The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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The Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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mar8

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jan17

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NOTICE OF APPEALS.

Notice is hereby given that appeals will be held from the assessments of 1884 at the Commissioners' office, in Somerset, for the several districts of the county, as follows:

For Jenner, Jennertown Borough, Conemaugh, Paint, Shade, Stoyestown Borough, Quemahoning, Stonycreek, New Baltimore Borough, Allegheny, Jefferson, Somerset, Somerset Borough, Berlin Borough and Brothersvalley, on Monday, the 28th day of January, 1884.

For Addison, Lower Turkeyfoot, Ursina and Confluence Boroughs, Upper Turkeyfoot, Middlecreek, New Centreville Borough, Milford, Southampton, Northampton, Wellersburg and Meyersdale Boroughs, Summit, Greenville, Larimer, Elklick, and Salisbury Borough on Thursday, the 29th day of January, 1884, when and where all persons and corporations feeling themselves aggrieved at the enumeration and valuation of their taxable property and effects, made pursuant to the several acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided, are requested to attend and state their grievances for redress according to law.

The appeals will be held on the above mentioned days, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.

ADAM S. SHAFFER,
JOSEPH HORNER,
HERMAN BRUBAKER,
Commissioners.

Attest:—
D. J. HORNER, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, I will sell at the Court House in Somerset borough on

THURSDAY, JAN'Y 24, 1884,

the real estate of Elizabeth Shearer, deceased consisting of a house and lot in Showmantown, Somerset township, adjoining lands of Harry Boyts, Solomon Lenhart, and others. Terms made known on day of sale

FRED W. BIESECKER, Administrator.

dec19

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John P. Grady, late of Jenner Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, 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, February 20, 1884, at the residence of the Executor.

DAVID RUMEL, Executor.

jan16.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

Yet take good heart, though tempests lower,
And thy bright hopes all fade away,
Faith still exerts the gracious power,
To gild with radiance each day;
So take good heart—God reigns above—
His sun can neither wane nor set,
Let nature grow in grace and love—
We may be happy yet.

What though dark clouds obscure the light
And sunny hours of day are past,
What though the sable-shrouded night,
Is closing in all nature fast;
We who have loved thro' doubts and fears,
And ne'er gave ear to sad regret,
Shall find some solace for our tears—
We may be happy yet.

What though unhappy years have past,
Since vows are laid on love's pure shrine,
Though severed wide, we meet at last,
Beyond the stormy verge of time;
Now spirit forms seem waiting near,
And their soft whispers linger yet,
Tho' earth's sweet flowers are dead and sere
We may be happy yet.

The stars that gem heaven's azure dome,
In whispers low speak peace to me;
They tell of a delightful Home,
Across life's heaving storm-tossed sea;
And though on earth we meet with loss
Of kindred hearts, whom we have met,
We need not harbor thoughts morose—
We may be happy yet.

Ay, by the wondering birds that find
A home beyond the rolling wave,
Though oft the wind and storm combine,
To swallow them in some dark grave;
By summer suns that bright arise,
Through seas of tears, in which they set;
By love's unfailing prophesies—
We may be happy yet.

THE FALCON.

AN OLD TIME LOVE STORY.

The fine old mansion of the Alberghi family, near Gluckstadt, was brilliantly lighted, and the sound of music and dancing was borne on the evening air across the rolling, sparkling waters of the Elbe. That night a grand ball was given by Count Frederick Alberghi, the only remaining representative of the noble family whose name he bore. The building was massive stone, high and dark, protected by moat, drawbridge, and battlemented towers. It was a fine old feudal castle, built in the time of Frederick II. Outside it looked dark and gloomy; inside it was ablaze with lights, and redolent with the perfume of choice flowers which were scattered in profusion, not only about the large reception saloon, but in all the smaller apartments which were thrown open to the guests.

In a little room far removed from the rest, in the eastern tower, stood two persons, a young man, very handsome, though there was an expression of deep care upon his face, and a lady. The lady was not remarkably handsome just now, as she listened to her companion with drooping eyes, indeed, most people would call her simply pretty till she raised her expressive dark blue eyes, and the brilliant, sylph-like smile broke over her face.

