Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

Somerset Printing Company,
JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 16. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1368.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

ED. R. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and promptly 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 RAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 15-1y.

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 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. feb. 18 79-1y

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. R. KUPPEL.
COFFROTH & KUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully 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. july18

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done on short notice and reasonable terms.
Enquire at Cauwbeer & 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 Krissinger'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 30-tf

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. 19, 71-1y.

Dr. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon,
New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
Has located permanently in the City of CUMBERLAND, Maryland for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
June20.

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 & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.
nov11

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 appearance, 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. 1613-71

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. jan72

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.

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.
June 5.

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, 1874. 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. Howes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapely, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Moriey 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.

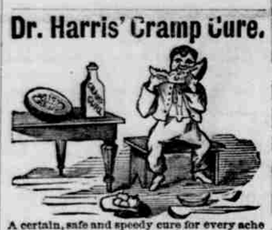
J. R. MEGAHAN,
BUTCHER,
AND DEALER,
Wholesale and Retail,
IN
FRESH MEATS!
All kinds, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, Pudding, Bologna, Mince Meat, and LARD of our own Rendering.
MARKET DAYS
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Somerset, Pa
Meat can be obtained any day during the week. April 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 NewStore 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. 3, 1877.

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 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 5, 1876.

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 land 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.

ADONIRAM PODGE.

Adoniram Podge was as lank and lean
As a withered up stalk of corn;
And his face as solemn as ever was seen
Since the days when Adam was born.
He lived on a farm in the edge of town
And managed to keep on his legs
By the getting of money and salting it down
When he sold his butter and eggs.

His nose was as long as a piece of chalk,
And his eyes were little and gray,
And he hacked when he opened his mouth to talk,
And twitched in an awkward way.
His voice was as sharp as a steel spring trap,
And his head was minus of hair,
But he covered it up with an old fur cap
That his grand-father used to wear.

Adoniram Podge got a liberal price
For the truck that he took to town;
The top of his measure was always nice,
But shabbler deeper down;
And wood was straight on the top of his load,
And crooked and gnarled below;
But the heavier part, on a rutty road,
Will always shake down you know.

Adoniram's Bible was worn and old
From the usage that it had got;
But a piece of knowledge that never was told,
Was whether he used it or not;
If so, his memory served him wrong,
For he was not much of a deer
To the needy and friendless, who came along,
With the story that they were poor.

A capital man in the church was Podge,
To groan when the minister prayed;
And he knew to a T the collection dodge,
And how much money he paid;
And he had, in a frame, in his dark spare room,
Kept clean and neat by his wife,
A paper which stated a certain sum
Had made him a member for life.

Adoniram Podge kept a hired man,
And he fed him potatoes and beans,
That were kept cooked up in a big tin pan,
Along with some pig-weed greens;
And he made him work from the dawn of day,
Till the sun took its final lurch,
And he docked him, then, part of his pay,
To use for the good of the Church.

Adoniram finally died, one night,
And left the farm to his son,
Who does as near as a true son might,
The things his father had done;
And he daily drives to the market town
With the mare and her spavined legs,
And he gathers money and salts it down,
The product of butter and eggs.

And he keeps the Bible so worn and old,
And he reads it without a doubt;
But the leaf containing the Rule of God
Is somehow or another torn out;
And blotted are all of the verses that spake
Sharp things of the tricky deer,
While through its passages 'twere vain to seek
For a word of cheer to the poor.

BLACK EAGLE'S LAST RACE.

"When Mars Dick—dat's your uncle, chilyun—went off to Europe, I beah'd him a sayin' fa'well to yur farder. "You've got de 'heritance yet, Robert," he says,—"you've got de house an' de lan." I'se de prodigal son. I'se lef' myself only an empty pocket, an' dese two old sahvants. Will you gib 'em shelter till dey dies, in 'membrance ob ole times?" Dem sahvants war dat hoss in de stall yonder,—dat great racer, Black Eagle, an'—me." And the speaker gave emphasis to his remark by a lordly wave of his hand over his skinny little figure, as he sat perched on the top of a barrel.

"Yis sah! Dat war jes' like your Uncle Dick,—allers free-handed,—gibbin' to de right han' an' de lef' de mos' valooblest t'ings he owned! Dah he is now, in dem far off lan's, a-dinin' wid kings, an' a waltzing wid princesses,—de Furlongs allers kep' de best ob company,—an' neber nigger ob his own to black his shoes. How's dey to know he's de owner of dat great hoss, Black Eagle, sah, or ob me? Yur fader, he's got us. He allers had de pick an' de choose, Mars Robert did."

