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.

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Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827

VOL. XXIV. NO. 42. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1290.

Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

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.

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

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. 11-ly.

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

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

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

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. july 29

JOHN G. 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. [illegible]

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 13-61.

[illegible] GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, [illegible]

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.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. [illegible]

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. [illegible]

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

DR. E. K. KOOSER, 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. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cook & Beerits' 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.

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

DR. W. M. MARTIN, RESIDENT DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. Having several years' experience, is fully prepared to perform all operations upon the teeth.—Artificial teeth inserted on all the improved plans. [illegible] Office two doors west of the Somerset House. Satisfaction guaranteed. apr 14

DR. S. 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. 11, 72-ly.

JOHN HILLS, DENTIST. Office in Cottrith & Nef's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.

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.

HILL HOUSE, DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA. JOHN HILL, Proprietor. The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling 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. jan 12

THE SOMERSET HOUSE. Having leased this magnificent and well known Hotel property from Mrs. E. A. Flick, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he will spare neither pains nor expense to make this house all that could be desired. Accommodating clerks and obliging waiters will attend to the wants of customers, and the table will at all times be laden with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Taylor may at all times be found in the office. D. LAVAN.

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.

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.

HOMES FOR ALL. I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every one, industrious individual, houses, lots, farms, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of the county, in parcels of from one-fourth of an acre up to 1,000 acres. Titles warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. Those who apply will be in time. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon. D. WEYAND

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. Estate of Sarah A. Moon, late of Lower Turkeyfoot Tp., deceased. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, on the above estate, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement and allowance. THOMAS BEAN, Administrator.

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Chartered September 12 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Present rate of interest, six per cent. 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 same sent to any address requested. Trustees.—James Cooper, Daniel Dibert, C. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, J. H. Lapsey, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Plitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James McMillen and W. W. Walters. Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor.

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.

Cambria County BANK, M. W. KEIM & CO., NO. 266 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA., Henry Schnabel's Brick Building. A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada. Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum. If left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold money in trust.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D. ROBERTS. JOHN DIBERT & CO., BANKERS, CORNER MAIN AND FRANKLIN STREETS, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Accounts of Merchants and other business people solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the country for sale. Money Loaned and Collections Made. Interest at the rate of Six Per cent. per annum allowed on Time Deposits. Savings Deposit Books issued, and Interest Compounded Semi-annually when desired. A General Banking Business Transacted.

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.

New Firm. SHOE STORE, SNYDER & UHL Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by H. C. Beerits, We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect keep constantly on hand to complete an assortment of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters BOTH OF Eastern and Home Manufacture as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of SOLE LEATHER, MOROCCO, CALF SKINS, KIPS, AND LINING SKINS Of all kinds, with a full line of Shoe Findings. The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of N. B. Snyder, Esq. Whose reputation for making Good Work and Good Fits is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best, and sell at prices as low as the lowest. SNYDER & UHL.

Miscellaneous.

APPLETONS' AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA NEW REVISED EDITION. Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand engravings and maps. The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit it to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition, entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want. The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts, and the convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced. Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa. The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history. In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events. The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination. None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge. The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to give lucidity and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable features of scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufactures. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopædia, and worthy of its high character. This work is sold to subscribers only, payable on delivery of each volume. It will be completed in sixteen large octavo volumes, each containing about 800 pages, fully illustrated, with several thousand Wood Engravings, and with numerous colored Lithographic Maps. PRICE AND STYLE OF BINDING. In extra Cloth, per vol. [illegible] In Library Leather, per vol. [illegible] In Half Turkey Morocco, per vol. [illegible] In Half Russia, extra gilt, per vol. [illegible] In full Morocco, antique, gilt edges, per vol. [illegible] In full Russia, per vol. [illegible] Fourteen volumes now ready. Succeeding volumes until completion, will be issued once in two months. Specimen pages of the American Cyclopædia, showing type, illustrations, etc., will be sent gratis on application. First class canvassing agents wanted. Address J. B. WILLIAMSON, Agent, No. 164 Smith St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. (PITTSBURG DIVISION.) 75 MILES THE SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN PITTSBURGH and WASHINGTON CITY: This is the ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO WASHINGTON CITY AND BALTIMORE. Persons purchasing Tickets by this Road TO BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, BOSTON, &c. Have the privilege of visiting WASHINGTON CITY FREE. Pullman Palace Cars, Air Brakes, and all Modern Improvements. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH TO DESTINATION. 2 THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS From Depot, cor. Grant and Water Sts. AT 8:45 A. M. DAILY. 8:00 P. M. DAILY. (Except Sunday.) For time of Local Trains, see Pittsburgh Daily Papers. Save many hours time by patronizing the "SHORT LINE." Central Ticket Office, 55 5th Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. E. K. HYNDMAN, Gen. Sup't. CONNELLSVILLE. November, 16, 1875.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO. Merchant Tailors, And Manufacturers of Gent's, Youth's and Boys, Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods. 121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH.