The two were standing talking carelessly together, the lady leaning against the heavily carved oaken window frame, and the young man standing nearly opposite her, caressing a bright eyed falcon perched upon his wrist.

'So, Count Alberghi, you will be remembered for a long while as the young noble who gave the most splendid ball as was yet ever attended.'

The lips of the young man curled, and he answered contemptuously:

'That is surely a name worth gaining at any price.'

'Of course,' said the lady. 'But why so scornful about it?'

'You know, Lady Lena, that I care only for your approbation; that the ball is given only in honor of and to please you, whose slightest wish I would gratify at any expense.'

'Alas, Count Alberghi, I am told that a dozen times each day.'

'Probably, but the words do not come from the heart as mine do.'

'Pooh!' said the lady, 'they all swear that!'

'Very well. Lady Lena, I may some time be able to prove the truth of my words. For three years I have hung upon your accent, fulfilled your every wish, as far as lay in my power. My fortune—which was ample—I laid at your feet, that you might have every possible want supplied, and in return for this devotion I have received nothing but coldness and scorn. You know that I love you as few men love—with my whole heart and soul—and yet you scorn me. You are rich and noble. I still love you as ever, but to-night is the last time I bow before you. This once I plead, Lady Lena, to be shown some kindness. For the last time I offer you myself. Will you accept me?'

Lady Lena turned very pale as she listened to the rapid, passionate words uttered by the young man who knelt before her. Her eyes grew dark with some inward feeling, but words destroyed the faint hope which had risen in his heart at the gentle expression on her face.

'Oh, rise, Count Frederick, for I know this is all nonsense—instantly. To-morrow you will be beside me, as usual, and the next and every day, just as you have been for years.'

The young man rose and, in answer to her taunt, only bent his head and tenderly stroked the glossy head and neck of the bright eyed bird on his wrist, that looked from one to another, as if inquiring what was going on. Piqued at his silence the lady exclaimed:

'Where now is your boasted love. I say a bitter thing to you and you do not retaliate.'

'I cannot forget myself so far as to retaliate upon a woman.'

'No,' said she, 'but you can sneer. You sneer and stroke your falcon, which I know possesses more of your boasted love than I do.'

'Janette never wounds me,' he replied. 'In return for my caresses she does not give me bitter coldness.'

'Perhaps she would if she could speak,' persisted the lady.

'Actions, Lady Lena,' said he, 'speak louder than words.'

The girl's eyes flashed, and she turned to the door, but paused as she neared it, and, looking over her shoulder, said, contemptuously:

'I suppose the cause of your love for that bird is because she once belonged to some former lady love?'

The tone was very insulting, and this time the young man raised his head with flashing eyes, and his words were rapid and indignant.

'You are right,' he replied. 'This falcon belonged to a noble lady, whose kind, womanly heart scorned to inflict a wound upon the meanest creature, who trampled not under foot honorable love offered her, as if it were a disgraceful thing. One whom I loved devotedly, and who, had she been unable to return the affection offered her, would yet have rejected it with considerate gentleness.'

'Why, then, don't you return to this paragon of tenderness and virtue?' sneered the lady.

'She would willingly soothe my wounded spirit,' he replied, 'but she is dead.'

Without another word Lena sped from the room, her brain on fire, her eyes full of tears. Could Frederick have seen her as she, leaning far out of a window, weeping bitterly, he would have forgiven the bitter words. As it was they parted in anger.

Left alone, Frederick paced up and down the room. In his despair he murmured aloud:

'I have been a driveling fool—a mad man! For three years I have devoted my time, heart and fortune to the service of this heartless woman, one day rewarded with smiles, the next with frowns. To-morrow, when the bills are paid for debts incurred for this night, I shall be absolutely penniless—all my fortune spent upon this vain flirt, who is undeserving the name of woman. Yes, to-morrow my furniture, horses and palace will be sold, my servants discharged, and all that will remain to me is this old castle, and my faithful nurse, Margarette, who will not leave me, and my falcon. This building now ringing with the sounds of music, dancing and merry laughter will be closed, to become the sanctuary of rats and owls. For myself, I shall withdraw from society, and in this small, gloomy tower support my poverty and despair as best I may. I have been worse than foolish—I have been wicked. But this unmanly repining will not do. I must rejoin my guests.'

