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Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

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Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations painless.
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D. W. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL.
DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON
offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main cross, east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of Medicine and Surgery. Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main cross street, west of the Diamond.

DR. A. G. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

DR. JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office above Henry Hoffley's store, Main Cross street, Somerset, Pa.

PENSION AGENCY.
A. F. Swetzer of Sand Patch, Somerset county, Pa. Justice of the Peace, surveyor and claim agent—will promptly collect all Bounty and Pension claims entrusted to him. Persons wishing any information will address him at the above named place, enclosing discharge and postage stamp for reply.

AUCTIONEER.
PARTIES needing my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at auction, will find I will give entire satisfaction. All letters by mail promptly attended to.
W. A. KOONTZ,
Confluence, Pa.

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

3,000 Gallons
PURE FERMENTED
WINE,
FOR SALE
By A. J. Casebeer & A. J. Casebeer & Co.'s agent, Somerset, Pa., or at his
SUGAR GROVE FARM
Five miles north of Somerset, the place of manufacture. The following is a list of the kinds in stock:
GRAPE, BLACKBERRY,
CHERRY CURRANT,
ELDERBERRY, WILD-CHERRY
AND CIDER WINE,
Which will be sold in quantity to suit purchaser. This wine is much used for medical and sacramental purposes; also as a beverage by those who want a pure wine.

$72 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. Mar.16-1yr

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,
Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.
Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.
Co-Family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists.
FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.

PE-RU-NA
HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
"For sick stomach, bad taste, sinking spells, and palpitation, rely wholly on PERUNA."
"For want of appetite, dyspepsia, indigestion, and liver complaint, take PERUNA. It never fails."
"Peace in literary, professional or commercial circles certainly now if PERUNA."
"For constipation, MANALIN."
"For sick headache, pain in the head, dizziness, and low spirits, take PERUNA."
Read and study our book on the ills of life, follow its teachings, and you will be happy.
"Those who be paid for may use PERUNA will not cure or greatly improve."
Ladies, if you wish strength, health and beauty, sweet breath, cherry lips and rosy cheeks, use PERUNA.
"Go to your nearest druggist for a bottle of PERUNA. Take it before each meal."
"For nervous debility, catarrh of the bladder, or disease of the kidneys, take PERUNA, and be cured."
MAN-A-LIN
FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD, Druggist,
Somerset, Pa.
May 4

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Catharine Geiger, late of Somerset Tp., dec'd.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Friday, the 13th of January 1882, at the late residence of the deceased.
ELI BOWMAN,
nov30 Administrator.

FOR SALE.
A valuable farm situate in Upper Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Garrel Lear, John Lephart, Daniel Fatdley and others, containing 220 acres, more or less, about 30 acres in meadow, 70 acres in good state of cultivation, balance well timbered, very convenient to railroad, in good farming community, convenient to church and school, having thereon erected a good house, barn and other out buildings. For terms and further particulars address or call on
R. S. McMILLEN & BRO.
Dec. 7.6 New Lexington, Somerset County, Pa

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Daniel Leydig, late of Southampton Township Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, the 11th day of February, 1882, at the late residence of the deceased.
DENNIS LEYDIG,
Jan 4. Administrator.

LEGAL NOTICE.
To Christina Kiem, (widow) of Jacob Kiem, late of Elk Lick Twp., dec'd,
(1) Peter Kiem' is dead, leaving heirs viz: (1) John H. Clay, (2) Nelson and Amelia Kiem, all of Westmoreland county, Pa., (2) Joseph Kiem and Edward Kelm, of the State of Nebraska, (4) Jacob Kiem of Stair county, Mo., (5) Mary, intermarried with Jonas Blough, of Cambria Co., Pa., (6) David Kelm, (7) Jonas Kelm, Elizabeth, intermarried with Samuel M. Fisk, (9) Catharine, intermarried with Henry Blough, (10) Christina intermarried with Wm. M. Kretchman, all of Somerset county, Pa.
You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, on Monday, the 23d day of January, 1882, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Jacob Kelm, dec'd., at the appraised valuation, or show cause why same should not be sold.
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, } EDGAR KYLE,
December 14th, 1881. } Sheriff

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., to ascertain exonerations, if any, in which widows are entitled, distribution of the funds in hands of administrator and trustee for the sale of the real estate of Chauncey Cramer, dec'd, to and among them legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of the above appointment at his office, on Friday, Jan. 20, 1882, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend.
VALENTINE HAY,
Somerset, Jan. 1, 1882. Auditor.