The Furlong boys did not relish this everlasting grumbling of old Point. They had a pretty clear idea of the true story of Uncle Dick. Boys always do catch glimpses of the family skeletons, no matter how tightly the closet doors are closed.

They suspected that it was on races like Black Eagle that "Mars Dick" had squandered his property, and that now, in his old age, he did not spend much of his time in dining with the crowned heads of Europe. But their father, whenever he appeared in the stable yard, did not allow them to argue with the old man, no matter how cranky he was.

"He was faithful to your Uncle to the last," he would say. "Poor Dick!" And—stroking the old black horse tenderly—"I wonder if you remember your master, old fellow?" And always when he went away, he would give orders to Sanders, the man of all work, to "take especial care of that horse."

Sanders who was a crabbdd but orderly Scotchman, when behind his master's back would often call Black Eagle old carrion, and threatened to take him out some fine day and shoot him; whereat Point would raise from his doze on the barrel, stuttering with rage.

"De hoss understand you sah, but he can't answer you! Talk to me, sir! Ef Mars Dick on'y knowed how his ole age was bein' made misabul by dese poor white trash!"

To which Sanders only replied by declaring that he couldn't keep the barnyard tidy as long as Mr. Furlong cluttered it up with the carcases of beasts and old men."

So the squabble went on from day to day. I suspect both the old men enjoyed it at heart, though Point insisted that the horse was made wretched by it.

"Dat hoss, chilyun, neber 'sociated wid sech white trash befoh. He's kep' mighty fine company in his day. He belong to an English prince when he's a colt; an' when Mars Dick buyed him, and bringed him ober, all de papers in de lan' war tellin' the news. I mind de fus' time he run on de Metairie course. All the bess gemplun ob de Souf war dare to see him; an' dey war all his frien's. Yes, sah! an' when he run agin that great crack horse in de Norf, all de whole Souf bet on Black Eagle. Now he hears this missabul old rat catcher call him carrion! I tell yuh, childun, his heart is broke."

"I spect he feels pretty much as that lion in the story did when the ass kicked him," Joe Furlong said.

Whether the horse understood or not, there could be no doubt that, old skeleton as he was, there was a real pride and intelligence in his eyes. They were certainly different from anything the boys had ever known.

Dick, who had just put on his first trousers, chose to make Black Eagle his principle companion. He almost lived in the horse's stall. He could take any liberties with the old racer, who would scarcely allow Point to touch him,—crawling even over his back, sliding down by his tail, and leading him, on warm afternoons, out to the sunny meadow back of the stable, for a trot. Often the bony old beast and dirty chubby Dick, would be found lying there together on the grass, fast asleep. Point was delighted with the boy because of his friendship for the horse.

"He am got the right name! He's got his uncle's blood. He knows de hosses, and the hosses knows him at fus' sight!"

But Dick, unfortunately, was not an influential friend. Mr. Furlong left the affairs of the stable to Sanders, who moved Black Eagle from one stall to another, to make room for the new mare, or as Point said, dem low-bred Canadian ponies, until his place was next the door, in a draughty, damp stall. Many a time, too, his supply of oats was but scanty.

Dick brought out many a lump of sugar to his friend, but he fancied that, as winter came on, his eyes grew duller, and that he paid but little heed to him. Dick was sure that the mare, and the cow, and every other ordinary brute about the premises, showed their contempt for the horse, and that he felt it. It was Point, of course, who gave the idea to the boy.

"Look at that duck, now, a quackin' 'bout his heels, bitin' ob 'em! She's tellin' him he isn't worf he's sal. De dogs wallops deir tails in his face. Dey hears Sanders talk, yuh see. Oh, dey's mighty cute, I tell yuh! Dat are donkey now's a laughin' an' brayin' alongside ob him! G'lang wid yuh!" with a whack of his staff across the mule's legs. "You've got to know your betters! You're nuffin but a niggah of a brute, anyhow!"

But Black Eagle stood in his exposed stall, day after day, with drooped head and dimmed eyes. He ate little. His wrinkled skin grew feverish. At times he chafed feebly against the bars, striving to see outside the stable to the open field beyond. It needed but little fancy to suppose that the old racer knew that death was near, and longed for a breath of freedom.

