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FOR
FANCY and STAPLE
GROCERIES,
FINE TEAS,
AND
RARE and CHOICE
COFFEES.

J. R. JENKINS,
28 Fifth Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

OLD TEA HOUSE SPECIALTIES.
The Celebrated Garden Grown Tea!
The Purest French Tea!
The Celebrated Snow Bird Tea!

TEA!
THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY THAT KEEPS A
FULL LINE OF THE
CELEBRATED
Garden Grown Teas!

THE NEW CROP.
YOUNG HYSOON
GOLDEN POWER,
GOLDEN GARDEN,
GOLDEN GARDEN,
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COFFEE!
RARE and CHOICE.
THE
CELEBRATED DELMONICO
COFFEE!

FRENCH COFFEE!
PRICE PER POUND - 25 CENTS.
Genuine Mocha Coffee, Plantation
Ceylon Coffee, Maracchino Coffee,
Old Dutch Java Coffee, Java
Guayra Coffee, African Coffee,
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Constantly Arriving.
WINTER WHEAT FLOUR.
PICKELS and TABLE SAUCE.
SYRUPS and MOLASSES.

NEW YORK GOSHEN
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OHIO CREAM CHEESE.
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
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PURE SPICES.
SOLD BY CATALOGUE and PRICE LIST.

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No. 28 Fifth Ave.,
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NO CHROMOS!
THE HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

System on a farm is essential to permanent success. Whenever branches of farming are neglected, the soil, if only moderately successful, a man is constantly learning in a business to which he gives habitual attention, and his knowledge is a part of his capital, just as much as the money invested in stock, tools or buildings. The man who makes wheat a leading crop, by studying to lessen the cost of production, by preparing in the best methods of preparing the soil, the use of manure in order to raise something the crop, and the cultivation of the soil, and, though selling it at the same price, will realize a profit when his neighbor barely escapes a loss. On the other hand, the man who is ever ready to abandon his crop, tools or buildings in order to raise something the crop, and the cultivation of the soil, and, though selling it at the same price, will realize a profit when his neighbor barely escapes a loss.

There are differences in opinion in regard to the best beds for refreshing sleep, some persons advocating soft and some hard beds. The difference between them is that the weight of a body on a soft bed presses on a larger surface than upon a hard bed, and consequently more comfort is enjoyed. Hard beds should never be given to little children, and parents who suppose that such beds contribute to health by hardening and developing the constitutions are surely in error. Eminent physicians—both here and in England—concur in this opinion, and state that hard beds have often proved injurious to the shape of infants. Birds and animals cover their beds with soft materials, and their beds for them; and the softness of a bed is not evidence of its being unwholesome. But if it is not kept sweet and clean by daily airings and frequent brushing, whether it is hard or soft—is surely injurious to health.

Why Some People are Poor.
Rags, strings and paper are thrown into the fire.
Nice-handed knives are thrown into hot water.
Brooms are never hung up and soon become filthy.
Chickens are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.
Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.
Dried fruits are not taken care of in season and become watery.
Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine was scalding.
Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.
The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner and the pan is left with the dough sticking to it.
Potatoes in the cellar grow, and sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.
Bigs, carrots, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed and served as good as new.

What Ailed the Dog.
A very indignant man leading a dog stalked into Uncle Eph's house yesterday and said:
"Eph, you black rascal, here's your dog; give me back the \$3 that I paid you for it."
"That's a matter well do dog?" asked Eph, calm and unruffled.
"You warned him to hunt chickens, didn't you?" asked Eph.
"No, he isn't worth a cent at that."
"Did you try to dawdle?" asked Eph, taking his pipe from his mouth and knocking the ashes from it.
"Certainly I did, and he's a first-class fowling bird."
"How was he cooked?"
"Cooked?"
"Of course not."
"Did you roast him?"
"Why, you old idiot, they were alive—prairie chickens."
"Dat 'splains it," said Eph. "I thought they were stuffed with wings and half a chance an' see how 'b'le' hunt for dem. Folks 'speck to meck," he added, as the gentleman kicked the dog into the corner, and rushed out, "dog 'speck too much from de 'speckin' in de 'speckin' an' it was enough to 'speck dat he was gwine to get a dawg for free dollars dat would hunt live chickens he was fool 'nuff to bleed dat we's square in de middle ob de millenyum, and ebrybody knows how 'b'le' a fool dat am."
—Detroit Free Press.