STRAY NOTICE.
Four stray sheep came trespassing on the premises of Tobias J. Speicher, in Stonycreek twp., in the month of September, 1881. 3 yew sheep marks, hole in right and crop in the left ear, one ram, no mark. The owner is requested to prove property and pay charges or they will be sold according to law.
TOBIAS J. SPEICHER.
Shanksville, Jan. 7, 1882.

JNO. HICKS. LA RUE M. HICKS.
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.
aug 18

FOR SALE.
A valuable farm containing about One Hundred and Sixty-five Acres, (165) fifty to fifty-five (50-55) acres of the finest Oak and Poplar timber in Laurel Valley, twenty-five acres excellent meadow, eighty acres splendid grain and pasture land, besides other timber land, all well watered, limestone on the farm, good frame house, wagon shed, grain house and log barn. Situated from Lockport, P. R. R., 4 miles, Laurelle, P. R. R., 3 miles, West Fairfield, one and one-half mile, where may always be found a cash grain and hay market.
TERMS EASY.
Address—
JAS. Q. LEMMON,
3701 Woodland Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
(Or inquire of N. W. Lemmon, Latrobe, Westmoreland Co., Pa.) octg-1y

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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MY NEIGHBOR.

Friends may call me odd and sober
As I journey on through life,
And perhaps may term me soured
By its dim, unceasing strife.
But I've something left to tell me
That all fair things are not dead,
And tho' pleasure's dreams have vanished,
Fancy's visions have not fled.

So while those about me call me
Prose, and devoid of glee,
I have something which awakens
Many a train of thought in me.
Something, which with erring blindness
They have ever failed to know;
Something which illumine clearly
All the path I yet must go.

'Tis my brown-eyed, red-lipped neighbor,
A most charming, dainty thing,
With a voice like a canary
When it tunes its notes to sing.
From my window oft I watch her,
Stranger tho' she be to me,
And I note the smiles which falter
In their sweet simplicity.

Till the blood which courses slowly
Through each thin and withered vein,
Quickens o'er the thoughts which travel
Through the chambers of my brain.
And I sit and dream on slowly,
Like a man whose heart once young,
Glows again with fancies tender
O'er the songs he once has sung.

Till the fire-light flickers softly
O'er the golden tinted wall,
And I'm wakened from my dreaming
By the silence overall.
Do I love my little neighbor?
I have never told her so,
And the thoughts which rise within me,
I am sure she does not know.

For I only sit and watch her
From my half-closed window blind,
And if I'm a judge of human nature,
I am sure she does not mind.
So the world may term me prosy,
But while of it I'm a part,
None will know what hold my neighbor
Had upon an old man's heart.

A TALE OF TWO SEAS.

It was a steamer day in San Francisco—a dull June morning, some seventeen years ago. The wharf was crowded with eastern-bound Californians, who were embarking on the steamship. Precisely at noon the engine bell struck, the ponderous wheels revolved, and as the echoes of the parting gun reverberated among the hills and over the placid waters of the bay, eight hundred souls commenced the homeward journey via Nicaragua.

Scarcely had the vessel passed Meiggs wharf before the passengers observed with surprise that she had stopped, simultaneously they were all ordered on deck, while half a dozen police officers made a thorough search of the ship, which occupied two hours. During this time the Captain impatiently walked the bridge, and occasionally in response to his bell, the engines made a few revolutions to keep the ship in position. At last the well-known face of Captain L——, the chief of the detective force, presented himself at the gangway, accompanied by his aids. With a wave of the hand, and an adieu to the Captain, they entered their boat, and were pulled toward the shore.—The wheels once more commenced their long task. Passing at full speed through the Golden Gate, the steamer reached the open sea, and as the sun dipped the waters of the Pacific the shores of California faded in the distance.

That evening, after inspection, at eight bells, the Captain was seated in the Purser's office, in friendly conversation, looking over the passenger list.

"By the way, Purser," said he, "what occasioned the unusual pertinacity of our friend, Captain L——, in searching the ship this afternoon? I felt like bringing him to sea and giving him all the time he wanted."

The Purser made no reply, but took from his pocket a photograph, which he handed to the Captain, who looked at it, and said: "Well, what has this got to do with it?"