So saying, Frederick replaced the falcon on his perch near the window and, forcing a gay smile and careless air, sauntered into the ball room, and from that time till the company left he was seemingly the gayest of the gay.

* * * *

'Quick, Susan! fasten this bodice and bring me my hood and mantle and the thick shoes!' exclaimed Lady Lena; then added, imperatively:

'You'll have to pin this handkerchief and apron string, for my hands tremble so that I cannot do anything.'

The maid obeyed, and soon her young mistress stood before the mirror, laughing to see herself in complete peasant's attire.

'Will anybody know me, Susan?' she asked, laughingly, as she drew the hood over her face.

'No, indeed, Lady Lena,' replied the maid, 'if I hadn't seen you dress I should not know you myself.'

'Then I am off.'

And, suiting the action to the word, the graceful lady Lena ran out of the room and down stairs in a very undignified way. In the garden she was met by a lover of Susan's, who exclaimed:

'Pears to me we are in a monstrous hurry, Mistress Susan. Can't you stop to give a fellow a noontide kiss?'

'Away with you,' she exclaimed. 'You shall have two kisses when I come back, if you won't stop me now.'

'Good bargain, Susan,' said he. 'I have not much to do, and will wait by the gate till you come back.'

Away sped Lena. After a pretty long, rapid walk she reached Castle Alberghi, and, entering by a low, postern door which she found open, made her way to the door of the tower, where she saw old Margaret seated.

'Good noon, Dame Margaret,' said Lena. The old woman raised her head, and, recognizing Susan, Lady Lena's favorite waiting maid, she returned a very sulky greeting.

'Don't be cross, Margaret,' she continued. 'I've got a beautiful note for your young master from my lady.'

'You needn't come nere with it, then,' said Dame Margaret. 'Your lady's notes have brought sorrow enough to this house.'

'But, Margaret, I was sent to deliver it, and receive an answer, and I dare not go back without it; it would cost me my place, and you wouldn't be so cruel as as that to a poor girl who has never done you any harm.' And Margaret rose, saying:

'No, you have never done me any harm, so give me the note and let me take it up stairs quickly. The note was produced, and Margaret grumblingly took it up stairs, muttering as she did so:

'Much good, much good it'll do my young master. It isn't sealed very closely, and if I could read it I would open it, and then if there was anything in it to wrong him I'd sooner put my hand in the fire than give it to him.'

By this time she had reached the second story and knocked at the door.

'Come in,' said Frederick, who was seated by the window, reading. He looked up as the old woman entered, and asked her what she wanted.

'A note for you, sir,' she replied. The young man's face turned a shade paler, and his hand trembled slightly as he took the delicate perfumed note. A moment he paused, overcome by his feelings, then impetuously tore it open and read the following words:

'Lady Lena Erfurt, being about to visit England for several years, desires to have the pleasure of meeting once more her friend, Count Frederick Alberghi, who has so mysteriously withdrawn himself from society. She will do herself the honor of dining with him this day at five o'clock.'

A spasm passed over the young man's face and he murmured:

'Once more.'

Then turning to Margaret, he said:

'What is there in the house to eat?'

'As good as nothing, sir,' replied the faithful woman, 'for there is only the scraps left from your breakfast.'

'That's bad, Margaret,' said he; 'for I have no money, not a single kreutzer, and here is a note from Lady Lena informing me that she will dine with me to-day.'

'She musn't come, dear sir! There is nothing to give her.'

Frederick seemed lost in thought—suddenly he raised his head.

'I have it now,' said he. 'You must serve up my poor Jeanette here. It is all I can do.'

