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JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 5. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1357.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '76.

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. aug. 12-1y.

W. J. & 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.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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

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 in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 76-1y

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. SUPPEL.
COFFROTH & SUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be faithfully and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—On Main Cross Street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Somerset Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july11

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done on shortest and reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krisinger's store. apr. 22, '76-tf.

DR. R. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Feb7 '77

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block 3ed72

DENTISTS.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, 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.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Nef's new building.
Main Cross Street.
Somerset, Pa.
nov11

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, '71-1y.

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frease's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
mar15

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp Address as above. jel2-72

HOTELS

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of hotel accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

NAUGLE HOUSE!
Main St., Somerset, Pa.,
FRED NAUGLE, Pro'p.
The proprietor has lately purchased and greatly improved this desirable property, furnishing it with entire new furniture thus making it one of the most desirable stopping places for transient or resident custom in the State.
Tables are always supplied with the choicest viands the market affords.
Large and commodious stabling is attached and faithful and attentive hostlers always in attendance.
Boarders taken by the week, day, or meal.
Bar always supplied with the choicest liquors.
July 10. apr1

BANKS, ETC.

Cambria Co. Bank.
M. W. KEIM & Co.
No. 266 Main St., Johnstown.
A General Banking Business transacted.
Interest Paid at 6 per cent. on Time Deposits.
Loans Negotiated.
Drafts Bought and Sold.
Jany. 1.

J. O. KIMMEL & SONS,
BANKERS,
Successors to
Schell & Kimmel,
SOMERSET, PA.
Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made.
jan12

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.
Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference, perfect titles, &c., required.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security.
Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.
TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. R. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapely, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Plitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Murray and W. W. Walters.
Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. nov24.

Tobacco and Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
J. H. Zimmerman,
Main Cross St,
Somerset, Penna.
The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobacco.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan26

JNO. HICKS. LARUE M. HICKS
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.
aug15.

J. R. MEGAHAN,
BUTCHER,
AND DEALER,
Wholesale and Retail,
IN
FRESH MEATS!
All kinds, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, Pudding, Bologna, Mince Meat, and LARD of our own Rendering.
MARKET DAYS
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Somerset, Pa
Meat can be obtained any day during the week. April 11.

Cook & Beerits'
FAMILY GROCERY
Flour and Feed
STORE.
We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our New Store on
MAIN CROSS STREET
And in addition to a full line of the best
Confectioneries, Notions,
Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,
We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the
BEST QUALITY OF
FAMILY FLOUR,
CORN-MEAL,
OATS, SHELLED CORN,
OATS & CORN CHOP,
BRAN, MIDDLINGS
And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
FOR
CASH ONLY.
Also, a well selected stock of
Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of all kinds, and
STATIONERY
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.
Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.
Don't forget where we stay—
On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.
Oct. 2, 1872.

MISCELLANEOUS.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
And Manufacturers of
Gent's, Youth's and Boys,
Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods
NO. 42 FIFTH AVENUE.
PITTSBURGH.

Dr. Harris' Cramp Cure.

A certain, safe and speedy cure for every ache and pain. It gives instant and permanent relief, and may be used as a liniment if desired.
Dr. Harris' Summer Cordial
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.
And an unfailing remedy for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Indigestion, and all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.
Send for Pamphlet containing valuable information.
HARRIS & EWING,
Wholesale Druggists, PITTSBURGH, PA

SLATE ROOFS.
Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
Peachbottom & Buckingham
SLATE
for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest price, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SUPPLEY.
April th, 1875.

E. H. WARDWELL,
WITH
ROUSE, HEMPSTONE & CO.
285 Balt. St., Baltimore, M. D.,
Would respectfully ask the merchants of Somerset county, to send him their orders for
NOTIONS, FURNISHING AND FANCY GOODS.
assuring them satisfaction both as regards price and quality of goods. The merchants visiting Baltimore are urgently requested to call and see me before making purchases.

