Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

Is 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 liable 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

Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXI. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1872. NO. 22.

Business Cards.

D. S. H. KIMMEL, will continue to practice in the Courts of Somerset and surrounding counties. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House. nov. 8, '71.

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 the Jail building. jy 5-tf.

D. S. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barn. jan. 31, '72.

D. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office in Charles Krieteinger's store. apr. 12, '72.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed practice of law in Somerset and Bedford counties. Office in the Recorder's office. jan. 24, '72.

KUHL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of the latter. aug. 12-tf.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and agent for real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with energy and fidelity. aug. 12-tf.

W. A. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-tf.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., Office in the front part of jail, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as fitting, regulating, extracting &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. All operations warranted. June 7, '71.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection. Office in his residence, on Main street. jan. 1, '72.

JOHN D. 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 in Court House. feb. 14, '72-1y.

HENRY SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa., Office in the Court House. jan. 11-tf.

TANNER HOUSE.—The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style to be hoped will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. JOHN HILL. Apr 17 '72.

CYRUS REYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office on Union street, opposite the residence of H. Scull. 17-1-tf.

F. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa., will give prompt attention to all cases in his profession. Office one door west of the "Crossroads Hotel," same as occupied heretofore by Dr. P. C. Musser.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has located himself at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in the one story building formerly occupied by U. A. Koontz, where he can be consulted at all times, when not professionally engaged. ☞ Night calls promptly answered. jan. 24, '72-1y.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and promptly attended. jan. 24, '72.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

SOMERSET PLANING-MILL—

COOD & JONES,

are now prepared to do all kinds of planing and machining of building materials,

FLOORING,
WEATHER-BOARDING,
SASH AND DOORS,
WINDOW & DOOR-FRAMES,
VENETIAN SHUTTERS,
BRACKETS, &c.

Indeed, anything generally used in house building. All kinds of work done to order. Orders promptly filled. July 5-'71 GOOD & JONES.

JAMES PUGH,
MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PA.
Is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of
WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.
He will also promptly attend to
REPAIRING
Nice but the BEST MATERIAL will be used.
ALL WORK WARRANTED
Work done in the latest and most approved style at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
Somerset, March 6th.

W. CUNNINGHAM,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LAVANSVILLE, PA.
Nov. 15, '71-6m.

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO.,
(Opposite St. Charles Hotel,)
11 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Importers of Queensware and Manufacturers of Glassware.

TIN WARE.
The undersigned is prepared to manufacture all kinds of
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.
Constantly on hand a supply of copper and brass kettles, fruit cans and all kinds of
House Furnishing Goods
usually kept in his line. Shop one door west of Chalfant's store, Main street, Somerset, Pa.
aug. 22-'71. NOAH CASEBEER.

S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office on Main Street. apr 17-'72

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.
Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines and Plants should call on
H. H. KEMP,
HARNEDSVILLE,
Somerset County, Pa.
Who can purchase of him at lower rates than of any other party. Feb. 28-'72.

THE NEW FLOUR MILL
Is now in full operation on the site of the
OLD "DENNISON MILL."
This mill is situated one-fourth of a mile south of Somerset, is complete in all its parts and running. It has all the latest improvements, and is warranted to do the best kind of work in the market price paid for all kinds of grain. Aug 21, '71. VALENTINE HAY.

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
TOBACCO, SNUFFS AND CIGARS,
330 Baltimore St.,
Second Door West of Howard,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Nov. 1.

Hardware.

HARDWARE.

John F. Blymyer

Has re-opened his store a

Few Doors Above the Old Stand,

And offers to his customers and friends a full line of goods at the very lowest prices.

Hardware of Every Description,

IRON,

NAILS

AND GLASS,

Wooden Ware of All Kinds,

COAL OIL LAMPS,

COAL OIL,

CHIMNEYS,

And everything belonging to the Lamp trade.

WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL,

VARNISHES,

BRUSHES,

PAINTS IN OIL AND DRY, AND

PAINTERS' GOODS IN GENERAL.

A large stock of

Table Knives and Forks,

POCKET KNIVES,

SPOONS,

SHEARS

AND SCISSORS,

PORCELAIN LINED KETTLES, &c., &c.

Together with many articles too numerous to mention in an advertisement. He is determined to sell at the very lowest prices. Give him a call. June 19-'72.

LIFE INSURANCE

For Business Men.

"The Reserve Fund Policy."

ISSUED BY THE

BERKSHIRE

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

INCORPORATED 1851.