'Oh, master! What? Roast this poor bird you have loved so long, and which belonged to——'

'Hush, Margaret, not another word, only do as I bid you. Serve the bird up as best you can. Have the table laid for two in the old dining room; have it ready precisely at five. When the lady arrives summon me, and serve dinner immediately.'

Margaret dared not remonstrate, but sobbing and wringing her hands she went down stairs. Lena had waited her coming with intense anxiety, and when Margaret entered in such distress of mind she sprang up.

'What is the matter, Margaret? Has anything happened to your master?'

''Deed there has!' wofully answered Margaret.

'What?' said Lena. 'Speak, woman!'

'Oh, only he's gone clean demented. You bring a note from your haughty mistress, who ought to be drowned in the Elbe, for she always makes trouble for my dear young master, one of whose fingers is worth more than all her body; made him waste all his fortune, so that now he is as poor as Job, and now makes him kill his beautiful falcon.'

A triumphant smile now flashed into the eyes of the false waiting woman, and she asked:

'How so?'

'Why, you see, Mistress Susan, your lady is coming to dine with him, and there is nothing in the house, neither victuals, nor even a kreutzer, so he has ordered the falcon to be roasted for your wicked lady's dinner.'

'I have no doubt it will make capital eating,' laughed the girl.

'Out upon you,' said Margaret. 'You are as heartless as your mistress. Go back to her and tell her that she is welcome. I hope the bird will stick in her throat and choke her, unfeeling woman that she is.'

'Oh, don't take on so, Margaret. I am sorry your master is so poor, but he will offer my lady a dish valuable for its rarity, for I warrant you she has never tasted roast falcon before.'

Margaret's only answer was to throw herself into her chair and sob. The disguised Lady Lena approached her.

'Don't feel so sad, but tell me why should Count Frederick care so much for the bird?'

'Don't you know that? Why, it belonged to his blessed mother, who is now an angel in heaven.'

Tears filled Lena's eyes as she said:

'Well, I didn't know that, and it is a real shame to roast the bird, and if you will keep it a secret I'll help you. Give me the bird and I'll take it home and send you another in return. Your master will be none the wiser.'

Margaret's face lighted up, and earnestly thanking the girl she left the room and soon returned with the falcon closely hooded, which she gave to the false Susan, who went off with it.

Punctual to the minute came Lady Lena, and never had she looked more lovely, or been dressed with so much elegance or taste. Margaret, with a sullen air, ushered her into the dining room, where Frederick came forward to meet her. He was struck with her fresh, winning appearance—a bitter change to be wrought in so few weeks. His greeting was frigidly polite, and hers particularly genial and kind.

The dinner was soon served, and Lena shuddered as she glanced around the long, dark, unfurnished room, seen last brilliantly lighted and decorated, and filled with sprightly guest, and before whom groaned a table covered with every luxury the season afforded and money could by. What a contrast. Now all the gorgeous hangings, furniture, pictures, silver, glass and lights were gone, and in their place stood in the empty room a small deal table bearing two covers and one dish of meat. With all his old grace of manner, Frederick led Lena to the table and took his place opposite her. The meal was a silent one, for Frederick was abstracted, and Lena so nearly overcome by everything around her that she could scarcely repress her tears. As they rose from the table the count said: 'I am sorry, madam, to offer you so poor a repast, but——'

'Don't speak of it, count,' hastily interrupted Lena, affecting a gayety she was far from feeling. 'It was charming—so new; and I never tasted a more delicious chicken.'

'I am happy to find that I have pleased you,' said Frederick, 'but allow me, in all deference to your taste, to correct one mistake—the bird you have partaken of was not chicken, but my falcon.'

'Your pet falcon?' said Lena, in affected astonishment.

'The same, madam,' he replied.

'Frederick,' she exclaimed, and the tone in which his name was uttered caused Frederick to start. He was dumb with surprise when he saw the haughty Lena burst into tears, but before he could recover his self possession Lena stood before him erect and pale.