"What he wants is to be on the course once more, foh he dies," said Points. "Neber were a hoss dat had de speerit that horse hab, sah! I held him by de rein, an' walk aroun' wid him, berry slow. I wur in full shine myself dat day,—scarlet cap an' jacket, I tell yuh. An' the band a playin' de people shoutin' an' the ladies a wavin' dar han's, all foh Black Eagle! An' his head wur up, an' he sets his foot down soft, like a lady, his bright eyes a goin' from dis side to dat. Lor, sah, he knowed, jes' as well as a man!

"An' the race he won next year, I never tole you, did I? He cut his fetlock at de start, an' one foot hung helpless; but he went on, neber mindin,' an' he come into de stand like a flash of lightnin'!—his speerit was so up, yuh see,—an' den he fell down flat; an' dar war de tracks of blood clar roun' de course.

"He 'members dese tings now, sah, when de donkey, an' Sanders, and de oder beasts is castin' contempt at him."

Owing perhaps to these discourses of Point's, it came to be a settled thing in Dick's mind, that he and Black Eagle ought to cut all leading-strings, and together go out into the world.

So, one bleak December day, when the sides of the stable were sheeted with dripping ice, and the snow lay banked up in the corner of the yard, finding the coast clear, Dick managed to put the bridle on the old horse. He led him out of the gate and mounted him.

Black Eagle turned a look of grave inquiry toward the fat little monkey perched upon his back, and then walked slowly and cautiously down the hill.

But this did not suit master Dick. He tugged at the reins, shouted, and, finally, breaking a branch from a thorn bush that was near at hand, he laid it on the poor old hide. The horse quickened his pace, looking back as if he was amused at the boy. Finally he broke into a low trot.

Dick yelled with delight. Sticking like a burr to Black Eagle's bony back, he thumped, kicked and struck him with the stick; but Black Eagle would not move a leg the faster. He jogged on slowly as an obstinate donkey. He knew what was good for Dick, quite as well as did the housekeeper, who was now searching the house for the young rogue.

Dick continued his journey for at least an hour. He was then about five miles from home, in a lonely road which wound up the South Mountain. His ride had given him an appetite; he was already feeling hungry. Looking around, he caught sight of some bushes such as he had found chinquapins on a few months before. The snow did not look very promising for chinquapins, nor was he quite sure that it was the season for them; but he thought it might be worth while to look at those bushes more closely.

So he slid off the horse, easy enough—but the trouble was, that he could not stop sliding. The ground was covered with ice and drifted snow. On the right, the hill rose, thickly wooded. Upon the left was a perpendicular precipice of fifty feet, with a creek at the bottom, which was covered with thin ice. The bushes grew along the edge of this precipice, hiding it from view. It was to them that little Dick had turned.

The horse stood where the child had left him, shivering as though he had the ague, and thinking no doubt, that even the cold stable was comfortable compared to this black hillside.

Suddenly, he heard a crash among the frozen bushes, and a cry. Then he looked about him, and saw that Dick was gone.

Cautiously testing the ground at each step, the old horse approached the edge of the precipice and looked over. There was Dick's fat face a few feet below him, turned up, a very white little face just then. The child had fallen over the edge of the ravine into the thick bushes that stood below. The brittle stems had bent beneath his weight. It seemed as if they could not support him many minutes. Below was a sheer descent into the frozen creek.

Black Eagle with his fore feet planted on the edge of the cliff, tried to reach Dick with his teeth. The old fellow stretched his neck to the utmost, but could not reach the boy by at least three feet. He tried again, Dick stretched up his hands to grasp his mane as it hung down, but could not reach it.

Then the old racer turned and seemed to measure with his eye the distance between him and home. He looked at Dick, telling him—in his way, I have no doubt—to hold on until he could come back, and the next moment, the boy heard the beat of his hoofs on the rough, snow-frozen road.

Dick called wildly after him, but, as he raised his head, the slight motion made his brittle bed crack and sink beneath him.

For the first few rods, Black Eagle's gait was a careful one. Then when he reached better ground, it was quickened; but the old horse puffed in a few minutes like a cart horse forced into a run. It was bitter cold. The solitary mountains, the great gray snow clouds, the dreadful silence of the woods, was so different from the stable, that he was dazed. But his senses soon came to him. It really seemed as if he understood it all. There was Dick, whom he loved better than any body else living, in deadly peril. He would die unless he could bring help.