Secures Special Protection to

Every Policy Holder.

For example: Suppose you are thirty-five years of age and take a "Reserve Fund Policy" at ordinary life rates.

One annual payment will insure you 2 years and 3 days.

Two annual payments will insure you 4 years and 12 days.

Three annual payments will insure you 6 years and 27 days.

Five annual payments will insure you 10 years and 56 days.

Six annual payments will insure you 12 years and 11 days.

This Protection Applies to any Age,

And is expressly stated in every Policy.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH PROTECTION.

This is to certify that my late husband, Daniel R. Thompson, was insured in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, Pittsfield, Mass., for $1,000, December 19th, 1870, premium payable quarterly. That two payments were made up to June 19th, 1871, that he died October 19th, four months after he failed to make his payment.

The usual proofs of death were forwarded to the Company, and the full amount of the policy, less the two quarterly payments due at the time of his death, was paid to me by their General Agent in Philadelphia, W. R. Graves, at their office, S. W. corner Chestnut and Eleventh Streets.

(Signed) NETTIE THOMPSON.

W. H. Greene, late of New York, insured a few years since in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company for $3,500; but owing to misfortune in business was unable to make any payment to the Company during one year and five months prior to his decease. I have this day paid (at the New York office of the Company, 271 Broadway, corner of Chambers street) three thousand two hundred and ninety-nine dollars, this being the full amount due to his widow, after deducting the overdue payments and interest.

J. H. FRANCISCUS,
New York, March 11th, '72. Superintendent.

Read the Following List of Claims Paid.

James Joice, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months.

F. H. C. Hampe, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months and 5 days.

Mrs. G. R. Hart, Chicago, Ill, $5,000, payment overdue 7 months and 15 days.

H. F. Moore, Boston, Mass., $2,000, payment overdue 5 months and 16 days.

James H. Adair, New Mayville, Ind., $2,000, payment overdue 2 months and 7 days.

Bernard O'Grady, Detroit, Mich., $3,000, payment overdue 2 years, 10 months and 11 days.

James H. Eccabrook, Fitchburg, Mass., $1,000, payment overdue 3 years, 1 month and 2 days.

GOODCHILD & MARSHALL, Agents,
june 19-'72. Somerset, Pa.

The Improved

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.

New Draw Feed,

LOCK STITCH.

There are some points in a Sewing Machine that ladies desiring to purchase, should take into consideration, namely:

Lightness of running,
Ease of Management,
Capacity to do the Work Required,
Freedom from Noise, and
Non-Liability to get out of Order.

We claim that the IMPROVED ELLIPTIC possesses all these points, and that it is

THE VERY BEST

FAMILY MACHINE

Now Manufactured.

And we solicit an examination of it. Agents wanted in every county, to whom we will give the most liberal terms.

EATON BROS., 19 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D ROBERTS.

JOHN DIBERT & CO.,

BANKERS,

NO. 240 MAIN STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

We sell Drafts payable in all parts of the United States and Canada, and in Foreign countries. Buy Gold, Coupons, Government Bonds at highest market prices. Loan money on approved security. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed. Money received on deposit payable on demand.

Interest at the rate of Six per cent. per Annum paid on Time Deposits.

Everything in the Banking Line receives our prompt attention.

Thankful to our friends and customers for their past patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same, and invite others who have business in our line to give us a trial, assuring all, that we shall at all times do all we can to give entire satisfaction.

Feb 21 '72 JOHN DIBERT & CO.

DR. U. M. BEACHLY'S,

CELEBRATED

BLOOD PURGE!

This *Remedy* has been in use over *twenty years*, and has cured thousands of cases considered incurable by the profession. It has not failed in a single case to give relief if not entirely cure.

It is particularly recommended in the following complaints:

SICK HEADACHE, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, LIVER COMPLAINT, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES, LANGUID CIRCULATION, &c.

in any *derangement of the Blood*. In all diseases peculiar to females it is a sure and *Sovereign Remedy*.

In short, it being a *Remedy* acting through the *Circulation of the Blood* on all the important organs and emunctories of the body. It will cure almost any curable disease.

For sale by MEYERS & ANAWALT, Berlin, Pa., and by dealers in Family Medicines everywhere.

Go and See for Yourself.

JUST

RECEIVED

AT

A. W. KNEPPER'S

NEW

GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

FLOUR &c.

Be sure to call and see, and be convinced, as there are too many articles kept for enumeration.