FROM DETROIT.
DETROIT, MICH., Jan. 31, 1878.
DEAR SIR:—Please send me one bottle of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, and four bottles of your Improved Cough Honey. I have a child who was holding his sides tight to keep from bursting from laughing. The minister took the situation in an instant. Here was a man in the church who understood Welsh, and who was laughing at the trick that had been played on the congregation. But not a feature in the minister's face changed. Fixing his eyes straight upon the laughing man, just as the congregation thought he was about to give them the Chaldean version of the story, he approached the man, and the minister was soon settled over the church, the people believe that a clergyman who could read the Scriptures in half a dozen languages was just the man for the occasion.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is the medical triumph of the age. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it regulates and restores the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, Eruptions, Erysipelas, Enlargements, Scrofula, Gout, Rheumatism, Pimples, Blisters and ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS, and BLOOD DISORDERS; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures the most obstinate cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, and Gonorrhoea, Rheumatism, and all Lung and Throat Difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.
Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache, in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhoea, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.
Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specifics: One bottle always cures. For sale by C. B. Bayd.

Ammonia, especially the strongest kind, is a powerful solvent, and is used for cleaning purposes it should be handled with great care, that a warm room, be not breathed in large quantities, and do injury to the delicate lining of the nose and mouth. Benzine is a liquid, in the handling of which much caution should be exercised. It is very volatile, and its vapor, as well as the liquid itself, is inflammable. When employed for removing grease, or other stains, from clothing, gloves, etc., it should never be used at night, nor at any other time near a fire. Ether is another dangerous liquid, and in other than the physician's hands it had best not be employed in the household. Alcohol should also be handled with great care, especially at night.—American Agriculturist.

Paris, Mar. 4, 1880.
The first reception held by M. de Freycinet in the splendid saloons of the Minister des Affaires Etrangeres, proved remarkably and unexpectedly brilliant. The Corps Diplomatique of Paris had all taken care to be accompanied by their wives or other female relatives, while there were also present, many fair members of the small foreign aristocratic colony still to be found in Paris.

The American element, particularly noticeable during the regime of M. Waddington, was last night conspicuous by its absence. But M. de Freycinet's reception, the military were again in full force. A Bonapartist journal of this morning suggests that their attendance was compulsory; and a temporary order was scarcely necessary to account for the impressive military men of Republican opinions to rally round the man who was practically Minister of War during the most critical moments of the German war.

WASHINGTON LETTER.
By Our Special Correspondent.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1880.
Senator Bayard, who was in Europe last summer and saw some of the powerful armored vessels of the European navies, recently made the remark that, he knew of no defense, unless it might be torpedoed, that would prevent the ships of foreign powers from entering any United States port and placing our wealthiest cities under contribution. Notwithstanding the millions that have recently been expended on our navy, the fact is the navy, as a defensive naval force would be powerless to meet a single ship of the class which is not uncommon in the navies of England, France, Prussia and Russia.

Torpedoes may be very effective in defensive maritime warfare, but they have not yet had the thorough testing which will enable them to be relied upon with assurance. The next war in which ships take part will show whether the electric torpedo is a startling novelty in methods and means of naval warfare, or a prominent part, and it will be very difficult for the future torpedo to creep up to a floating fortress, with the sea for rods in every direction as light as air, and the ship protected by an outer wall of water.

The proposed inter-oceanic canal makes it all the more important that we should look in time to the protection of our coast. The canal completed, there will always be on the Atlantic or the Pacific coast, a number of iron monsters with which nothing in our navy can cope. Admiral Porter is the inventor of a marine ram with a sub-marine beam to which torpedoes are fixed. It was supposed that this ram would be a formidable vessel, but she has no more speed than a ferry-boat, and one shot from the heavier guns of a first class English vessel would disable her.

Admiral Ammen appeared, last week before the committee of the House and advocated the construction of a number of marine rams, the purpose of which shall be collision only; they are to carry no guns or torpedoes, but to be built with a view to irresistible speed, and facility in maneuvering. It is estimated that one of these vessels, with its steel beam, will sink any ship with which it can collide, and while it is eminently proper that the ram itself will be sunk in the collision, the electric torpedo, which is affixed to the ram is supposed to be worth only half a million of dollars, while the vessel that it has sent to the ocean bottom has cost at least \$2,000,000. The result of war, whether on sea or land has ceased to be a question of physical courage, endurance, or skill; it is becoming every day more a question of science, of mathematical and pecuniary forces, and if we can successfully oppose \$2,000,000 with \$500,000 we will soon be able to do so in any war.