Black Eagle looked down the long slope of the road. There was at the moment not a living creature on it. His eyes began to kindle. I think he remembered at some race that he had run long ago, the stroke of the bell as he started, the terrible strain, the flashing by of the massed faces, the shouts, the triumphs!

The old fellow trembled; his ears pricked up; the strength of old time ran like flame through his veins, and, after one or two staggering bounds, he was off!

Down the road through the snow-covered swamp, across the wooden bridge, into the highway again, with that long, loping stride which had brought him in winner against the swiftest horse in the country.

But he was old now. It was but the vigor of a dream, which might fail at any moment. He was but a poor dying brute, running a race against death, and, in some dull way, he knew it.

He passed through the village, his tread falling noislessly on the deep snow. The windows of the houses were closed, and the smoke rose from the slaked fires drowisly into the cold gray sky. It would be of no use stop there; those people would not understand, at least, not for a long time, and the loss of a minute might cost Dick's life.

One or two men who were closing their barns for the night, saw him pass like a flying shadow. A traveler, out on the road, jogging in the village, saw, as he fancied, a black horse flit by him, its feet scarcely touching the ground. Its strides were gigantic, its ears lay back on its neck, the foam flew from its lips, its eyes blazed.

"It might be the ghost of Black Eagle," said the traveler, who had seen the great racer in his youth.

At Dick's own home, there was by this time a dreadful outcry and search for the lost boy. His father, brother, everybody, were out hunting him. Even old Sanders had forgotten to scold, and with shaking hands, was sounding the well, down which he had insisted that Dick had fallen.

Mr. Furlong came into the yard. "Saddle the mare," said he, trying to speak calmly. "I will ride to the village. He may have wandered over there."

The yard was full of people, old Point standing at the gate, when a thundering clatter resounded from the stone pavement without. The next moment Black Eagle stood among them, flecked with foam, his nostrils red with blood, his eyes vainly striving to speak.

There was a breathless pause. Then Point yielded, "De Lord He's put de bref of life into de hoss! He knows whah Dick is!"

With one bound, Point threw himself on to Black Eagle's back, and, with the old fellow clinging to him like a cat, the horse darted down the road he had come. They were speedily followed by Mr. Furlong and everybody who could find anything to ride.

Point reached the boy just in time to save him. The bushes had given way and broke steadily during the few minutes that the horse had been gone. If the desperate journey had needed but a short time longer, it would have been too late. The old courser had indeed raced against death, and won.

Black Eagle is living yet. If you go into that part of Virginia, you will be sure to hear of him. He lives there royally, with Point and Dick as his prime ministers—the one creature on the farm which everybody delights to honor. Every stranger that comes to the country-side is brought to see him, and Sanders and Point tell the story of his wonderful ride, and of his former triumph, each of the old men trying to outdo the other, until the history has grown almost too large for belief.

However, we have received the facts and give them to you as Dick himself tells them.

NEW ORLEANS *Times*: On one occasion when a witness in the Beecher trial a lawyer had Swinton under cross-examination. The lawyer was sharp, but the witness was a match for him. Mr. Swinton had testified to walking down Broadway on the occasion when Victoria Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin were parading New York City.

"What were you doing?" persisted the cross-examiner.

"Walking down broadway," replied the witness.

"What were you doing while walking down Broadway?"

"I was musing on the infinite!"

Mr. Swinton was not pressed further on that point.

A Massachusetts cow came home the other day carrying on her horn the following note; "Inclosed find six cents for one quart of milk taken this forenoon." And the six cents were there.

HIS LAST DEAL.

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN A MOUNTAIN TOWN.

It is not true that tragedy belongs only to the mimic stage. It is not true that the Robin Hoods and Bill Sykes of fiction are purely the creations of imaginative minds. In real life there are incidents that surpass in their tragic character the bloodiest tale the novelist ever told. The capture of James P. Funk and the shooting of his partner, "Bill Hutchison," at Tyrone, on Saturday evening, would furnish a climax for the most intensely tragical drama ever placed upon the stage.