OPPOSITE

SOMERSET HOUSE,

SOMERSET, PA.

July 17 A. W. KNEPPER.

Fair Play at A. W. Knepper's.

A Good Assortment of Notions and Groceries at A. W. Knepper's.

SOL UHL,

WITH

A. H. Franciscus & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

COTTON YARNS, BATTS, WICK,

Twine and Ropes,

LOOKING GLASSES, CLOCKS, FANCY BASKETS

Wooden and Willow Ware, &c.,

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

CARPETING,

OIL CLOTHS, MATTING, RUGS, &c.,

515 Market Street and 510 Commerce Street,

Philadelphia.

June 19-tf.

IN STOYSTOWN.

The undersigned, proprietor of the Diamond Hotel, on the southeast corner of the Diamond, being induced by his many friends, would say to the traveling public that he is now prepared to receive and hospitably entertain all who may give him a call. His house will be conducted with the best order and furnish fine accommodations.

SAMUEL CUSTER.

Stoystown, Pa., April 17th, 1872.

WANTED.

20,000 CROSS-TIES

ON THE LINE OF THE

S. & M. P. R. R.

For particulars, inquire of I. Brown, Esq.

Sept 11th. N. G. KEIM.

FOR SALE.

A second-hand

15-Horse Power Steam Engine

AND

BOILER,

With JUDSON GOVERNOR, &c., all complete

Address W. W. McKAIG & Son,
Sept. 25. Cumberland, Md.

FURNITURE.

LEMON & WEISE,

The old and well known firm of Lemon & Weise, of PITTSBURGH, Pa., Manufacturers of

Cabinet Furniture and Chairs.

Have Removed to

No. 111 Fourth Ave.,

Opposite their old stand,

Where they continue the business in all its branches. sept. 25.

WM. BOOSE & Co.,

FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,

SALISBURY, : : PENN'A.,

Manufacturers of all kinds of

CASTINGS & MACHINERY

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Address WM. BOOSE & CO.,
Salisbury, Elklick P. O. Somerset co., Pa.
Oct. 16.

THE DESERTION OF THE "LIBERALS."

A PARODY.

BY HOWARD W. GILBERT.

The "Liberals" rattle—some thousands when told—
And their armor was pinchbeck, which some took for gold;
The corruptions of party they could not endure,
So they fled to the Democrats saintly and pure.

Like the frogs in the marshes, so active and green,
They were piping and croaking, a sight to be seen,
But after the cold winds of autumn had blown,
Their places abandoned were silent and lone.

For the men of the East and the Middle and West,
With light on the brow and resolve in the breast,
Rose once more at Duty's imperial call,
And routed them, place-hunters, tricksters and all.

Self slain there lay Sumner, with hate in his face,
And smitten by envy, beside him was Chase;
And the victim of vanity, Curtin, lay near,
In treachery ending his doubtful career.

And Andy and Trumbull, and Boss Tweed and Blair,
And some not worth even the naming were there,
Whom a paltry ambition had blinded to right,
Or partisan malice, or personal spite.

And the Klans of the Ku Klux were loud in their wail,

And so was Jeff. Davis, and likewise his Bail,
But the men of true worth with one mighty accord,

Gave thanks for the triumph of truth to the Lord.

—Harrisburg Telegraph.

After Long Years.

"It is the most absurd thing in the world!"

Mattie Caldwell spoke as if it was as *irritating* as it was absurd, this *contretemps* she was apostrophizing. It was so novel a thing to see Mattie in even an imitation of a fit of temper, that Charlie Caldwell, her equally even-tempered husband, put down his newspaper to gaze at her in sheer amazement.

"What is the matter?"

"Edith. She won't go to Newport with us, and declares her intention of going down to the Hill farm for the summer."

"The Hill farm! Why, I thought—"

"Of course you did," broke in his impulsive little wife; "you thought she and I had suffered sufficient tyranny and unkindness at the Hill farm to make us hate the very name, much less the sight of it. I do."

"And Edith wants to go back again?"

"Not to stay, Charlie; only for a few weeks. Charlie"—and here Mattie drew over her pretty face a mask of solemn mystery in expression—"I believe in my heart it is because Douglas is coming home."

"Do you? I never could understand why he went away so suddenly. So you think it was Edith?"

"I'll tell you all I know about it," said Mattie, perching herself on her husband's knee. Before you came to Hill farm, Douglas had been at Seaton for a summer."

"I know that. He sent me there."