HIGHEST AWARDS! Centennial Exhibition.
J. REYNOLDS & SON,
NORTHWEST CORNER
THIRTEENTH AND FILBERT STS.
PHILADELPHIA,
MANUFACTURES OF PATENTED
Wrought-Iron Air-Tight Heaters
WITH SHAKING AND CLINKER GRINDING GRATES FOR BURNING ANTHRACITE OR BITUMINOUS COAL.
CENTENNIAL
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
FOR BITUMINOUS COAL.
KEYSTONE
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
Cooking Ranges, Low-Down Crates, Etc.
Descriptive Circulars sent free to any address
EXAMINE BEFORE SELECTING.
April 25.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC
HOMESTEAD
Is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information respecting KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road. This grant comprises
OVER 5,000,000 ACRES
OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township, for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, or one-half of the land in a belt forty miles wide, extending to Denver City, in Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be, in climate, soil, and every production of nature, the most favored.
To aid in the settlement of this superb domain with an intelligent and industrious people, is the object of the HOMESTEAD. It is intended to contain a fair and candid representation of facts nor will it ever give, intentionally, any statement that will not, upon investigation, be fully sustained.
The Company obtains its title to these lands from the Government of the United States.
They are being offered at prices lower than any other lands in the West, that will compare with them in soil, climate and general advantages. The terms of payment, as will be found on a careful examination, are more liberal in all essential features than have heretofore been offered by any railway company.
THE HOMESTEAD
IS FOR
FREE CIRCULATION,
And will be sent gratis to anyone upon application.
All communications in reference to the lands of the Company should be addressed to
S. J. GILMORE,
Land Commissioner, K. P. Ry.,
SALINA, KANSAS.
March 7, 1877.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

Oh, little flowers, you love me so
You could not do without me;
Oh, little birds that come and go,
You sing sweet songs about me:
Oh, little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you
When I am idly sleeping.

Oh, rushes by the river side,
You bow when I am near you;
Oh, fish, you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you:
Oh, river, you shine clear and bright,
To tempt me to look in you;
Oh, water lilies pure and white,
You hope that I shall win you.

Oh, pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you;
You'd find it very dull, I know—
I should not like to grieve you.
Don't rinkle up, you silly mose;
My flowers you need not shiver;
My little buds, don't look so cross;
Don't talk so loud, my river.

I'm telling you I will not go,
It's foolish to feel slighted;
It's rude to interrupt me so,
You ought to be delighted.
Ah, now you're growing good, I see,
Though anger is beguiling—
The pretty blossoms nod at me;
I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,
That will content you, may be;
I'll love you through the happy years
Till I'm a nice old lady!
True love, like yours and mine, they say
Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
Keeps steadily increasing.

MISS MOUNTJOY'S LESSON!

OR, PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL

CHAPTER I.

The long, slanting rays of a golden sunset were streaming in through the crimson stained glass windows of Clarice Mountjoy's elegant boudoir, and lighting up in subdued splendor the costly appliances and luxurious ornaments that filled the apartment.

Before the mirror sat a haughty, imperial woman, upon whose raven black masses of hair, arched eyebrows of the same ebon hue, and flashing eyes of midnight darkness, the rose-tint from the window fell in becoming addition to her costly toilet.

A frown rose on her brow, and she tapped her daintily-booted foot in vexation and impatience.

"To think that after all the pains I have taken to have the jewels collected, I am unable to wear them to the only evening party I care a straw for. Where is the use of having diamonds and pearls if we havn't a suitable toilet to appear in?"

She pulled the slight silken cord by her side, whose tinkling summons brought her maid.

"Felice, I must have my dove-colored moire for this evening, come what will. Put on your cloak and run down to Madame Ruche, and tell her I cannot think of going without it, if I must wait until 12 o'clock."

Obedient to her imperious mistress' commands, the lady's maid departed to execute her mission.

"I am determined to wear it, and my elegant diamonds with it! Sir Irvine Tressell shall see me in my splendor, and he will soon decide that English ladies can surpass the foreigners he has danced with."

She arose and looked searchingly in the mirror.

"People say I am beautiful. Well, I know I am; I have every desirable feature necessary to beauty, from my head to my feet; but all is naught to me if it does not win me his love—the love I have cherished for months—the love I must win, and win soon—to-night!"

Her beautiful lips were parted in a circle of grateful pride, as her eyes wandered over her feet, face and form.

"Ah, Sir Irvine Tressell, you little know Clarice Mountjoy would barter life, soul, honor, I had almost said—for your sake!"