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 prices, 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. SHIPLEY. April 15, 1875.

CHANGING GUIDES.

Along the road the travelers go,
A motley cavalcade;
At midnight, 'mid the fast-falling snow,
The march awhile is stayed.
And great and small, and one and all,
Hot youth and lagging age
They gather waiting round the one
Which marks another stage.

The journey's done, the stage is run,
The guide must say farewell,
(Hark! down the wind the travelers deem
They hear a passing bell.)
A stage behind, when wailed the wind
Across the snow wold,
They halted, and they halt this night,
Upon a midnight cold.

Till this same guide who stands beside
The snow, now midnight's near.
Came muffled—none his face could see,
And none his voice could hear.
If he were glad, if he were sad,
Not one of them could know;
But ever as he went along
His veil he lifted low.

If he were glad, if he were sad,
If he brought good or ill,
They did not know; but, day by day,
He told his tale; and still.
Some called it sad, some said 'twas glad—
So wondrous was the tale,
Each saw him as none other saw,
Who looked behind the veil.

The stage is run, the tale is done,
The guide must say farewell;
And on the wind there comes the sound,
As of a parting bell.
Now we must go; the winds wail low
Across the snow wold;
He takes each traveler by the hand—
His hand is very cold.

Of one and all, both great and small,
How loth soe'er they be,
Whatever's false of all they have,
He claims it as his fee.
They plead in vain, for, loth or fain,
They thus his fee must pay;
But nothing that was truly theirs
The guide can take away.

And when he goes none ever knows;
Their grasp is strong and warm—
They think they hold him still—but he
Is whirling down the storm.
Ere they can say, "Farewell for aye!"
Far down the storm he's gone.
The new guide stands with muffled face
Beside the halting storm.

At midnight thus the cavalcade
Is halted on the plain.
When midnight's past, to meet the morn
The march sets forth again.

VALLEY FORGE.

A Legend of the Revolutionary War.

Hidden away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farmhouse rose darkly over a wide waste of snow. It was a cold dark winter night, and the snow began to fall—when from the broad fireplace of the old farmhouse the cheerful blaze of massive logs flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat there by that fire, a father and child. The father, who sits yonder, with a soldier's belt thrown over his farmer's dress is a man of some fifty years, his eyes bloodshot, his hair changed to an untimely grey, his face wrinkled and hollowed by care, and by dissipation more than care.

And the daughter who sits in the full light of the blaze opposite her father—a slenderly formed girl of some seventeen years, clad in the coarse linsey skirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter in the days of the Revolution.

That farmer, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, and happy man, before the Revolution. Since the war he has become drunken and idle—driven his wife broken hearted to the grave—and, worse than all joined a band of Tory refugees, who scour the land at dead of night, burning and murdering as they go.

To-night, at the hour of two, this Tory band will lie in wait, in a neighboring pass, to attack and murder Washington, whose starving soldiers are yonder in the huts of Valley Forge.