Information was received at the department in Washington, about the first of July last, to the effect that a gang of counterfeiters were plying their trade in the vicinity of Altoona manufacturing bogus coin. The work of ferreting them out was entrusted to U. S. Detectives G. B. Perkins and E. A. Abbott. James P. Funk was known to be a member of the gang. There was positive information that he had exposed $1,500 in spurious coin at one time. Funk had been spotted as a shover of the queer for eight or nine years. But "Slippery Jim," as he was familiarly called, was a lucky dog, and never yet had the officers been able to get him, as they say, "dead to rights." As far back as 1870 Funk's name appears upon the late U. S. Attorney Swoope's notes of evidence in the U. S. Court. He was then, with others, operating in Indiana, Blair, Cambria, and other mountain counties. This time, however, the case was worked up with such address that Funk, slippery as he was, gave himself away in the most complete manner. Detective Abbott provided himself with a letter of introduction to Funk, from an old hand at the business, who wanted to "squeal." The letter spoke of him as one the writer had known for above twenty years, an old "coney" and one not to be afraid of. Armed with this credential the Detective visited Funk at his house, in that part of Altoona known as Logantown, on the 2nd day of July. He presented the letter and was received, after a vast amount of cross-questioning, with that sort of good fellowship due from one of the "queer" kind to another. It did not take the detective long to insinuate himself into the confidence of Funk sufficiently to make the latter believe that he was solid, and presently a deal was arranged for. This was for $1,000 in coney, to be delivered at some of the hotels in this city or Allegheny—which one had not been determined upon. It is not necessary to enter into details of the manner in which the arrangement fell through. Subsequent correspondence between the parties arranged a new deal, the money to be paid over at the City Hotel, in Tyrone, sixteen miles east of Altoona, on the 15th inst.

"BILL HUTCHISON."

We are slightly in advance of our story. Funk had, during the brief period of their intimacy, given Abbott to understand that he had a partner who was really the main man in the business, he being, in point of fact, merely a sort of go-between. The other—whom he called Bill Hutchison—was described as a desperate man, one who had served a term in the Western Penitentiary for larceny from the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad and who was known among crooked people to have been guilty of arson, rape, and even murder. The latter crime had made him peculiarly hardened and desperate, and it was well known that he would die before he would be captured, and that he would not stop to so small a matter as taking the life of anybody who stood in his way. This was the party with whom Abbott wanted to deal directly and it was arranged that the deal at Tyrone should be made between the three. When arrangements had been fully completed Detective Perkins was notified and he in turn communicated with Detective Roger O'Mara of the city, who accompanied the others to the rendezvous. Abbott was of course not in open communication with them, but matters were arranged between them to the best advantage. They reached Tyrone early Saturday morning, Abbott taking room No. 8 and Perkins and O'Mara No. 5 at the City Hotel. It was of course impossible for them to make any arrangements with the landlord, and they took such quarters as were assigned. These were not the best for their purpose, the rooms being on opposite sides of the hall, and one some distance from the other. Besides that the door of No. 5 swung from the side furthest from the other room, so that it could not be opened a little, permitting the occupant to look out, but in order to see what was going on it was necessary to put out the head. The best feature was that No. 8 had no lock, but that door opened in the opposite direction and it was impossible to see into it.

In the mean time Abbott met his man Funk who stated that he had the money with him but said his partner "Bill" wasn't there. Abbott promptly answered that he proposed to make no deal without the whole party was present; he had stood all the monkeying he proposed to have; they had brought him to this country town against his wishes, and he had his good money there but wouldn't deal without he saw all the men he was dealing with. They then telegraphed to Altoona for "Bill," the telegram being signed "P," which was the signature always used by Hutchison. After this it was arranged between the officers that upon some pretense Abbott should send out Funk and then arrest his partner, one of the others confronting Funk in the hall and the other coming up behind and effecting his capture. About three o'clock Funk returned to the hotel and informed Abbott that "Bill" had arrived and was ready to make the deal. Perkins was down stairs at the time shadowing Funk and O'Mara, who Funk had sort of dropped to, was up in No. 8. Presently Abbott and Funk disappeared from Perkins, going, of course, to the room.

GETTING THE CONEY IN.

About this time Hutchison slipped into the hotel the back way—as it afterwards appeared in evidence—without being seen by Perkins, carrying with him an ordinary leather traveling satchel. He went up stairs and accidentally stumbled into the room where O'Mara was, apologized for his mistake, and disappeared. That officer of course did not know Hutchison, but at once suspected that this was him—a suspicion which he did not lose. Perkins now came up stairs and went to no 8. He was quite impressed with the belief that Funk's partner had not yet put in an appearance. Had they been certain that both men were with Abbott they had decided to so far change the original programme as to raid the room. It was fortunate for them that they made no such effort. The door, which was a little open, had a better protection than a lock. The muzzle of a cocked revolver just peeped out of the opening, and the man who held the weapon covered the passage. They could hear the money being counted out on the table, but could not tell how many were there.