"He met Edith at some village gathering, and certainly was pleased with her. You know it was not very easy to court anybody at Hill farm."

"I should say not," said Charlie, with a wry face.

"Uncle James seemed to consider it his duty to Edith and me, after poor mamma died, to keep us hard at work, and certainly to allow no male visitors."

"How many times did he set the dogs on me?"

"I don't know; but he treated Douglas after the same fashion. Still, Edith sometimes saw him, and certainly received letters from him. One morning she came to my room with the last happy face I ever saw her wear, and asked me if I could endure the hard life alone a little while—only a little while, and then she would send for me to join her in her new home. She would say no more; but the next day, with a white set face she told me to forget her foolish words, and later I knew that Douglas Fisher had suddenly left Seaton."

"He came, Mattie, and told me of the farm and of Edith. Certainly he loved her, but I inferred from his half confidence that his affection was not returned. He spoke of some sudden change in her, and the next news I heard he was preparing to go to Europe. He had written to me from Seaton, and the next summer I too visited the little village. I confess to you I wondered how Edith's cold, impassive beauty could attract so sunny a nature as Douglas had, especially with her pretty saucy sister near it."

"But, Charlie, she was not cold and impassive them. There was not a brighter, livelier girl in Seaton than Edith, before Douglas Fisher left her so unaccountably."

"You think she loved him?"

"I am sure of it."

"And I am sure he loved her. And now, after five years of separation, you think she is running away because my cousin Douglas is coming home?"

"I think so; and as she has no home but this since we were married, of course she has no place to go excepting to Hill farm."

"Mattie, try to find out her side of the story. I am sure there is some mystery about it, and we may be able to set it right yet."

"Oh, Charlie, I would give anything to have Edith married as happily as we are. Misery likes company!" she added saucily, and ran off.

She was not a very skillful diplomatist, and finding Edith sitting rather forlornly alone, plunged headlong into her subject.

"Edith, why are you running away from Douglas Fisher?"

The pale, stately girl looked at her bright young sister a moment in haughty amazement, but reading truly the love and pity in the fair face, answered:

"I had rather not meet him, Mattie."

"But why?" persisted her sister.

"He is Charlie's cousin, and I know they are like brothers, so you see he will be here constantly. Mattie, I could not bear it! I could not meet him here day after day, and know him so false as he has been. Let me go, dear. I am a woman now, and Uncle James cannot tread me down as he did when we were there children."

"But, Edith, how was he false?"

"You know, darling, how hard our life was; how any change seemed like sunshine; and you know how Douglas tried to win my love. I never went to the village that he did not meet me, and urge me to marry him at once. I loved him, Mattie, but I did not give my love unsought. One of his favorite pleas was the home we could make for you, little sister, and I was finally won to a consent. Still, it remained to set a time and form a plan for an elopement."

"Why did not you do as Charlie and I did—just walk off to the Minister and get married, and then let Uncle James rave as much as he pleased?"

"I don't know. We didn't. You know the old gate post, Mattie, that had the loose top?"

"Yes."

"Douglas and I used that as a post-office. We would slip the top back a little, and there was a space under it where letters could be secured from rain or wind, or, what was more important, prying eyes. Just at the time I had given my promise to Douglas to be his wife, Uncle James was informed of our meetings by some officious friend, and kept so strict a watch over me that it was impossible for me to go to the village at all. The old gate post became our only medium of communication, and Douglas urged more earnestly to leave the farm and become his wife. He wrote me one day he must soon leave Seaton, and begged me to write upon a slip the time and place where I would meet him, and the train by which we should leave Seaton after I became his wife. 'Darling,' he wrote, 'I am rich and Mattie shall come to us as soon as you will. Tell me where to meet you, and I will have a clergyman ready to make you my wife. Trust your life to me, Edith, and you shall never regret it.' Mattie, I wrote him a him a letter, appointing a time and place of meeting. I went there. He did not come. Three days I went almost hourly to the gate post for some word of explanation. None came; and when next heard from Seaton, Douglas Fisher had gone away."

"Without writing?"

"Without one word. He had written that the letter I told you of was his last appeal. 'I have urged you so often,' he wrote, 'that if you do not reply favorably to this, I shall know it is coquetry, not love, that makes you smile upon me.'"

"Coquetry!" said Mattie disdainfully, "As if you ever knew the meaning of the word!"

"Probably he repented, Mattie, and thought a poor country girl would not grace his city home. But whatever his motive, he left me, and I confess I shrink from meeting him."