Washington on his lonely journeys is wont to pass this farmhouse; the cut throats are there in the next chamber, drinking and feasting, as they wait for two o'clock at night.

The daughter, Mary, had been reared by her mother to revere this man. Washington, who to-night will be attacked and murdered—to revere him next to God. Nay, more; that mother on her death bed joined the hands of this daughter in solemn betrothal with the hands of a young partisan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and the cold of Valley Forge.

Yesterday afternoon she went four miles, over roads of ice and snow, to tell Capt. Williams the plot of the refugees. She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his lonely journeys; so this night, at twelve, the partisan captain will occupy the rocks above the neighboring pass, to 'trap the trappers' of George Washington.

Yes, that pale slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother, had broken through her obedience to her father, after a long and bitter struggle. How dark that struggle in a faithful daughter's heart! She had betrayed his plots to his enemies—stipulating first for the life, the safety of her traitor father.

And now as father child are sitting there, as the shouts of the Tory refugees echo from the next chamber—as the hand of the old clock is on the hour of eleven—hark! There is the sound of horses' hoofs without the farmhouse—there is a pause—the door opens—a tall stranger, wrapped in a thick cloak, white with snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshments and an hour's repose.

Why does the Tory Manheim start aghast at the sight of that stranger's blue and gold uniform—then mumbling something to his daughter about 'getting food for the traveler,' rush wildly into the next room where his brother Tories are feasting?

Tell me, why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with its blue eyes and kindly smile? Ah—if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terror of battle with a smile, could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted with a long journey—his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with cold—it was the great 'Rebel' of Valley Forge, who returning to camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands.

In a few moments behold the soldier, with his cloak thrown off, sitting at that oaken table, partaking of the food, spread out there by the hands of the girl, who now stands trembling at his shoulder.

And look! Her hand is extended as if to grasp him by the arm—her lips move as if to warn him of his danger, but make no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly there?

One moment ago, as the girl in preparing the hasty supper, opened yonder closet door, adjoining the next room, she heard the low whispers of her father and the Tories; she heard the dice box rattle, as they were casting lots who should stab George Washington in his sleep!

And now, the words: "Beware, or this night you die!" tremble half formed upon her lips, when the father comes hastily from that room and hushes her with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber, Mary—that chamber at the head of the stairs, on the left. On the left, you mind!"

Mary takes the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oaken stairs. They stand on the landing, in this wing of the farmhouse composed of two rooms, divided by thick walls from the main body of the mansion. On one side, the right, is the door of Mary's chamber; on the other, the left, the chamber of the soldier—to him a chamber of death.

For a moment Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazes upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look! She is about to warn him of his danger, when, see there! her father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into the chamber on the left. And look ye, girl—it's late—you'd better go into your own room and go to sleep."

While the Tory watches them from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left, Mary the chamber on the right.

An hour passes. Still the storm beats on the road—still the snow drifts on the hills. Before the fire, in the dim old hall of that farmhouse are seven half-drunken men, with that tall Tory, Jacob Manheim, sitting in their midst, the murderer's knife in his hand. For the lot had fallen upon him. He is to go upstairs and stab the sleeping man.

Even this half-drunken murderer is pale at the thought—how the knife trembles in his hand—trembles against the pistol barrel. The jeers of his comrades rouse him to the work—the light in one hand, the knife in the other, he goes up stairs—he listens—first at the door of his daughter's chamber on the right, then at the door of the soldier's chamber on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor—he enters the chamber on the left—he is gone a moment—silence—there is a faint groan! He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs and stands before the fire, with the bloody knife in his hand.

"Look!" he shrieks, as he scatters the red drops over his comrades' faces, over the hearth, into the fire.

"Look! it is his blood—the traitor Washington!"

His comrades gather around him with yells of joy, already, in fancy, they count the gold which will be paid for this deed, when lo! that stair door opens, and there, without a wound, without the stain of even a drop of blood, stands George Washington, asking calmly for his horse.