'Frederick, to-day we must part forever,' said she, and before we do so I must obtain your forgiveness. You have always treated me with respect and love, and I have repaid your devotion with coldness and scorn. Will you forgive me?'

'Most certainly,' coldly answered Frederick, making a great effort to subdue the passion her unwonted gentleness had caused. 'I loved you, and probably by my unceasing devotion wearied you. I needed a lesson and I have learned it. I could not expect one who did not love me to——'

'Stop there and listen to me,' said Lena, 'and if my confession made in this hour seems unmaidenly, let my excuse be that it is the only reparation in my power. I am wealthy—the wealthiest woman in all Germany—as it is said. From my childhood I have feared to be loved for my wealth, and with my earnest nature, I know that a marriage without love would be death. People whom I counted my warm, sincere friends told me that my riches were all you cared for—that you lavished your comparatively little wealth upon me, only the more surely to gain possession of a princely fortune. I did not believe them, but I wished to try you. In my cautiousness I went too far, for I have lost what I valued more than life—your love?'

"Lena, Lena, be careful!" said the young man.

'I am past care for anything now,' she replied. 'To-morrow I leave for England never to return. I could not go without asking you to forgive me; without telling you, as the only balm I can offer, that if I made you suffer, I suffered also, and perhaps more acutely, for I was called heartless, cold, unprincipled, by the only being I ever loved in the world; that I——'

She could say no more, for she was clasped in eager arms and covered with passionate kisses. A few minutes she lay there, then freed herself, all blushing and tearful, from her lover's embrace. A moment she left the room, then returned, bearing a basket, which she gave to Frederick. On opening it his falcon flew out. Resting her beautiful head on Frederick's shoulder she said:

'Take me, dear Frederick. I yield myself to you, overcome by your love and unselfish devotion—actually brought to hand by your falcon.'

It Was There, Though.

A drummer on his first trip was seated in the same car with an old experienced knight of the road, and their conversation turned on their relative daily expenses.

'I always manage to include in my expenses,' said the elder, 'hats, boots, overcoats, etc., and any drummer who has any respect for his noble calling ought to do the same. Make the firm stand 'em.'

The young man thought that a good idea, and, on his return from his trip he included among other items of expenses, one pair of boots, $12.

His employers expressed themselves as well pleased with his success as a salesman, but objected to paying for the boots.

On his next trip he was fortunate enough to meet his former acquaintance.

'How is it,' he asked, 'that your firm will stand overcoats as legitimate expenses, when mine kicked on a pair of boots?'

'You didn't put boots down in your expense account, did you?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, you are a chump. You should have dovetailed the price of the boots into the postage stamps and sundries.'

When the young man again submitted his account, one of his firm remarked:

'We don't see any memorandum for boots, or anything of that nature, Mr. So-and so.'

'No, sir,' Mr. So-and-so said, softly to himself. 'You don't see it, but there is a forty dollar overcoat there, just the same.'

Things That Science Don't Teach.

In scalding a hog, does science teach that if the water is a little too hot the hair will not slip, that it is set, and must be shaved off with a knife? Every farmer should know these things, and they must be taught. Do any of the graduates of any agricultural school know that in building a stack of grain or hay it must be kept fullest in the middle and well trod down? Do they know how to tie up and shock grain? Do they know how to whet a scythe? Do they know that if the blade is whetted up and down it will not cut off the straw clean, as it should be whetted from heel to point? Do they know how to lengthen or shorten the plow gear so that the plow will not cut too deep or shallow? Do they know how to put up a rail fence so that some of the rails will not project at the corners to snag the stock? Do they know how to put up a stone fence so it will stand, and that the long rocks ought to be put cross-wise the fence to act as braces, and if this is done it will not tumble down by settling? Do they know how to square a house? Science teaches them that the square of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides; but they have never seen the application of this rule, thus they build a house pointing every way but the right way. Experience teaches us that with a ten-foot pole a house can be squared in five minutes. We measure eight feet on one sill and make a notch. If the ten-foot pole just reaches from notch to notch that corner is square, the other three corners treated in the same way will be square, and also the house.