"Certainly you do. I will not urge you to stay now, dear; but after we return from Newport, where I suppose Charlie will have Douglas for his guest, you will come home again?"

"We will see, Mattie. Let me go now."

"I am afraid you will find Hill farm just as horrid as ever."

Just as horrid as ever Edith concluded it was, after a week's sojourn at the dismal farm she had called home during her girlhood. Her Uncle did not domineer quite so much over the dignified stately lady, who came, after five years of city life, to replace the unformed girl who had left him, but he was morose and ill tempered as ever, and the dreary house had no added charm. Edith found there were servants to do the churning, baking and house work she had shared with Mattie, and rambled about the place, wondering a little how many weeks of it would suffice to fit her for a lunatic asylum.

In one of these rambles, two weeks after her arrival, she came upon a group of men who were repairing the tumble down fences and rickety gates about the place. They were at work upon the old gate post she had turned into a post-office, and she stood listlessly watching them as they loosened the earth around it, to lift the rotten woodwork from its place. The loose top was gone, and there were wide cracks in the wooden slab under it, where the love letters of five years ago had lain for eager hands and eyes.

Edith felt her heart beating fast, her eyes filling with tears, as blow after blow fell upon the hollow post, cracking, bending it, till it fell to the ground, just as the noon day bell called the men to dinner.

When the curious eyes that might have seen her were safely in doors, contemplating meat and and vegetables, Edith went close to the old post, and looked into the hole where it had stood for so many years. In the damp dark earth she saw a folded paper, evidently shaken from the hollow post by the recent blows. A strange suffocating feeling held her fast for a moment, then she stooped, reached over and secured the letter. It was not a dainty missive, such as she sent to Newport, for it was not easy for her to find scented paper and tinted envelopes at Hill farm. It was a sheet of coarse letter paper, folded, sealed and stamped with a thimble top, directed in a round, girlish hand to Douglas Fisher; the letter she had written to appoint time and place for an elopement—the letter he had never seen that in her hurry and agitation she must have slipped through one of the wide cracks down into the hollow post.

She opened it carefully, her heart pitying even then the simple girl who opened her whole loving soul to her lover. The very words were so different from those she would use now. No polished courtesy of address, no polite evasion of the tender questions, but a frank, girlish outpouring of her happy consent to leave her hard, bitter life, and accept the sunny future her lover promised her. Edith was cold, impassive and stately in the days when she shared her sister's happy home. It was a rare event to see her show emotion in any way, and Charlie had wondered more than once at his cousin's admiration of her statuesque beauty.

But as she read now the secret of her lover's apparent fickleness, the record of her own young heart, the tears fell fast upon the yellow, stained sheet, and sobs shook her whole form. There was no one to see her, and she knelt down by the fallen gate post, and wept for her own lost youth and broken hopes.

She was still kneeling there, the open letter in her hand, when she heard footsteps turn from the road into the narrow lane leading to the farm house. In a moment it would be at the gate. She sprang to her feet, and faced a tall heavily bearded man, who paused for a moment, looking searchingly into her face—only for a moment, and then he opened his arms.

"Edith!" he said, in deep tender tones, "I never saw your letter!"

She was resting against his breast, as she put it now into his hand, and told him how she had found it.

"Mattie told me all," he said, "and I came on at once. Oh, Edith, it seems too much happiness now to find you still single, still my own."

Charlie and Mattie were fully prepared for the return of the truants to Newport and the autumn collected a concourse of dear friends to witness a grand wedding, few suspecting the previous courtship of the handsome couple who were united after long years.

How to Ride a Colt.

The following story told by John Smith—we will suppose his name to be Smith—and his son Virgil, is said to be a "true bill." Smith had a very promising young horse, now for the first time in training for the track. The other day Virgil, a bright little chap some ten years of age, was speeding the colt around the track, and was making the run in gallant style, when the colt suddenly shied and threw the boy off. The cause of this was a young porker that had stowed himself in some brush close to the track, a quiet spectator of the colt's performance, until the latter got almost opposite to him when hog-like, made a violent rush, with the result mentioned. By the time his anxious father reached the ground the boy was on his feet, unhurt. Said the father:

"Virgil, you don't know how to ride a colt to let a little pig like that make him throw you off. I don't want the colt spoiled; I want him to go round the track, and I'll show you that a pig can't prevent him."

"I'll bet you," said Virgil, "he'll throw you, too, if a pig makes him jump like he did with me."