"What! shrieked the Tory Manheim, "can neither steel nor bullet harm you? Are you a living man? Is there no wound about your heart—no blood upon your uniform?"

That apparition drives him mad. He starts forward—he places his hands tremblingly upon the arms of Washington. Still no wound. Then he looks at the bloody knife, still clutched in his right, and stands there quivering as with a death spasm.

While Washington looks on in silent wonder, the door is flung open, the bold troops from Valley Forge throng the room; with the gallant form and bronzed visage of Captain Williams in their midst. At this moment the clock struck twelve. Then a horrid thought crashes like a thunderbolt upon the head of the Tory Manheim. He seizes the light—rushes up stairs—rushes into the room of his daughter on the right. Some one had just risen from the bed, but the chamber was vacant.—Then toward that room on the left, with steps of leaden heaviness. Look! how the light quivers in his hand! He pauses at the door and listens! Not a sound—a stillness like the grave. His blood curdles in his veins! Gathering courage, he pushes open the door. He enters. Toward that bed through whose curtains he struck so blindly a moment ago! Again he pauses—not a sound—a stillness more terrible than the grave. He flings aside the curtains. There, in the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood—there lay his daughter, Mary.

Ah, do not look upon the face of the father as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in this pause of horror listen to the mystery of this deed.

After her father had gone down stairs, an hour ago, Mary stole from the chamber on the right. Her soul shaken by a thousand fears, she opened the door on the left, and beheld Washington sitting by a table on which were spread a chart and a Bible. Then, though her existence was wound up in the act, she asked him, in a tone of calm politeness, to take the chamber on the opposite side. Mary entered the chamber which he left.

Can you imagine the agony of that girl's soul, as lying on the bed intended for the death couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although the knife might be clenched in a father's hand.

And now that father, frozen to stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand, and still clutching the red knife. There lay his child, the blood streaming from that wound in her arm—her eyes covered with a glassy film.

"Mary!" shrieked the guilty father—for robber and Tory as he was, he was still a father. "Mary!" he called to her, but that word was all he could say.

Suddenly, she seemed to wake from this stupor. She sat up in the bed with her glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was upon her. As she sat there, erect and ghastly, the room was thronged with soldiers. Her lover rushed forward, and called her by name. No answer. Called again—spoke to her in the familiar tones of olden times—still no answer. She knew him not.

Yes, it was true—the strong hand of death was upon her.

"Has he escaped?" she said, in that husky voice.

"Yes!" shrieked the father. "Live, Mary, only live, and to-morrow I will join the camp at Valley Forge."

Then that girl—that brave woman—dying as she was, not so much from the wound in her arm, as from deep agony which had broken the last chord of life, spread forth her arms, as though she beheld a form floating there above her bed, beckoning her away. She spread forth her arms as if to enclose that angel form.

"Mother!" she whispered—while there grouped the soldiers—there, with speechless agony on his brow stood the lover—there, hiding his face with one hand, while the other grasped the light, crouched the father—that light flashing over the dark bed, with the white form in its center—"Mother, thank God! For with my life I have saved him—"

Look, even as starting up on that bloody couch, she speaks the half-formed words, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face!

That half formed word, still quivering on the white lips of the hero-woman—that word uttered in a husky whisper, choked by the death-rattle—that word was—"WASHINGTON!"

ONE RIGHT OF A WIFE.

"John," said I, one night to my husband, as I put my basket of sewing away preparatory to retiring, "John, as you go down to-morrow morning, I wish you would stop at Mrs. West's door and leave her $5 for me."

"Five dollars!" And my lord looked up quite astonished. "For what?"

"Why, she is collecting money to aid that society she is secretary of, and as I always felt interested in it, I told her I would give her $5."

I said this with quite a show of assurance, though I really felt quite uneasy as to the reception of my request, for John is rather notional in some of his ways; however, I had been cogitating some matters lately in my own mind, and determined to make a bold stand.