A timid rap at the door dispelled her soliloquy, and she turned with a gesture of impatience to the intruder.

"Lilias, how often have I requested you not to annoy me when I am alone? You seem to have a singularly deep regard for this room. Do you want anything?"

The dark hazel eyes of the intruder—"Lilias," she was called—flashed a moment darkly; but the voice, low, sweet and modulated, replied: "I am very sorry if I disturbed you. I merely dropped in to see if I could be of any assistance to you in your preparations for Lady Armstrong's reception."

A selfish smile played over the carmine lips of Clarice Mountjoy.

"Oh, will you help me get my moire finished, if the dress-maker cannot? I will give you my old blue silk if you will."

The lips of Lilias Bradley curled scornfully; but as before, she curbed the rising anger.

"Thank you, cousin Clarice, I do not need the old blue silk. I will assist Felice to finish your dress when she returns, if you must wear it without fail".

"Indeed, I must, and shall too! For Sir Irvine Tressell says a golden moire with diamonds is the most bewitching costume he ever saw. The Princess Louise wore one at a presentation, and he is constantly reminding me how much I resemble her."

Lilias made no reply, but gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"I hope you are not envious of my good luck, Lilias Bradley, because I happen to be an heiress, and the future wife of the splendid Baronet, Sir Irvine Tressell?"

A smile, half-pitying, half-amused, lighted up Lilias' sweet, pale face.

"Oh, no, Clarice. I was just wondering if, with all your wealth, your aristocratic lovers, and dreams of future happiness, you were really as happy as I."

"As you, Lilias Bradley?"

Clarice almost shrieked the words, so ridiculously did she regard the comparison.

"Yes,' returned Lilias, quietly. 'I would not change places for the world."

An angry frown contracted Clarice's white brow.

"Here comes Felice, thank goodness! Now, Lilias, you will have to exert every effort to finish it by midnight."

"I think we can complete it by nine or ten; that will give you sufficient time to dress. I, too must leave at that hour, to fulfill my engagement."

A blush overspread Lilias face.

"That poor lover of yours again to-night? I should think you'd hate a man so poor as you say William Sherrard is. Why don't you marry a rich one, who can support you handsomely?"

There was a contemptuous imperiousness in Clarice's tones that brought the blood rushing to Lilias' cheeks.

"Because I never would marry for money; I will never give my hand to a man because he has a fortune at his disposal. Wealth is a great gift, but it does not purchase happiness."

"How do you know? You have never enjoyed wealth."

A quiet, strange smile—one that had annoyed Clarice many times since the orphan Lilias had come to their uncle's, six months before—lighted the sweet face, disclosing the pearly teeth.

"True, I am not in the enjoyment of wealth; yet, judging from yourself, dear Clarice, I should conclude it did not bring bliss."

"But it will, when I have once attained my object—the dream I have cherished for the half-year you have been here. When I am once the wife of Sir Irvine Tressell, the only man I ever loved or ever shall love, I defy anything to make me unhappy. His love is all I ask."

A bright smile, that made her really lovely, lighted her midnight eyes as she thought of him—her idol.

"You've never seen him, Lilias, I believe," she went on to say. "He is the most handsome man I ever saw!"

"I think not. You know you requested me never to come in the parlor when you had company."

"He is tall, and dark, and very graceful, and so polite!"

Clarice's voice was enthusiasm personified.

"Yes, so is my William," returned Lilias, thoughtfully.

"William!" ejaculated Clarice, indignantly, "Why Lilias Bradley, they are not to be mentioned in the same breath!"

"Cousin Clarice, be thoughtful! Do not speak slightly of my betrothed husband, because he happens to be poor."

The gentle hazel eyes were dark as Lilias spoke; but she was answered by a harsh laugh.

"Nor for you, because you happen to be poor, and dependent upon my charity and your Uncle Peter's"

With a proud flushing of her cheeks, and a flashing of her eyes, Lilias tossed the expensive moire off her lap.