"You remember," replied the Purser, "that murder in Virginia City a fortnight since? That is the portrait of the murderer. L—— said that he had positive information that he would be on board here, and tried hard to find him. One of his men was an officer from Nevada, with a requisition, and, as a large reward is offered for the man, they were very anxious to get him, but failed.—However, the detective left his picture, and requested me to tell you about it. We may see him on board during the down trip, and you may feel like using your magisterial authority in returning him to the police when we get back."

The Captain looked carefully at the portrait, which was that of a young man, rather fast looking, but without any peculiarity that would distinguish him in a crowd. "Well, Purser," said he, "look out for him, and let me know if you see him. He may be 'stowed away' somewhere. I think I shall know him should I set eyes on him." With this the Captain returned the picture, bade the Purser good night and went to the pilot house.

The fogs and winds of the California coast had given place to the tropical warmth of the Mexican coast, when, one afternoon, as the Captain was leisurely walking toward the dining saloon, his eyes fell upon a face that startled him—the face of a man who for an instant withstood his searching glance without flinching as the Captain nonchalently passed by, turned into the dining saloon, then, quickening his pace, passed through and entered the Purser's room, where he found that gentleman making his dinner toilet.

"You know that fellow of whom we were speaking, Purser? Let me see his picture," said the Captain. "Yes, that is the man. I have spotted him; his whiskers are cut off, and his hair is long, but that is the man. I know the cut of his jib."

The Captain had indeed spotted his man, but what to do with him was the question. There were no papers on board authorizing his arrest, and if such authority was assumed, while the task was easy, it might in the end prove a troublesome and thankless one. After full consideration, it was deemed best to take no notice of the fellow, and avoid the legal complications which might ensue if he were returned to San Francisco.

But three days after, as the ship was nearing the shores of Central America, an incident occurred which necessitated prompt action, and brought the murderer face to face with a power that could control him. One morning, about 10 o'clock, a steerage passenger knocked at the Captain's door. He was a man in the prime of life, with the appearance of a miner, and was shaking with fright—too excited to talk coherently. When he had collected himself a little, he asked to speak a word in private to the Captain.

"There is a very bad man in the steerage, Captain," said he. "He murdered a man in Virginia City a fortnight before he left. I knew him there by sight, and seeing him on board I told one or two about him, and other passengers got hold of it. He has found out that I exposed him, and he whispered in my ear a few minutes since that he would get even with me by cutting my d——d heart out. And he will do it, too, Captain, if he gets a chance, either on board or after we have landed. Can't you do something to keep him quiet, Captain? I think I will go back to San Francisco in the ship, as I know he will kill me when I get ashore at Nicaragua."

The man was trembling in every joint evidently very much frightened, and said he was unwell. The Captain, in a calm way, explained to him that the certainty of immediate arrest and punishment would deter the desperado from carrying out his threats while on board; and if he had any such murderous intentions, he would no doubt wait until the transit across the Isthmus. Meanwhile he advised the panic-stricken passenger to arm himself, and use his arms without hesitation should he find it necessary. The Captain further assured him that he would take steps to insure his safety while on board, and, as far as possible, until the Atlantic steamer was reached. With this the threatened man went forward, partially reassured, and the Captain sent for the Purser.

"Purser," said he, "I am about to invite the murderer to my room.—You will please accompany a Quartermaster to the steerage gangway. Say to him that I wish to see him and let the Quartermaster and yourself return with him. Should he be fractious, do nothing, but report at once.—Have paper and pencil ready and make a note of my conversation with him. We may need proof of what is said."

After the Purser left, the Captain opened a drawer, from which he took a pair of handcuffs, which he unlocked, two navy revolvers, the caps of which he closely examined, and put the tools under the edge of his matress, within easy reach. He then sat down and quietly awaited the return of his officers. In a few minutes the Purser returned with the murderer, closely followed by the Quartermaster, whom the Captain directed to close the door and remain outside. Motioning the man to a seat, the Captain said: "Good morning, sir. Of course you know me, and I presume you are convinced that I know you. Purser please examine this man's ticket."

Without a word the man handed the Purser his ticket.

"The ticket is all right, Captain, except the name," said the Purser.

Pulling the photograph out of his pocket, the Captain said: "Do you know that man? Why is his name not on the ticket?"

A gleam of surprise passed over the man's features, as he replied: "Captain, I see that you know me. What do you want of me? Have I not behaved myself on board your ship?"