"Well, Sarah," at length came the reply, "you need not count on my doing any such thing. I don't approve of that society at all, and not one cent of my money shall go to help it."

"I give it out of my money," said I, growing bolder; "I only asked you to leave it at her door for me."

"Your money! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say—my money. Have I no right to spend money as well as you? I don't approve of the Masons, but that does not hinder you from spending money and time for them as much as you have a mind."

John looked at me quite amazed at my sudden outbreak. You see I had always been the most amiable of wives. Then he broke out quite triumphantly, "Come now, who earns the money that maintains this family!"

"You and I together," said I.

"Together! Well, I should like to see the first cent you have earned in the seven years we have been married. Together! Well I call that pretty rich."

My spirits were visibly declining under his ridicule, but I keep on as boldly as I could.

"When we were married you thought, or pretended to think, yourself very happy in assuming the care of board bills and wardrobe. I didn't ask it of you. You asked me to be your wife, knowing well all that meant."

"As nearly as I remember," interrupted John. "You were mighty ready to accept me."

"Granted, to save argument," said I, coloring.

"Well, we stood up in church together, and you promised to love, cherish, &c., and so did I."

"And obey, too," said I; "but you in return endowed me with your worldly goods, and the minister pronounced us man and wife; and so we have lived."

"Yes," said John, complacently; "and I look back over the time I have done what I agreed and made a pretty good husband. I really think you ought to be thankful when you see how some wives live."

"Well," said I, "I think I have been a domestic, prudent wife, and I don't feel one atom more of gratitude to you for being a decent husband than you ought to feel to me for being a decent wife. Is it any more merit that you keep your marriage promises than that I keep mine?"

"Sarah, you positively are very acrimonious to-night. Don't you think we had better go to bed?"

"No, sir. Well, meantime we have laid by money enough to buy this house and still have some in the bank."

"Thanks to my hard work," chimed in John.

"More thanks," said I, "to the perfect good health we have always had. We made all those promises 'for better or for worse.' Now, it has been for the better with us all the time. Had you been sick or honest misfortune befallen you, I should have managed some way to reduce our expenses so that you would feel the burden as little as might be. Had I been sick, more care would have fallen on you. But we helped each other save, and now I claim an equal right with you in spending money."

"Whew! Why, that is treason. But go on."

"If we coupled the respective positions of superior and subordinate, I should do what I do for you for a fixed stipend and no questions should be asked as to the use made of it. Being equals, I will not ask compensation as a servant; but because the contract we have made is lifelong and not easily broken, I do not, therefore, call it very magnanimous in a prosperous man to accept these services and render in return only my board and the least amount that would creditably clothe me." You see I was growing irate. John's temper, too, was evidently on the rise.

"What do you mean by services?—Housework! I am sure a home is as much for your satisfaction as it is for mine; and I am sure the tailor does not leave much of my sewing for you to do."

"I don't complain of housework nor of doing your sewing; but I do think the burden of little Johnny has fallen on me."

"It strikes me," said he, with a provoking complacency of tone, "that if you earned his living you would have less to say about the burden falling on you."

"John," said I, "answer me honestly. Do you work any harder or longer than you did before he was born?"

"I don't know as I do," said he; "I always worked hard enough."

"Well, so do I. But now as to little Johnny. I presume you will allow yourself an owner of him, as the law allows you entire control over him!"

"I maintain him. I do my part."

"No, John, you are wrong; you don't do your part. From the first you never have. Did not weary months go by in which you bore nothing whatever of the burden?"

"Well, that is curious complaining; what would you have me do?"

"You might have got a servant, instead of letting all the housework fall on me; or you might have kept a horse, so that I could ride out and enjoy the fine weather; but that is all past now."

"I should say that it cost me enough for the doctor, nurse, &c., without talking about keeping a horse."

"True, it cost enough; but I am talking about the division of the burden. Was the part you bore in the payment of those bills equal to my part in the matter? Would you have taken my place for that money if it were to have been paid you instead of those who cared for you? I think not."

"Didn't I have all the clothes to buy?"