"No, he won't, Virgil; you can get in the bush there, and when I ride him round you can grunt lik a pig. I'll show you how it is done," said the elder Smith.

Accordingly the colt was caught and mounted by the elder Smith, the boy in the meantime having taken his position in the bush to play the role of the pig, in which he succeeded to perfection, for when the sire, after a rattling run, had reached the proper place, he started like a young grizzly, and tearing out of the bush, caused the panic-stricken colt to pitch his rider ingriously in the dirt. Gathering himself up he said savagely: "What did you do that for? I told you to grunt like a pig, and not like a blasted old hog."

A DARK MYSTERY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The boys used to tell me I ought to get one Jim Blaine to tell me the stirring story of his grandfather's old ram; but they always added that I must not mention the matter unless Jim was drunk at the time—just comfortably and sociably drunk. They kept this up until my curiosity was on the rack to hear the story. I got to haunting Blaine; but it was no use. He was often moderately, but never satisfactorily drunk. I never watched a man's condition with such absorbing interest, such anxious solicitude; I never pined to see a man uncompromisingly drunk before. At last one evening I hurried to his cabin, for I learned that this time his situation was such that even the most fastidious could find no fault with it. He was tranquilly, serenely, symmetrically drunk—not a hiccup to mar his voice, not a cloud upon his brain thick enough to obscure his memory. As I entered, he was sitting upon an empty powder keg, with a clay pipe in one hand and the other raised to command silence. His face was round, red, and very serious; his throat was bare and his hair tumbled, in general appearance and costume he was a stalwart miner of the period. On the pine table stood a candle, and its dim light revealed "the boys" sitting here and there on bunks, candle-boxes, powder kegs, etc. They said:

"Sh! Don't speak; he's going to commence." I found a seat at once, and Jim began:

"I don't reckon them times will ever come again. There never was a more bullier old ram than he was. Grandfather fetched him from Illinois; got him of a man named Yates—Bill Yates—may be you might have heard of him; his father was a deacon—Baptist—and he was a rustler, too; a man had to get up rather early to get the start of old Thankful Yates; it was him that put the Greens up to jining teams with my grandfather when he moved West. Seth Green was probably the pick of the flock. He married a Wilkerson—Sarah Wilkerson—good cretur she was—one of the likeliest heifers that ever was raised in old Stoddard, every body said that knowed her. She could heft a bar'l of flour as easy as I can flirt a flap-jack.—And spin? Don't mention it! When Sile Hawkins came a browsing round her, she left him know that for all his tin he couldn't trot in harness alongside of her. You see, Sile Hawkins—no, it worn't Sile Hawkins, after all; it was a galoot by the name of Filkins—I disremember his first name—but he was a trump—come into pra'r meeting drunk one night, hooraying for Nixon becuz he thought it was a primary; and old Deacon Ferguson up and scooted him through the window, and he lit on old Miss Jefferson's head—poor old filly. She was a good soul—had a glass eye, and used to lend it to Miss Wagner, that hadn't any, to receive company in. It warn't big enough, and when Miss Wagner warn't noticing, it would get twisted around in the socket, and look up, maybe, or out to one side and every which way, while t'other was looking as straight as a spy-glass.—Grown people didn't mind it, but it most always made the children cry, it was so sort of scary. She tried packing it in raw cotton, but it wouldn't work, somehow; the cotton would get loose and stick out, and look so kind of awful that the children couldn't stand it no way. She was always dropping it out, and turning up her old dead light on the company empty, and making them uncomfortable, becuz she never could tell when it popped out, being blind on that side, you see. So, somebody would have to hunch her, and say, "Your game eye bez fetched loose, Miss Wagner, dear,' and then all of them would have to sit and wait till she jammed in it again—wrong side before as a general thing and as a bird's egg, being a bashful cretur and easy sot back before company. But being the wrong side before warn't much difference any way, becuz her own eye was sky blue, and the glass one was yaller on the front side, so which ever side she turned it, it didn't match nohow. Old Miss Wagner was considerable on a borrow, she was. When she had a quilting or a Dorcas s'iety at her house, she gen'ally borrowed Miss Higgins wooden leg to stump around on; it was considerably shorter than the other pin, but much she minded that. She said she couldn't abide crutches when she had company, becuz they were so slow. When she had company, and things had to be done, she wanted to get up and hump herself. She was as bald as a judge, and so she had to borrow Miss Jacob's wig—Miss Jacob's was the coffin pedlar's wife—a ratty old buzzard he was, that used to go roosting around were people was sick, waiting for them; and there that old rip would sit all day in the shade, on a coffin, that he judged would fit the candidate; and if it was a slow customer and kind of uncertain, he'd fetch his rations and a blanket, and sleep in the coffin nights.

