a kind Creator. It is the sweetest and most fragrant flower of the Spirit—that constantly sends out its beauty and fragrance, and blesses everything within its reach. It sustains the soul in the darkest and most dreary place of this world. It will hold in check the demons of despair, stifle the power of discouragement and hopelessness. It is the brightest star that ever casts its radiance over the darkened soul, and one that seldom sets in the gloom of morbid fancies and forboding imaginations.

Cultivate, then, a cheerful spirit, and cherish it as something sacred. Obey the command, "Rejoice evermore," and its light and blessedness will ever fall upon thy pathway.

The only manufactory of cutlery in Canada has just been established at Montreal, beginning with forty workmentrebr ought over from Sheffield.

Why He Brought Them Back.

A small boy with an intelligent face, went into a small fruit dealer's store and depositing a box of grapes on the the counter, stood looking down.

"I don't want the grapes, my little fellow," said the dealer, "I have got as many as I can sell. Take them away."

"They are yours," said the boy looking up.

"Mine?"

"Yes, sir. Yesterday evening I came along here and took this box of grapes from the stand at the door. I knowed it was stealing', an' my mother always told me not to take anything that did not belong to me but I couldn't help it. Just before I left home my little sister that was sick said, 'Oh, if I had some grapes like them that I saw down town. I could eat them.' We didn't have any money, an' nobody knowed us, 'cause we had just moved into the house, Mother washes clothes, but when sister got sick she had to quit, When I took the clothes home the lady told me to come the next day for the money, but when I went there the house was shut up and the people was gone, so we didn't have any money to get the grapes with. Mother said 'never mind, we would get some after awhile.' I saw her go into the other room, an' when I watched her she had her face buried in the pillow an' she was prayin'. I come away down town an' stood aroun' a long time waitin' to get a chance, an' after a while, when you wasn't looking', I took a box an' ran away with it."

"But why did you bring it back?" the dealer asked.

"Because," said the boy, choking down a sob, "When I got home the little girl was dead."

A Jockey's Trick.

Nowadays a good handicapper will handicap horses so closely that an ounce will tell at the finish; and it is an old saying that a race horse could be so handicapped that a donkey could beat it. Taking, however two horses of equal merit, and both fit and well ridden, seven pounds will make about a lengths difference. This has been tried and demonstrated.

Well, seeing all this, the "trick" was worked in this way: The horse had been beaten a head the day before by a horse that was going to run in this particular race, and the weights were very similar, as there had been no penalty for winning. The jockey weighed all right, and the wily owner walked down with him to the starting post and left the horse there, and then walked back to the winning post. After the horses passed the post the course took a sweep right away to the back of the stand. The horse in question won but evidently the animal was full of running, or else the jockey couldn't pull him up, as he swept round as if he was going to run the race over again. But the owner was waiting, quiet accidentally of course just where he pulled up. The owner stepped up and slipped a weight into the jockey's top boot! He had taken it out at the start and quietly put it in his pocket and carried it round to the finish. It might have been a ten pound weight for all any one knew.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Advice to a Young Man.

And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, son, you will see the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with over work, so. It is beyond your power to do that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 P. M. and don't get home until 2 A. M. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old so and so's boys. Nobody likes then; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, my son, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Burdette.*

Eccentricities of the Law.

The contestants of a will in Troy introduced testimony to show that the testator forged the signatures of the witnesses to the will.

At New Haven, Mo., Justice Noeike was trying a case of larceny when the Sheriff arrested him for a violation of the Liquor laws, and carried him off with the larceny case still unfinished.

The latest incident of note in the Hill-Sharon divorce case at San Francisco is a $500 fine imposed upon one of Miss Hill's counsel for writing insulting letters to the grand Jury which indicted her for forgery.

A South Georgia grand jury has found an indictment against a little red bull whose daily business seems to be to eat the "wash off the clothes lines." As he had no owner who could be located, the animal himself is to be dealt with.

A well-known criminal lawyer has found, during a life long practice, that a majority of those convicted are innocent, and that a majority of those acquitted are guilty. This is a startling statement for most people, but there are some observers who will not think it extravagant.

A Queer Russian Boat.

A novel Russian boat is a peculiar form of boat similar to the catamarn. It consists of two independent hulls, in the centre of which is an opening in which the traveler thrusts his feet. When standing he propels himself by the aid of a long two-bladed paddle, and regulates the distance between the two boats by manipulating the ropes which lead from each bow to the middle of the paddle. When tired he brings the boats alongside one another, places the crossbars in position, elevates his umbrella for a sail, and thus skims swiftly over the water.

During the past four years Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana and Texas have boubled their railroad mileage.