"Never has that been said of a Bradley before, Clarice Mountjoy; never shall it be repeated. Tell me with your lips if I do not earn my bread and clothes? Tell me if the assistance I render to you in every imaginable way does not merit more than any servant-woman would receive for services?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; but, after all, I can get on as well with only Felice. Are you not going to finish my dress? Do, Lilias, just this once, and I'll confess you are not only indispensible, but absolute mistress of the establishment. Please do, Lil, for you know I am dying to wear my new-reset diamonds—the old family fire-diamonds; you know. I should expire from disappointment if I did not realize the expectations I have anticipated for this evening. Sir Irvine Trissell will not fail to be there, and in my moire and diamonds I shall be so irresistible he cannot avoid a proposal. It is on the tapis I know, for he is all devotion."

"Your dress is done, Clarice. And now I must leave you to attend to Uncle Peter's supper."

CHAPTER II.

"And my darling is willing to intrust her happiness to me, poor and friendless though I be?"

Lilias' lover drew her beautiful head to his breast, as he entwined his arms about her.

"You may be poor and friendless in one sense, William, but are you not wealthy in my love? Will not our home, if not blessed with all the luxuries of riches, be abundant in peace and contentment?"

"Spoken like a dear, true little woman you are! And now, dearest, I must impose my first command upon you. Will you obey?"

He smoothed her hair playfully off the clear, white forehead, and glanced mischievously in her deep, true eyes

"On second thought, I think I'll tell you first what I desire you to do. Listen, dear Lilias, and blush as much as you please; but don't turn your face away."

And, in truth, the pink tints were already coming and going on cheek and brow.

"Lilias, darling,' and his voice grew strange and earnest, "we must be married to-night. No, do not start; not for worlds, unless you wish it; but I have certain particular reasons for it, to gratify which would delight me beyond expression. I have got an Archbishop's special license, and have made all the requisite arrangements."

For a moment Lilias buried her face against his shoulder; then she lifted it, rosy and happy, to the dark, flushed one bending over her.

"A week can make no difference, William. I have tried you and proved you; we love each other fondly. William, I will be your wife to-night."

His handsome face lighted up with a proud, triumphant smile, and he kissed her fondly, just as approaching footsteps warned them.

* * * * *

"Lilias, Lilias where is the key of Uncle Peter's safe? I want the diamonds; it is high time I was off, and Sir Irvine Tressell never likes to see a lady later than ten."

Clarice came rapidly down the stairs to the apartment where in the shade, Lilias and her lover stood. She could not see them at all plainly, for the gas was turned down to a twilight darkness.

"On the ebony cabinet in my room, Clarice."

As Lilias replied, Clarice frowned in displeasure.

"It seems to me, Miss Bradley, you had better invite your followers into the breakfast parlor another time. The drawing-room is intended for the lady of the house remember."

Lilias made a careless curtsey.

"Uncle Peter is master, not you, Clarice. I shall use the drawing-room just as long as he sees fit."

"You are a bold minx, and shall be turned out of this house, as sure as that my name will be Lady Tressell."

Clarice Mountjoy ascended the steps again, while Lilias deprecatingly explained and apologized to her lover.

"Never mind, dearest," replied William Sherrard. "In our new house she shall not annoy you, whether she be Lady Tressell or anybody else."

"Poor girl, she does not enjoy life very much. She is in love, hopelessly in love with this Sir Irvine Tressell you heard her mention."

"Who is he, do you know?"

"I have never seen him; I never have cared to see anybody since I knew you, Will."

He pressed her hand tenderly.

"And now, Lilias, darling, I will wait here while you get ready for a quiet wedding at the church, where all things are waiting, for I knew you would consent. Send Uncle Peter down; I wish to talk to him."

He kissed her as she left him, so happy, and with the same peculiar smile playing on her lips.

"The noble fellow!" she murmured; "how impatient I am to tell him my secret!"

With rose-tinged cheeks, and a proud consciousness of beauty in her sapphire eyes, she hastily made her toilet; smiling the while, and anon trilling a little air that relieved her full heart.

It was a heavy dead silk of rich, golden-white that she wore, and over it a filmy lace robe, that floated like a cloud about her slender form. Around her neck she clasped a necklace of rarest diamonds, and fastened a coronet about the veil that rested among her sun-bright curls.

"He will be so surprised," she repeated joyfully, as over the magnificent bridal costume she put a plain, unpretending muslin robe, simple and sweet.

Down the stairs she went, and into the drawing-room, which, now that Clarice had gone, and Uncle Peter entered, was a blaze of light

"Lillie, darling, you look a very angel! My bride, my little treasure!"