"No, sir. I went without new clothes of any sort for a season, and the money saved from my wardrobe supplied all that was needed; and I might add that all his clothes have been got in the same way."

"Well, really, I had no idea how much of a martyr you were. Next you will be clothing me in the same way. How thankful I ought to be for so calculating a wife!"

"Now, in these two years," said I, continuing in the face of his sneer, "all of the care and confinement consequent on attending the child have fallen on me. I have managed some way to accomplish my house-work and sewing as I used to do. I can hardly think how it has been done. Did it ever occur to you to think how many times I have been to church since he was born?"

"You wouldn't expect a man to take care of a baby, would you? That isn't a man's work."

"Isn't it!" said I, bitterly; then I wouldn't have a baby. I have been to church just four times, and then some visitor has stayed with Johnny. How many times did you ever get up in the night to soothe him when he has been sick and fretful?"

"How do you suppose," said he, "I could work by day if I didn't get my night's sleep?"

"Just the same way that I do when my night is broken, exactly."

"Well, Sarah, what is the drift of all this talk, anyhow? for I don't see any use in prolonging it."

"Well, then, it is my original statement—that as I did my part of the family labor and took all the care of John, and you are a man in prosperous circumstances, I am entitled to as much money for that as if I were employed and paid by the month for the same work, and I have a right to spend money for things that don't suit you if I please to do so; and I may add," said I, with a sudden vehemence, "that it is mean and contemptible in you to oppose or forbid my doing so."

John said no more. I saw by the look in his eye that he was quite angry; and so was I. That was the first time in our married life that we failed to kiss each other good night; indeed, I felt guilty, through I hardly knew why, and it was late before I fell asleep.

The next morning all was serene. No trace remained of the evening's storm, but nothing more was said about the obnoxious subscription. Next day I met Mrs West, and she thanked me very heartily for doubling my money.

Dear John! He didn't mean to be unkind, but he had stopped to think about such things. When his next settlement came and he slipped a $20 bill into my hand, and said, "That is for your private purse," I really thought he was the best husband in the world.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CORN CAKE.—Beat two fresh eggs thoroughly and add to them a quart of new buttermilk, an even teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-third of a teacup of tepid water, a pinch of salt, and thicken with corn meal until it is the consistency of batter. Have your long bread-pan warm, with a lump of butter the size of a walnut already melted in it. Have a good, quick baking fire all ready and the oven hot enough that cake will begin to bake immediately. Pour the batter into the pan with a spoon, work the melted butter into it, especially from about the edges. Make it bake as briskly as it can without burning. Twenty minutes is long enough to bake this cake, if all things are favorable and you have followed the directions. Cut it into checks like gingerbread. It will be light, sweet and crisp. Corn meal, to be good, should not be ground very fine, if it is, the bread it is apt to be sticky.

Make Hot Beds.

When this gets to the reader it will be time to make hot-beds to raise early cabbages, tomatoes and egg plants to plant out in June. Every industrious farmer wishes to make and raise all his requisites at home, and every one may have his own hot-bed, to raise tender plants from seeds, for his garden at a small cost. Almost every carpenter can make the frame and sashes and have them glazed, all ready for use. Make the frame 20 inches deep behind and 25 inches in front, the sides sloping and of the size for the sash. A frame of two sash will raise all plants needed. The sash may be five or six feet long, with four rows of glass, the panes seven by nine inches. Four rows of seven inches, with half inch between the laths, and the outer frame three inches broad, will make sashes three feet broad; a strip of two inches fastened upon the crosstie will make the frame six feet two inches broad, and the length of the sash. A lath, an inch thick, should be nailed upon the upper edges of the sides, to be two inches above the edges, to keep the sash in their place. The sash slide upon the crosstie, in the middle of the frame and the outer edges of the frame.