"He was anchored out that way in frosty weather for about three weeks once, before old Robbin's place, waiting for him; and after that, for as much as two years, Jacobs was not on speaking terms with the old man, on account of his disappointing him. He got one of his feet froze, and lost money too, becuz old Robbing took a favorable turn and got well. The next time Robbins got sick Jacobs tried to make up with him, and varnished up the same old coffin and fetched it along with him; he had him in, and 'peared to be powerful weak; he bought the coffin for ten dollars, and Jacobs was to pay it back and twenty-five more besides if Robbins didn't like the coffin after he'd tried it. And then Robbins died, and at the funeral he bursted off the lid and riz up in his shroud and told the parson to let up on the performances, becuz he could not stand such a coffin as that. You see he had been in a trance once before, when he was young, and he took the chances on another, cal'lating that if he made the trip it was money in his pocket, and if he mis sed fire he couldn't lose a cent. And by George, he sued Jacobs for the Rhino, and got judgment, and he set up the coffin in his back parlor and said he 'owed to take his time now. It was always an aggravation to Jacobs, the way that miserable old thing acted.

"He moved back to Indiany pretty soon—went to Wellesville—Wellesville was the place the Hogadoms was from. Mighty fine family. Old Maryland stock. Old Squire Hogadom, could carry around more mixed licker, and cuss better than most any man I ever see. His second wife was the Widder Billings—she that was Becky Martin; her dam was Deacon Donlap's first wife. Her oldest child, Maria, married a missionary and died in grace—et up by savages. They et *him* too, poor fellow—biled him. It wasn't the custom, so they say, but they explained to friends of his'n that went down there to bring away his things, that they'd tried missionaries every other way and never could get any good out of 'em—and so it annoyed all his relations to find that man's life was fooled away just out of a derned experiment, so to speak. But mind you there ain't anything ever really lost; everything that people can't understand and don't see the reason of does good, if you only hold on and give it a fair shake; Providence don't fire no blank cartridges, boys. That there missionary's substance, boys, unbeknowns to himself, actu'ly converted every last one of them heathens that took a chance at the barbecue. Nothing ever fetched them but that. Don't tell me it was an accident that he was biled. There ain't no such thing as an accident.

"When my Uncle Lem was leaning up agin a scaffold once, sick or drunk, or suthin', an Irishman with a hod full of bricks fell on him out of a third story and broke the old man's neck in two places. People said it was an accident. Much accident there was about that. He didn't know what he was there for, but he was there for a good object. If he hadn't been there the Irishman would have been killed. Nobody can ever make me believe anything different from that. Uncle Lem's dog was there. Why didn't the Irishman fall on the dog? Becuz the dog would a seen him coming and stood from under. That's the reason the dog weren't appointed. A dog can't be depended on to carry out a special providence. Mark my words, it was a put-up thing. Accidents don't happen, boys. Uncle Lem's dog—I wish you could a seen that dog. He was a regular shepherd—or rather he was part bull and part shepherd—splendid animal, belonged to a Parson Hagar before Uncle Lem got him.

Parson Hagar belonging to the Western Reserve Hagars—prime family; his mother was a Weston; one of his sisters married a Wheeler; they settled in Morgan county, and he got nipped by the machinery of a carpet factory and went through in less than a quarter of a minute. His widder bought the piece of carpet that had his remains wove in, and people came a hundred miles to 'tend the funeral, and they had to let one end of the coffin stick out of the window. They didn't bury him—they planted one end and let him stand up, same as a monument. And they nailed a sign on it—sacred to—the m-e-m-o-r-y—of fourteen y-a-r-d-s—of three-ply—car—pet—containing all that was—m-o-r-t-a-l of—of—W-i-l-l-i-am W-h-e—"

A Young Man of Means.

I arrived in New York a few days ago, and immediately took rooms at the Astor. I have always made it a rule to have the best of everything even if I am obliged to get trusted for it. I hadn't been at the Astor but one day when the clerk brought me my bill.

"Is it customary," said I, "to pay by the day?"

"It is with men of your stamp," he replied.

"What kind of a stamp do you take me for?" said I.

"You look like a two cent stamp he replied, very insulting.' "You either pay the bill or go out. Have you got any money?" said he.