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It imparts an attractive appearance, a delightful and lasting perfume. While it stimulates the roots, cleanses the scalp, and adds elegance and luxuriance, its effects are enduring; and thus it proves itself to be the best and cheapest article for toilet use.

The utility of virtue is so plain that the unprincipled feign it from policy.

THROUGH A SEA OF FIRE.

The Awful Trip of a Railroad Train Near Bradford.

SMETHPORT, Jan. 15—A terrible accident occurred on the narrow-gauge railroad connecting this place with Bradford this morning. Along the line of the road are scattered numerous oil-wells and oil-tanks. About three miles this side of Bradford, on the upper side of the track, stands a large tank owned by the Anchor Oil Company. It was full of oil, and, having partially burst, the escaping fluid ran down in a small river, covering the track for about 100 yards.

When the morning train going into Bradford came along the gas arising from the oil came in contact with the fire-box, caused an explosion and set fire to the lake of oil through which the train was ploughing its way. The revolution of the wheels threw the burning oil over the cars, and in a moment they were enveloped in flames and suffocating smoke. There was but one passenger car attached to the train, containing about forty persons. The terrible heat disabled the engineer and fireman and they lost control of the train, which rushed down the grade, a whirling mass of fire, until it jumped the track.

The passenger coach was bottom side upwards when it was found. In the meantime the passengers were terror stricken, their only avenue of escape being to jump from the windows. Three ladies who failed to escape were burned to death. Twenty-five or thirty are seriously burned and otherwise injured, many of them fatally.

AN OIL MAN'S STORY.

D. R. Brest, foreman of the Anchor Oil Company's lease on the Buchanan farm, where the disaster occurred, said:

I went up to the lease this morning, I kept a sharp lookout for escaping oil. I went to the part of the lease where they were putting up a boiler. I saw a streak of oil in the snow, and followed it up. I think it escaped from a tank on the hill. It ran down a path in the snow, and ran over on the railroad track. I knew that it was about train time and struggled hard to reach the track and warn, if possible, the engineer. The snow, however, was so deep that I made but little headway. I heard the train coming, and immediately afterwards was startled by an explosion. The train was soon a pillar of flames. I could render no assistance to the passengers.

STATEMENTS OF PASSENGERS.

John Burke, of the Bingham House, Dunkirk, N. Y., with his sister Mary, was on the ill-fated train. They occupied seats near the centre of the car. They escaped, almost miraculously, without injury. Mr. Burke said:

Myself and sister are thankful that we escaped so easily. The train was running at the rate of 15 miles an hour. Suddenly the car became dark. Jets and tongues of flame leaped up on the sides and through the ventilators of the car. The glass cracked with a snap and the heat became unendurable. I knew at once that we were passing through an oil fire. I recognized the peculiar hissing of the burning oil. Turning to my sister Mary, I said: "We are passing through an oil fire; be quiet; it will soon be over." People began to jump through the windows. On all sides was heard the crashing of the glass and the deafening rear of the sea of flames. It seemed as if we were all doomed to burn to death. The situation was terrible. The car was filled with the cries of women and children, and the groans of strong men. Women and children were picked up by strong hands and bodily fired through the cracking windows. Those who jumped out of the windows fared better than the few who dashed through the doors into the ocean of flames which surged to and fro, like huge waves upon the bed of the road. Those who jumped from the windows landed in huge drifts of snow. Those who went through the doors had their hands, faces and clothing badly burned and singed. I started down the aisle, but the heat was so intense that it made my head swim. It was impossible to move. The car swayed to and fro like a ship in a heavy sea. The windows offered the only means of escape. I said to Mary, we must jump through the window. I arranged her cloak about her head.

The heat had already cracked the glass. I picked her up bodily, and, mustering all my strength, dashed her headforemost through the window. I then picked up a little girl who was crying and threw her out of of the same window, and then I made the jump for my life, landing in a snow drift.