"And you, William — you are dressed fit for a queen's levee! Why, Will, I am afraid you could not afford this expensive wedding suit!"

She blushed, as if conscious of saying more than she should have done, but he caught her hands and laughed gayly.

"We will economize after to make up, pet. Come, Uncle Peter, you must give the bride away."

Together the two entered the carriage in waiting, and drove rapidly to the church, where at the altar, the clergyman stood ready to unite them.

The ceremony was brief, and Lilias heard but little of it, she only understood that she was being married, and to her chosen one.

The congratulations were over, and the party re-entered the carriage, Uncle Peter, returning home.

"William, may I tell you a little secret, the only one I ever kept from you—the only one I ever will? See, my husband; see my wedding-garments."

She threw aside the disgusting robe, and displayed her elegant costume. In amazement he gazed at her.

"Silk, laces, diamonds! My dear wife, I do not comprehend."

A delightful smile answered him; and then she spoke: "William, you did not take a penniless wife. You have married me for myself, not my money, for I am wealthy, dearest; the sole heiress to the great wealth of my deceased parents. Uncle Peter is my guardian whom I desired should appear to own the estate, while I personated the orphan niece, a dependent on his bounty. I feared my wealth would allure those who otherwise would not have cared for me, but now I have found you, my dearest husband, to be all I can desire. We are rich, William, independently rich."

"Lillie," he murmured, bending her head to his shoulder, "my Lillie, this is indeed a surprise. But what of your cousin Miss Mountjoy?"

"She is an adopted child of a friend of mine, who, on her death-bed, gave her to my mother. Poor Clarice, also, will be penniless unless she marries her rich lover, Sir Irvine Tressell."

William made no reply, for the carriage stopped at a splendid mansion brilliantly lighted.

"We will alight here for a few moments, and then I shall bear you to your future home. Come, darling, let me tell you my secret now."

Her shawl being removed in the dressing-room, she was joined at the door by her husband.

"Lilias do not be surprised at anything you may hear. Will you promise?"

"I will promise but I am bewildered. Whose house is this—whose guests down stairs?"

"A friend of mine, dearest Lilias. Lady Armstrong, who holds a reception, is the hostess."

"And Cousin Clarice is here," said Lilias, "and I shall see her lover. I am ready, William."

She glanced into his face. His eyes were overflowing with merry mischief, and his cheeks were flushed with pleasurable excitement. Up the stairs they went, and to the door of the crowded reception-room.

He handed a card to the footman, who announced them with a loud, sonorous voice—"Sir William Irvine Tressell and Lady Tressel!"

Every eye turned on the pair. Lilias started and glanced timidly at her husband's face. She met an assuring look and whispered, 'Don't be vexed, my darling.'

He pressed her arm closely to his side, and she returned the silent caress. In that caress all was forever explained.

Radiant in her diamonds, Clarice Mountjoy had been anxiously looking for her lover's arrival. She was in the music-room when he came, and his presence was unknown to her.

A half-hour afterward, some one tapped him on the shoulder with a fan.

"Sir Irvine Tressell, I am glad you are here at last. You remember the dance you are engaged to me for!"

She smiled brightly upon him, but he bowed very gravely.

"Miss Mountjoy will be good enough to excuse me. I am already engaged for the entire evening."

He spoke coldly, almost sternly, and she raised her eyes to his. They were regarding her intensely; and a vague fear that, after all, she might loose him, stole over her.

"Miss Mountjoy, will you take my arm a moment?"

The invitation was brief and cool; but how delightedly she accepted it.

"I have a friend I must introduce you to. You will find her a lovely woman, as beautiful in mind as in person."

He led her to a solitary figure, who leaned against a statue in the deserted music-room.

"Miss Mountjoy—my wife, lady Tressell, late Miss Lilias Bradley."

With a shiver of helplessness, Clarice gazed upon her cousin's flushed, beautiful face, and with a low cry of anguish, covered her face with her fan.

Sir Irvine gazed sternly upon her.