"You have come to the point at once," said the Captain. "In threatening the life of another passenger you have rendered yourself amenable to ship discipline, and my purpose in calling you here is to tell you that you must let that townsman of yours alone. If you threaten him again, or attempt to molest him, I will put you in double irons and take you back to San Francisco. Besides this, I will see that you are a marked man on the Isthmus. You will be pointed out to the Sergeant of the guard in charge of the specie, and on the slightest attempt at a disturbance you will be shot down in your tracks. Your fate is in your own hands, behave yourself, and you will not be disturbed."

"That's a pretty hard lay for a man, Captain," said the desperado.

"Well," replied the Captain, "it is only hard in case you deserve it. Now go forward, and mind you keep quiet—no more threats. I shall hear of them, and if harm befalls your townsman I shall hold you to account."

A few days later the Pacific voyage was ended, and the passengers commenced their trip across the transit, accompanied by a guard of Nicaraguan soldiers, who were told to look out for the filibusters. Even at that late day a "filibuster" was particularly disliked in Nicaragua, the natives retaining a lively and anything but a pleasant recollection of Walker. So our Virginia City passenger received an amount of personal attention which he did not at all relish. But he kept his peace, and went on his way undisturbed.

Three years had passed, and the circumstance had nearly faded from the Captain's memory. Meanwhile he had been assigned to duty on the Atlantic. One cloudy afternoon in December, while his steamship was doggedly fighting a strong head wind and high head sea in the Carribean, off Morant Keys, an accident to the machinery forced her to call at Savannah, where she anchored off the Tybee. Early next morning the Captain left the ship with the Purser, in the Captain's gig, and went up the river to Savannah. At that time Savannah was under martial law. Sherman, with his victorious legions, had reached it on their way to the sea. The streets were patrolled by the provost-guard, and sentinels in blue stood at the corners. After telegraphing to New York, the Captain and Purser were immediately occupied in buying coal and stores, as well as chartering a schooner to carry them to the ship at Tybee, for she drew too much water to reach the city. These arrangements being completed, and the work of loading the schooner started, the Captain and Purser went to the Pulaski House and ordered dinner. While standing together in the hotel office, a rough looking character entered, and, walking close to the Captain, said in a low voice: "Captain, I s'pose you don't know me."

"Really, sir," replied the Captain, "I do not. I presume you may have been a passenger with me at some time." The Captain hardly wondered at his inability to recognize the man, for his eyes were blood shot, one of them showed signs of a free fight, his clothes were shabby and his head covered with an old slouch hat.

"Well," said the seedy fellow, "you remember the man you were going to have shot in Nicaragua. I'm the man; and I want to tell you, Captain, I've got you now. You won't leave this town; I'll cut your d——d heart out!"

The Captain stepped back a few feet, and quickly recovering his presence of mind, replied, "I'll try to be ready for you, sir."

With this the desperado left the room, and the proprietor of the hotel said: "Why, Captain, where have you met that man? He is one of the most desperate scoundrels in Savannah, and will kill you on sight if he can; for he means what he says. Are you armed?"

"No," replied the Captain.

"Well, you must not leave this house without being heeled." And, leaving the office, the landlord soon returned with a pair of navy revolvers and two bowie knives, which he handed to the Captain and Purser, saying: "Here are the tools; take them with you to the ship, and return them by the pilot. Look sharp when you turn corners, and don't run any unnecessary risks after dark. I will now report to the provost guard what the scoundrel said to you, Captain, and have him watched. He don't want to get into their hands, for they are down on him, and he knows they will make short work of him, if he gives them a chance."

The Captain and Purser acted on this friendly advice. They turned corners with care, and when finally, at 10 o'clock that night they went aboard the coal-laden steamer at a levee, they walked as if in an enemy's country. But they reached the ship in safety, and were soon on their way to New York, where the Captain bade adieu to his passengers, and the incident at Savannah passed from his mind. It was suddenly recalled to his mind by reading the following extract from a Savannah paper:

A Bar-room Murder.—James M——, known to the police as "Fighting Jimmy," a troublesome character and well-known desperado, was shot by an unknown party in a bar-room fight two nights since at a saloon near the levee. Savannah can well spare him. No arrests have been made thus far.

The desperado had met his fate.

A War Incident.

The cry "On to Richmond" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the "Third Ohio" one day when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to sink supperless into dreamland.

The Fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was encamped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the "Yanks."

"Had your coffee?" asked one, of a blue coat, stretched out disconsolately on the bank.

"Not a sup," answered the other.

"Ain't you had any rations to-night?"

"Only a crum or two from the bottoms of our haversacks."

This was told to the boys of the Fifty-fourth, and the old Virginia hospitality showed itself at once.

The men made their appearance with coffee-kettles, corn-bread and bacon, the best they had. In a few minutes the coffee was steaming, the bacon cooked, and the prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp fire, "like kinsmen true and brothers tried," The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as none can appreciate unless he has been a like in situation.

No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the Third Ohio ever after for the generous Fifty-fourth.

A fresh slide of the magic lantern gives another of these shining war pictures. In the distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain road is the fifty-fourth Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of the prisoners, as the regiment passed,—

"What regiment is this?"

"The Fifty-fourth Virginia," was the reply.

In an instant the loungers sprang to their feet and rushed to the camp. "The Fifty-fourth Virginia is at the ferry," they shouted, as they ran in and out among the tents of the Third Ohio.

The Ohio boys were quickly in motion. Boxes from home and all reserve stores were speedily ransacked. Coffee and sugar, beef and canned peaches and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor, and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederate and Yankee enjoyed the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.

Harsh counsels have no effect; they are like hammers, which are always repulsed by the anvil.

DISINHERITED.

"Hump!" raid Mr. Daniel Somerset. "I always thought you were a fool, Vivian, and now I know it. The idea—you want to get married."

Vivian Severn laughed, showing his handsome teeth—a good humored, joyous laugh—in no wise affected by his uncle's sharp ungraciousness, for he had not been acquainted with Mr. Somerset twenty-five years for nothing.

"Is it so very alarming, Uncle Daniel?" he asked promptly.

"Peter Gray's daughter—I think her name was Ethelbertha—a remarkably beautiful girl, and just the wife for Vivian. He was disinherited, you know, and old Gray cut up rough when his daughter persisted in keening her engagement—cut her off at a shilling, they say."

"Hump! Quite a pretty romance. What do the young folks do for a living?"

"Vivian is head bookkeeper in McWalter & Van Turnis', and they seem to get along as happy as can be. You are acquainted with them I should judge."

"Well, slightly. I should like to know where they live."

"That I can't say. But an inquiry at Severn's place of business would be no trouble."

And when the stranger went away, after his conversation with his table companion, he had no idea that it was what some folks might have called a ghost with which he had been talking.

At eight o'clock that night, as Bertie Severn poured her husband's tea in their snug, homely dining-room, Uncle Daniel walked in, large as life, while Vivian sprang to his feet, bewildered and a little startled, and Bertie rushed to his side.

"Don't scare it's me. I was not dead at all. I'd like a cup of good hot tea, my dear, with plenty of cream and sugar; and while I'm warming up over it I'll just explain, Vivian, that it has all been a stratagem of mine to discover if the little girl was a genuine diamond or sparkling paste. And my dear—you'll do. The charitable institution may go to the—devil. You and Vivian are to have my money and we'll go to-morrow and buy the handsomest house on the avenue, and everything to correspond. Kiss me, child! Vivian, don't act like a fool over me!"

And by that token Vivian was convinced that it really was the simonpure Uncle Daniel; and a merrier trio never sat down at a dinner-table.

Winked at each Other.

There were several men clustering around the stove in the back room of a Galveston saloon, Texas and somehow or other the subject of newspapers came up for discussion. One man said that editors were more jealous than any other class, that they never had a good word for each other, etc.

A long haired youth, with a solemn look spoke up, and heaving a sigh, said he had some experience with editors and found them the reverse; that a Texas editor was always willin to deny himself comforts for the benefit or a brother editor.

"Where did that happen?"

"It happened in a Western Texas town where I lived," sighed the young man. "I had dashed off a little poem of fifteen stanzas about "Beautiful Spring." There were two rival papers in the place—The Bugle and Trombone I had heard that the editors were deadly enemies and sighed to shed each other's gore, and I was afraid that if I let the Trombone publish my poem first there would be a deadly encounter. I finally resolved to have it appear simultaneously in both papers. When I called on the editor of the Trombone he said the editor of the Bugle had a large family. And that he would prefer it would appear in the Bugle, as personally he loved the editor of the Bugle. I went then to the Bugle man and he said the editor of the Trombone was his warmest personal friend, and he would be glad if I would let him have the poem, as it would be putting bread in his mouth and clothes on his back. So, owing to the love those two editors had for each other, I couldn't get my poem into either of their papers, and it hasn't been published yet. I never saw men so anxious to help each other out of distress," and once more the long-haired poet sighed like a bellows.