Set the frame in a sunny and sheltered spot, half sunk and half banked up with soil and sodded over. Put horse dung in eighteen inches deep, place the sash on close, and cover them over night with straw mats or wooden covers. When the manure gets very hot shake it loosely up, then press it lightly down, so as to slope from front to back. The frames should be set sloping toward the sun, and to face the south or southeast. Put soil, finely broken, six inches thick, all over the dung in the frames. Put the sash close on and cover over night. In forty-eight hours the soil will be heated. Dress it finely with hoe and rake; then make shallow drains from front to back, with two fingers or a small stick, six inches apart; sow the seeds in them, then cover with soil and smooth the surface with a firm pressure of the spade. Sow the egg plant seeds in the middle, as they need the greatest heat. In two days after sowing, young plants of cabbages and tomatoes will be through the ground. It may be ten days before the egg plants are up.

The sash should be raised behind every day; put in a stick to keep the sash up, say one or two inches on good days, and on very cold and windy days the sash may be closed, unless there is much steam in the bed, if that be the case raise the sash an inch to let the steam escape and fresh air get in, but shut close early in afternoons of very cold days. Cover over night while the cold weather lasts. Pick out all weeds and the good plants will grow better. When the soil gets dry, water it through the sprinkler of a garden watering-pot. Make the water luke-warm and apply it about 10 o'clock in the morning; then fit the sash close on for an hour, to raise a steam from the watering, to fall upon the plants like dew. Give more air as the days grow longer and the weather gets warmer.—*W. E. Phil'a., Feb 1, 1876.*

Clean and Dry Stables.

The present season has been, and in all likelihood will continue to be, a very unfavorable one for horses. Influenza, that destructive pest to the equine race, both endemic and epidemic, is prevalent in a greater or less extent throughout the country. In view of this fact, the following hints will be found useful: A horse will endure severe cold without much inconvenience, so long as he is furnished with a dry stable. But require him to stand on the wet and foul floor, and his health will soon begin to fail. Horses often suffer from cold feet and legs. A great many stables have damp and wet floors. Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. It is known that the feet of a horse require more care than than the care of the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become discolored and the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons generally are very severe on the legs and feet of horses, and unless these buildings can afford a dry room where the horses can walk around, lie down or roll over, they are not half so healthy or comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country. Nothing induces colds and coughs so much as cold and wet feet in ill-kept stables. An ordinary cold is the stepping stone to influenza, distemper, pneumonia, rheumatism, and a number of other diseases which follow in their train. Keep your stables clean, give your horses plenty of fresh air, keep their feet warm in cold weather, and you may defy the thousand and one disorders that equine flesh is heir to.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Dry Freezing.

In the American Rural Home occurs quite a discussion upon the question of what caused so many fruit trees to be killed at the root during the winter of 1874-1875 when the thermometer did not run as low as in the winter of two years previous. The conclusion is just what our Western peach men in Michigan arrived at some time since, that dry earth is a better conductor than ice, and hence the heat is conducted away from the roots more easily when the earth is lacking in moisture and the roots are more largely injured. Facts that can be brought into our own State by the score substantiate this theory.

Nearly all the coal mines in Wyoming Territory are worked by Chinamen.

A Narrow Escape.

There was a military execution away up above the heads of everybody in Harper's Ferry, on Bolivar heights, and with about a thousand others I went to see it. Two soldiers had been convicted of desertion, and their death sentence approved by Gen. Sheridan. I skip the details. About twelve o'clock noon they found themselves on their knees in front of two coffins inside three sides of a hollow square of soldiers, with a firing party two rods in front. Their eyes were being bandaged; three minutes more, I think, would have settled their accounts with this world, when an orderly came galloping up that steep, muddy hill with a telegram. Gen. Stevenson, who commanded there, opened it. It was signed "A. Lincoln," and directed an indefinite suspension of the sentence. A suspicion crossed my mind that we had all been participating in a got-up dramatic exhibition, to produce a good moral effect on the soldiers present, particularly the two most interested. In other words, I suspected that the telegram had been received by Gen. Stevenson before the funeral cortege left Harper's Ferry. I was on the staff in those days, and was privileged to ask questions, so I waited on the general at his headquarters two hours after and inquired about it. He assured me that my suspicions were unfounded.