Inside No. 5 immediately after the arrival of "Bill there was a scene for a painter. The satchel, weighing above a hundred pounds, was handed over to Funk, and he and Abbott took seats at opposite sides of a small centre-table, each with his revolver under his right leg on the chair, ready for any emergency while Bill stood up with a similar weapon in his hand. "Jim," said Abbott, "you'd better go down and see that everything's all right about the house before we begin to count these peaches." "No," said Hutchison at once with an oath. "He nor nobody else will go out of this room till the stuff's counted." Then stepping to the door and extending his pistol till it covered the hall way to the stairs, he said: "I'll stand here while you count and by G—d I'll shoot the heart out of the first man that comes this way." He held the position all the time that Perkins and O'Mara were thinking of slipping to the door in their stockings. The three men in that room did their work, grim and determined, and two of them felt that the three were legal culprits, each of whom was prepared to resist any attempt to detect or arrest them. The other realized the imminent peril, not only to himself but his colleagues, and had made up his mind that if he heard them approach he must shoot the man at the door and try his chances on the other one. In the meantime the money was being counted, and it was coming near the time to close up the transaction. The piles of money were each wrapped up in a piece of old paper. To this Abbott objected. He asked for cloth, and throwing out a half-dollar, in good money on the table said, "Jim, go and get some strong cotton cloth." Funk at once tried to turn him off. "Why," said he, "that's all nonsense." "All right," said Abbott, in a blustering way, "either you put the money up right for me or we don't deal. I've got my good money here for this, and I've got to take the chances to get the stuff off my hands. Besides I've got to check my satchel down the country, and that paper will come loose and the money begin to rattle and start suspicion, and the Lord knows how I'll come out."

ONE MAN GOES OUT.

"Well, then, damn it," said Hutchison, "one of you watch the door and I'll go and get it;" and with that he picked up the half dollar and left the room on a run. He had scarcely got down stairs when Abbott turned on the other and attempting to draw his pistol demanded his surrender. But Funk was too quick for him and managed to prevent Abbott from getting hold of his weapon while at the same time he got his own up. The two clinched at once and a terrible scuffle followed. They rolled over and over upsetting the table, washstand and chairs, Funk finally pressing the muzzle of his revolver firmly against the side of Abbott's head and with his hand on the hammer trying to set it. Abbott was grasping the other's hand and weapon together, and by his powerful grip managed to keep him from cocking the dangerous plaything. They were in this position when O'Mara rushed in closely followed by Perkins. It took the two but a moment to pull the others to their feet and clap a pair of handcuffs upon Funk. Perkins went out at once, and the shooting that was heard a moment afterward took O'Mara out too, Abbott having meanwhile forced Funk into a corner, where he covered him with his pistol, and all that "Slippery Jim" could do was to glare upon him like a tiger.

When Hutchison went out of the room at the top of his speed, as he dashed past the door of No. 5, Perkins, who had believed all along that he had not yet appeared, at once "tumbled" to the fact that that was the bird, and he followed him to the landing of the stairs and saw him cross the street to a dry goods store, still on the run; and it appeared from the testimony afterward that he ran into the store, would not wait to have the cloth wrapped up, and ran all the way back. When Perkins stopped at the stairs he heard the scuffle in No. 8 and rushed to the apartment, O'Mara being ahead of him. His brief visit there and hasty exit we have noticed. He had scarcely got outside until he heard the other man entering the hotel. Dodging into his own room he waited a moment, and then, walking out with his coat open, to display his badge, and his revolver drawn, he stepped toward the desperado saying, "I am a United States officer, and I demand you to surrender!" Instantly Hutchison, who was not more than eight feet from Perkins, raised his revolver and pointing it directly in Perkin's face said, "Damn you, take that, will you," and fired, the ball whizzing close past the detective's head. He recocked his pistol and tried to fire again, but the cartridge snapped, and a similar result followed the third attempt. Perkins, who had been retreating until he had reached the door of the room, now fired in his own defense with, as it afterward proved, fatal result. At that moment, just as O'Mara was coming to the ass