There was a pause and an old man with a frost-bitten nose drawled out:

"Yer never tried them editors with a cash anvertisement, did yer?"

The poet answered in the negative, whereat, the audience significantly nodded their heads and winked at each other.

Making Money.

Why some men are so eager to make money is a problem; they certainly do not spend it freely. They care nothing for the good things of life. They seem to value money for its own sake. Most men start in life with a bright object before them, the means for attaining which is money, ank so they resolve to make money. But the means push the end out of sight. A new fascination springs up, which banishes the younger dream. The real pushes the ide l from its seat. Money acquires, or seems to acquire a value of its own; it becomes both means and end, and making it grows into a habit seldom lost. The proverb says that "Use is second nature," and it is fully proved, when the natural desire of men for happiness is obliterated by the habit of making money.

That poor bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer? when so easily cured.

"Whenever you are sick and the doctor tries this and then that, stop fooling and take Peruna."

Old Mother Shipton will go back to her darning.

PICKET'S LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8, 1882.

In the criminal court room, last week, in the old city hall your humble correspondent had the honor of getting a good square look at the notorious villain, Guiteau, the assassin of the lamented Garfield. The crowd around the outside of the building, trying to get in, was large as usual, but quite orderly for such a miscellaneous gathering in Washington. Elbowing myself up to the entrance, I obtained a peep inside over the heads of the crowd. Such a jam I have not gazed upon since I visited Tammany Hall, in 1878, when John Kelley, returned to New York, from his successful canvass made to defeat Sammy Tilden's candidate for Governor. Inside of the room, outside of the railing which incloses the bar of the court, people were packed in like sardines in a box, without regard to race, color, sex or previous condition of servitude. A jam was a mild name for it. Making a big long stretch of my neck and crawling up on some good natured fellows back to attract attention, I caught the eagle eye of one of the city detectives who found a way for me to get inside the bar through a rear entrance. I was passed off as an "expert," the "member of the bar" business having played itself out the first week of the trial. By a little "inspiration" of the aforesaid detective I brought sufficient "pressure" to bear on the bailiff who had custody of Guiteau to let me squeeze in beside him near the dock. "It was one of the experts duties to watch the antics of the assassin and then give an opinion, "sane or insane, what say you." I will tell you, my dear readers, in a very brief manner, what I think of him, and it did not take long to make up mind about it either. Guiteau is a regular old Washington "crank," self-conceited, and just the kind of a looking man you don't want to meet on a lonely street on a dark night. I firmly believe, and I am not the only person who went to see the villain, who has since changed his mind in regard to the man's responsibility; that he is crazy. If he is playing off, as some of the experts testified to, he certainly missed his calling. He should have been an actor, not a lawyer. His appearance is bad, forehead low, and head crooked, and his hair stands straight out like a porcupine's. His eyes listen like fire when he gets a-d, and his temper equals that of Widget McGinnis of Sand Patch. His tongue rattles like a threshing machine and his fist comes down on the table occasionally, when excited, with such a bang that the officers of the court wake up and cry out "order," and then subside until he raises a racket again. Poor Scoville; he has had a hard time with the defendant, and Col. Corkhill, the District Attorney, lost his temper on several occasions when the prisoner put in his lip where he had no business to. Judge Cox has been tried very hard in this case, and only resisted from gagging Guiteau, on the personal application of the Government counsel, who desired the medical experts to have every opportunity and chance to watch the prisoner, and study his actions, so that they could give an opinion as to his mental condition, when upon the stand to testify for the Government. Catching a good opportunity, I attracted the prisoners attention by pulling my note book out of my pocket, and the fool, thinking I wanted his autograph, yelled out, loud enough to be heard all over the court room, "I guess I will now accommodate the people who are all on my side with my autograph, while you argue that point, Scoville; it has nothing to do with the case, anyhow. I am not crazy now; the only question is whether or not I was sane on the second of July; that's the point for the jury to decide."

Getting his ear I asked him what he had done with the Christmas gift sent him by the Garfield and Arthur Club of Meyersdale.