Another witness of the disaster says it was the grandest and yet the most awful scene that human eye ever witnessed. He says:

For a distance of half a mile the road bed was covered with oil; at points it was over the rails. The moment the gas came in contact with the fire-box it exploded, firing the oil. In less than one minute the engine and cars were enveloped in flames, and great, black pillars of smoke ascended heavenward. The driving wheels of the engine, which was dashing along at the rate of 15 miles an hour, scattered the oil over everything. With a rush and roar which might have been heard for a mile, the flames leaped fully 350 feet ahead of the locomotive, which was thus compelled to run through a veritable sea of fire, such as is seldom the fortune of man to witness. It was a terrible race, and the only parallel I can remember is the oil train which burned up near Brocton, N. Y., a few years ago. How the engineer, train hands, and women escaped, is something that only Providence can explain. It was a sight to make the strongest heart shudder. I never want to see its like again.

The missionaries of India insist that when a native woman is converted to Christianity the native garb is not sufficient for her clothing.

A Pleasing Incident.

Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I will report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

It was a bleak, snowy day, the train was late, the ladies' room was dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low spirited or stupid. I felt all three; and thought as I looked around, that my fellow beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set. Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, and saw the old woman and instantly asked, in a kind tone, if she had lost anything.

"No dear, I'm looking for the heater to warm before I go out again. My eyes is poor, and I do not seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the stream radiator, placed a chair and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now ain't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear, this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm almost frozen to-day, being lame and wimbly, and not selling much makes me down hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur: "Won't you have a cup of tea? It's very comfortable a day like this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea at this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm the cockles of my heart!"

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady, looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this I thought what a sweet face she had, though I had considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me, and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I was the magician to call it out.

"It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain lady, with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair past negligence.—*Lucy M. Alcott.*

Realistic Toys.

The German toys are splendid. The little horses and other animals have the real skin of the animal over them. The only objection to the toys is that they ary sometimes like French dolls, and should be set up to look at. They have come from a town in that ancient Thuringian forest where the wild huntsmen go riding around carrying their heads under their arms.

Also, here is a case of exquisite embroideries made by the women in the State prison at Berlin. They are so wonderfully wrought that some of the collars have the appearance of lace-work, the muslin having been all worked up. One wonders how they can do such things. It is because they have to stay in so many years that they have plenty of time for that practice which makes perfect.

A display of goods from the Black Forest has just been opened. From Hembburg came wood carvings which are designed for both use and ornament. Most notable are the clocks, which are of the finest. The carved frames wreathe themselves into miracles of quaint device, branching out into fruit, flowers and show pieces.

A good many of them have splendid little deer with branching antlers, prancing on top, and the great weights (that hang down) are moulded into great pine cones. They are all "cuckoo" clocks, and at every hour the little door at the top of the clock flies open, and the little bird appears and softly sings out 'Cuckoo!' "Cuckoo!" All the little birds chiming away the half hours, so fast wears away the day.

Romance of a Peer.

Lord Congleton, who died recently, says London *Life*, was a man of marked eccentricity of manner, but his blunt speech and brusqueness of bearing covered a warm and kindly heart. He was an ardent supporter of the sect known as "Plymouth Brethren," and it was his devotion to this peculiar kind of worship that involved him in rather a strange match. While traveling in Persia with a friend he succeeded in converting an Armenian lady, Madame Lazar, a widow of an Armenian merchant, to a belief in this peculiar form of worship. Converting her was, comparatively a simple business; but then arose the question, "what is to be done next? propriety forbade that these gentlemen should travel about with a handsome widow, while were she left behind, her heathen relations would make short work of her Christianity. For the sake of her soul one of them must marry her. It fell to the lot of Lord Congleton, who at once carried out the contract, and lived very happy with her until her death.

Chicago has a novelty in the way of a Gospel Ship, called the Glad Tidings. It is in command of Captain Burby, his wife, son and two daughters. It makes trips through the Northern lakes, and religious services are conducted by the family.

The largest observatory dome in the world is now being made in Cleveland for the University of Virginia. It will weigh ten tons and measure forty-five feet four inches at the base.