"My estimable young friend," I replied, "you have probably heard of Ben Franklin, long deceased. That eminent physician was at one time in the proverb line, and did a very good business. He said among other things that time was money. Now, I haven't got any money, but as regards time, I am in affluent circumstances, and if you will receipt that bill, I will give a check for as much time as you think equivalent, and throw you in a couple of hours for your trouble."

He made no reply, but from the fact of the porter's coming up immediately after, removing my trunk to the sidewalk, and hustling me after it, I inferred that I wasn't considered a financial success.

I immediately called a hackman, and told him to take me to a cheap but respectable hotel. "And the cheaper it is," I added, "the more respectable I shall consider it."

He drove me to the Excelsior House and I told him I was under a great many obligations to him and if at any time I could do him a favor, I should feel grieved if he didn't speak to me about it, for my proud spirit spurns an obligation.

"If you don't fork over them fifty cents sir," said he, "there'll be a funeral in your family, and it won't be your wife nor none of your children."

"But I'm busted," said I. "If meeting houses were selling two for a cent, I could not buy even the handle of the contribution box."

He swore at me awfully, and said he would have it out of my trunk, so he burst it open.

But the contents of that trunk are far from valuable, for I carry it filled with saw-dust. It looks just as respectable, and in an emergency of this kind is invaluable.

Cost of Living.

I met Tim Jones the other day, who is a well-to-do young farmer, industrious, economical, but not penurious.

"Why don't you get married, Tim?"

"That's a direct question," was the reply, "and I am willing to answer it directly. I don't dare do it."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot find a girl who will have me and whom I can love, whose education and habits at home have fitted her to become a wife, mother, and the economical and wise manager of household affairs. I want to marry; would be glad to marry, and would try to make the woman happy whom I should ask and who would consent to become my wife. But there is such a state of unrest about women—such inquietude, desire for something that they have not, to go where they are not, to see what they see not, to be what they are not and cannot be, to live in a style they cannot afford, to lead artificial and superficial lives, to see and be seen, to dress and bedizen themselves with fol-de-rols that I cannot furnish from my resources, that I despair of marrying. I tell you the whole American system of education, both of boys and girls, needs remodeling, or increased celibacy and fearful licentiousness will be the result."

"But there are some sensible girls left."

"Perhaps; and doubtless as many as there are sensible boys; but they are far too rare. If I find one she is without health; or she has a 'mission' to fulfill; or she don't want to live on a farm; does not like or knows nothing about farm life; or—well, the fact is, I can't find one who will accept a man for what he is and adapt herself to his condition and circumstances, unless he happens to be as rich as Crœsus."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to hire some old-fashioned housekeeper to take charge of my household affairs; and whether she stays with me will depend upon her economy, good sense, and the kind of home she makes for me.—True, it is a dreary kind of prospect, but I know that such relation will exist as long as I will it shall."

I know several Tim Joneses.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PETER THE GREAT.—The boat of Peter the Great, which is regarded as a sacred relic in Russia, and was carried at the head of the recent gala procession in St. Petersburg, is over two hundred years old, having been an old yawl when Peter was a boy. It is still well preserved. It is a masterpiece in its way, and a tolerably good specimen of badiwork. Being in a state of dilapidation when it was discovered lying under an old shed, Peter undertook to repair it, and it was thus his ship-building propensities began to manifest themselves.

A TRUE PICTURE.—How many men there are who have ground and ground to make money, that they might be happy by-and-by, but who, when they have got to be fifty or sixty years old, have used up all the enjoyable nerve that was in them? During their early life they carried toil and economy and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.—*Beecher.*

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.—The credit system has been carried to a very fine point in some of the rural districts, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have recently occurred between a custmer and the proprietor: "Haow's trade, Squire?" "Wa'al, cash trade's kinder dull now Major. Betsey Nipper has bort an egg's worth of tea, and got trusted for it till her speckled pullet lays."

[From Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.]

Bass Fishing.

I went bass fishing. After long and patient waiting, incessant casting, full of danger to the eyes and ears of my neighbors, to say nothing of my own, I got a bite—a vigorous, impetuous, unmistakable bass bite. I at once tried to recall the thousand and one rules of conduct for such occasions which S——n had instilled into me. "Don't give him any slack," was the one that first occurred, and I tried to put it in force, but to my utter consternation S——n yelled out, "Let him run!" Now this was very inconsistent and contradictory, but obey orders if you break owners was my motto, so I did let him run. That is the last news I have of that fish, but I