"You will regard my wife as a fit occupant of a breakfast-parlor, together with her followers? You will turn her out of her own house, wherein you are the dependent charity child, as sure as your name will be Lady Tressell? you have merited your reward, Clarice Mountjoy, and when I tell you what my wife, in the goodness of her heart, would never tell you, that the very diamonds you wear are hers, you will learn to be more kind, more human, toward those in a humbler station than yourself."

Clarice had heard him through, silent and motionless; and, when he had finished and given his arm to his beautiful bride, she bowed a haughty acknowledgement, swept proudly from the room, and entered her carriage. That carriage never carried her home. Whither she went or what became of her, they never knew.

Woman's Power.

"Man is what a woman makes him." said Rousseau, himself a respector of the sex; and the records of history contain numberless examples of women who have supported their husbands, or brothers at the crisis of their lives. John Stuart Mill said he owed everything that was excellent in his writings to the influence of his wife. Thomas Carlyle gave similar testimony. John Flaxman the sculptor, had made considerable progress in his work when he married Anne Denman, a noble spirited, intelligent woman, full of love for art, and with an intense admiration for him as an artist. It happened that soon after the event he met Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his opinion no man could hope to become an artist who did not devote himself entirely to art, and who had not studied patiently and reverently the works of the great masters in Italy itself. He bluntly told Flaxman that he was ruined for an artist. Flaxman went straight to his wife, and said to her,—"Anne, I am ruined for an artist." "Who has ruined you, John?" she asked. "It happened in church," he replied, "and Anne Denman has done it." He then told her what Sir Joshua had said, and added, "I should like to have been a great artist." "And so you shall be, and go to Rome too, if that will make you one," said the resolute woman. "We will work and economize. I will never have it said that Anne Denman ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so the brave couple did work and economize. They worked patiently and hopefully for five years, never asked help from any one, and at last went together to Rome, where Flaxman studied and worked to such purpose that he achieved both fame and competency. His success was not shared to the full, however, by his faithful wife, for she died many years before him. Thomas Hood gave a touching tribute to his wife's excellency: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a much better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, and excellence from my pen."

Many other instances might be enumerated; but we have touched upon sufficient to prove that a good wife is God's best gift to man.

A Strange Bird Story.

L. Page and son, of San Jos, California, were cutting wood near that place, and for several days noticed that a number of birds remained constantly upon a tree near them. Upon cutting down the tree, they discovered a hollow cavity, some two feet in length and three or four inches in diameter, in which were two full grown birds of some goodly sized species. There was a small apparatus through which the birds were supplied with food by their mates. The limb was cut and the birds liberated. They were neither of them able to fly, having evidently never been out of their imprisonment. How they came inside is a question. It is probable that the mother bird was small, though able to make her nest in the hollow of a tree and rear her young, could not extricate them, and they did not gain strength enough to help themselves until the hollow had so closed that escape was impossible. They have been fed from their fellow-birds through the aperture in the limb of the tree. A nobler instance of devotion even the human family never exhibited.

A Rhode Island judge being challenged by a general in the state militia, the following dialogue ensued.

"Did you receive my note, sir?"

"Yes sir," replied the judge.

"Well, you intend to fight me?"

"No, sir."

"Then sir I consider you a pitiful coward.

"Right, sir; you knew that very well or you never would have challenged me," answered the judge.

Only a Husk.

Tom Darcey, yet a young man, had grown up a very bad one. At heart he might have been all right; but these being wrong the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he had now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do, here and there, at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock, or clean a watch, as well as he could regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars; and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering from want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself; but the better part had become very weak and shakey, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours, he felt the exhilirating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came into the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcey home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the Tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money, let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a sniff and a snap Betsy turned away and, and shortly afterward Tom Darcey lifted himself upon his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No, Peter, I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass."

"I know it won't!" said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the only solitary button left. "I know it won't."

And with this he went out into the chill air of night. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the husk, and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life—just that that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he replied, setting his feet firmly on the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was real music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom! What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcey, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom!" cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon if you'll only set him at work."

"Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you too! There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands wear weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was completed.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcey's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she found a two dollar bill in her coffee cup. She knew that he had left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and skimming before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she set out the tea table, and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. Oh, was it but a false glimmer after all?

Hark! The old step! strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grim upon his hands, and the oder of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom, Tom! You have been to the old shop!"

"Yes, and I I'm to have the old