"But the line from here to Baltimore is down and I had no reason to expect a dispatch. How it got here I don't know. Certainly, they would have been dead in a few minutes more."

The statement of the operator at Baltimore, afterward published, gave intensity to the dramatic situation out on bleak Bolivar heights on that dismal February morning. The President's dispatch was received about ten o'clock that morning, with the cipher of the War Department to hurry it to Harper's Ferry. For hours the line had been down between that and Baltimore; there was no train that would be timely. It was the judgment of the operator that this ended the matter; that the men must die. Yet an effort might be made to reach Harper's Ferry from the west. He made the trial; he kept right on making it for an hour and a half. As he failed, and continued to fail, his anxiety grew greater to save the doomed men. I dare not say how many thousand miles those words of the President traveled backward and forward in that ninety minutes. They went to New York, to Buffalo, to Cincinnati, to Pittsburgh, to Wheeling, and elsewhere, often returning like Noah's dove of mercy, and as often sent out again. They reached Cumberland at last, and thence flashed down to Harper's Ferry in time.

A Shrewd Farmer.

Here is a letter that will amuse the chicks who have been prying into cow's mouth's of late; though I hope they will not admire the cute farmer too much. There are some kinds of shrewdness which Jack doesn't by any means hold up as good examples:

Dear Jack: Your item concerning "Cow's Upper Teeth," reminds me of an incident which occurred in an adjoining town.

A city gentleman who had just purchased a farm in the country, wished to buy some cattle with which to stock it. He therefore attended an auction where cows were to be sold. One of them, a remarkable fine animal, soon attracted his attention, and he bought her at a fair price. He was examining his purchase, when a farmer, who unfortunately had arrived too late to buy the cow himself as he had intended, drove up, and thus accosted him:

I say, friend, did you bid off that cow?

I did, was the reply.

Well, did you know that she had no front teeth in the upper jaw?

No, replied the gentleman, indignantly. Is that so?

You can see for yourself.

The gentleman examined the mouth of the cow, and finding no upper teeth, immediately went to the auctioneer and requested him to sell the cow again.

What's the trouble? asked the auctioneer.

She hasn't any upper front teeth, was the reply.

Very well, replied the auctioneer with a smile, I'll put her up once more.

He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had given the information to the city gentleman, bid her off at the same price.—*Jack-in-the-Pulpit.*

Power of Prayer.

A minister, whose name it is not necessary now to give, had a son who was quite a rogue, and withal, something of a wag. One day the boy had been guilty of some misdemeanor, for which the father called him to account, when the following dialogue took place:

"John you have done wrong, and I must punish you."

"Very well sir, just as you say."

"Then take off your coat."

"Certainly, sir."

"Now take off your vest."

"Just as you please, sir."

"Now, my son, it is my duty to flog you."

"Yes, sir. But, father, would it not be best, first to engage in prayer?"

This was too much for the minister, the waggery of the son completely overcame him, so without either prayer or flogging he dismissed the boy, while he turned away to relieve his risibles.

'Now, sir,' said an attorney to a redheaded, juryman in Judge Knox's court, 'do I understand you to say that, notwithstanding your bias and prejudice, you could, sittin' on that jury, decide this case by the evidence without leaning morely to one side than the other?' 'No, sir, I don't use sich d——d bad grammar as that; I'd think lessly of myself if I done it.' The court called him to order.

The young men who tried to imitate the gentle sex at the leap year party in Washington made a great many ridiculous blunders. One of them warned his partner against squeezing his hand, and she called him a big booby and no girl at all.

The girl who has been going round lecturing under the name of Bessie Turner is over six feet high. She says you might have carried four or five feet of her round the house in her ball dress, but the rest of her wouldn't be any such fool.

The more God empties your hands of other works, the more you may know that he has special work to give them.

Ladies in full dress are prohibited by their dress makers from sitting down.