"Oh, yes," drawing back, says he, "I see what you are after, you are one of those 'cranks,' I suppose that would like to hang me. Just wait until I get out of this trouble, I will pay you 'half breeds" up for your freshness. I am a 'stalwart,' and I don't want anything to do with you 'half-breeds,' up there in the mountains. All you are good for is to sup whiskey, and run illicit distilleries. The Deity will protect me from your ropes."

Turing to the bailiff, Guiteau said he once stopped at this place, (Meyersdale) where the notorious rope came from, and he found more 'cranks' loafing around the stores and taverns there, than any other place of its size he had ever visited.

He evidently did not appreciate your generous gift Mr. "Cranks." "Put your guns down, purty."

Gen. A. H. Coffroth has been to Washington lately, trying to "mend his fences." They say here he is to be the Democratic candidate for Governor, next year. He was observed on the floor of the House, a few days since, conversing very pleasantly with the members. I noticed he looked quite longingly at his old seat, on the Democratic side, now occupied by the Hon. Dan Ermentrout, of Berk's county. This would seem quite natural to anyone "who has been there before." Colonel Campbell, his distinguished successor, of course has his seat on the other side amongst the Republican members. I have not seen him yet, but hope to, quite frequently, this winter. Colonel "Jake" was made chairman of the committee on manufactures, by Speaker Keifer. His immediate predecessor, Hon. Morgan Wise, of Greene, filled that position last congress.

Mr. John Hoffman is here, closing up the pension work of the late committee, which was so well presided over by our late member. Yesterday the new committee organized and oppointed Mr. A Van Genter, of Indiana, its clerk, vice Hoffman resigned. This was natural enough, as the chairman of the committee is now the Hon. ex-Gov. Browne, of Indiana, and of course he had to give the place to one of his constituents. Mr. Hoffman says his Republican successor is a very clever gentleman.

Mr. Martin Sorber, of my old home Stoystown, is here for a few days, and I was "just too awfully glad" to see him, as the girls says in Boston. He goes from here to Baltimore, on business.

Met Prof. Howard Miller, of the Census Bureau, last evening, and he looked elegant. The Washington malaria don't seem to effect him much, but on the contrary improves his robust constitution and good looks.

Captain Geo. W. Harrison, of Deer Park, Maryland, is now here with Senator Davis, of West Virginia. His beautiful daughter, the charming Miss "Birdie," has accepted a clerkship in the Treasury Department, under Secretary Folger. His jolly family did not come along with him this winter and consequently we miss the bewitching and loving twins very much.

Hon. Don Cameron is occuping his elegant mansion this winter, and his wife is giving some grand receptions.

"Blaine's folly," as his new house is termed, has got the roof on already. He started to build just a few weeks before Garfield was assassinated, on a beautiful site, corner 20th, street and Massachusetts avenue.

Attorney General Brewster, who was appointed in place of Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, by President Arthur, has raised the old Harry with some of the Star Route theives alread. He is going to attend the trials, he says, in person. Yesterday quite a batch of contractors and straw-bidders were arrested and arraigned before the police court by the Government officers. Most of them got away on bail and amongst the latter was Colonel Albert E. Boone, well known in Somerset and adjoining counties, where he operated to a considerable extent in times gone by. He gave bail in the sum of $15,000 and then started for New York City.

Captain Adams, of the old Pennsylvania Reserves, is filling at this time a responsible and well paying position under Congress in the Index Room of the House.

Mr. William Lint, formerly of Somerset, is working here at his trade. He says he tried to get up to his old home last summer but could not well on account of the large contracts his firm had with the Government. He will try and do better next Summer.

Mr. George H. Penrod, son of N. B. Penrod, Esq., of Somerset Township, is still at the Signal School of Instruction at Fort Myer, Virginia. He is now reviewing his course, and before long will graduate and be sent out to station as assistant observer. Thirty college graduates have just been admitted to the school by Gen. Hazen.

A bill for the reorganization of the Signal Service has been introduced already this session in the House and Senate. It provides for the appointment of permanent officers to the corps in the place of having details from regiments as at present. The President recommended a permanent organization for this important branch of the army in his message to Congress, and it is to be hoped prompt action will be taken.

PICKET.

"Blue Sky Everywhere."

Children are eloquent teachers.—Many a lesson which has done our hearts good have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in mem