A writer in a western paper tells how he was blasting with gun-powder some logs. From one of the logs a spirit, open crawled an enormous serpent, which was easily killed. From his point as follows: "On stretching it out I found it to be thirty-one feet two inches in length and the thickest part of the body measured twenty-nine inches in circumference. It was a different species of serpent from I had ever seen before. Its tail was armed with a sharp point and curved horn; its body was variegated with alternate brown and dirty yellow stripes, and on close examination I discovered that its head was usually blind, its eyes seeming to have turned into a reflectionless, hard, bone-like substance. This explained its undecided, hesitating movements when it first came from the log. A strange creature appeared about the neck just as I had been looking at it. I found to be caused by a stout thong of leather, about which the flesh of the serpent had grown until it had sunk almost out of view. Cutting this thong and removing it, I found attached to its under side a copper pellet which had been heretofore hidden by the body of the snake, and on one side of which was scratched 'D. Boone, April 15, 1799.' I split the log in two, and near the lower end of the hollow I found there had once been a serpent, but long years ago had been closed up with a plug made of oak wood, about and over which the maple had grown until it was almost concealed. The dead appearance of the small portion visible of the oak plug was the cause of my mistake in its existence. My theory of the matter is this: Daniel Boone many years ago, on the date recorded on this piece of copper caught the snake, then young and small, fastened the copper pellet about its neck and imprisoned it within the hollow of the tree, by means of the oak plug, where his snakeship had remained until the day I delivered him to the free air and sunlight again."

While we lay in Frederick, Maryland, in our camp to rest, we were surprised by a man who was holding his sides tight to keep from bursting from laughing. The minister took the situation in an instant. Here was a man in the church who understood Welsh, and who was laughing at the trick that had been played on the congregation. But not a feature in the minister's face changed. Fixing his eyes straight upon the laughing man, just as the congregation thought he was about to give them the Chaldean version of the story, he approached the man, and the minister was soon settled over the church, the people believe that a clergyman who could read the Scriptures in half a dozen languages was just the man for the occasion.

Home religion should be as natural and spontaneous as the singing of birds or the perfume of flowers. A forced and studied manifestation of it is alike oppressive and useless. Cant is as out of place as hypocrisy in the pulpit. It must be, to be of value, the outflowing of hearts full of genuine kindness and sincerity. The parents who would have their homes religiously attractive must begin with themselves. What they are, their homes will be pretty sure to be. Impatient fathers and fretful mothers will not have patient and gentle children. Parents whose religious life is cold and formal will not, so far as their influence goes, lead their children to desire an experimental knowledge of Christ. In a word, so much of the happiness of the home and the influence it exerts, upon the future of the children who grow up in it, depends upon the kind of religious atmosphere which pervades it, that it seems to us no more important subject can engage the thoughts of Christian parents than how to make each home a religious and winsome place in the eyes of their little ones. Blessed is the home in which love to Christ binds father, mother and children in a closer bond than merely human affection!

Next day the rebels came from near and far about Frederick to see the dead spy and sympathize with each other. They cut small pieces from his clothing, and when they were done as souvenirs of the event. No doubt they treasure them to this day and exhibit them as proofs of Yankee barbarity. Neither Buford nor Mix ever had any trouble about the mixing of their graves, but he had his relatives still long for the day when one day, when Mix was in Baltimore, he heard a man was looking for him who said he had hung his man up, and the Captain looked the man up, and the circumstances (which seemed to entirely satisfy the brother) and they went off and took a drink together.

According to the Philadelphia Record, by carefully forgetting that he is in the neighborhood of a month ahead of Bell or Gray, for a device which would be worth fifteen million dollars.

TRENTON, N. J., February 25.—A large and intelligent representation of friends of the Bible from all parts of the State met to-day in this city to take into consideration the project of the five hundred anniversary of the Wickliffe translations of the Bible. It was resolved to hold a convention in Trenton some time in September next. Executive and local committees were appointed to carry out the plans.

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plasma. Come, my dear child—I will take care of you," to the petite, white-faced girl, and throwing her riding skirt more closely over her arm, she led Joan by a short-cut, through the fields, back to Wheatlands.

"If the way she tried to question her companion; but the girl almost transported with grief, made such incoherent replies that she could only learn that she had been riding since the middle of the previous night, that they were on their way to Conway, that they intended to be married there.

"Were you—were you," said Delicia, gently, in involuntary amazement, "travelling away from your friends?"
"Alas, no!"
"From my brother, Guy Vannevar? He did not like Mr. Munroe. Yes, and we were to be married against his will, and now, oh, Wallace, Wallace!"
"Remembering Joan's bride over the gate post, Delicia led the trembling girl to the door. It was locked.

The key hung in the secret place known only to the family, for Aunt Thankful had at last executed a promise to visit a sick neighbor some quarter of a mile distant. Bob had not yet returned, for it was yet an hour till noon.
"You can see Alta to-day, you know, if she is better. I will go and see."
Alta Vannevar was better in body, but suffering in mind.
She looked like a living wreath in one of Delicia's long white wrappers, and turned from her brother's kiss and sat down in Delicia's lap like a tired child.
"Oh, if I could! I know you love me, Guy; but you did not love Wallace. And he is dead. Oh, Delicia, you understand—ob, are you a woman, I loved him!"
Guy Vannevar looked down at the two figures, huddled in the great easy chair, the serene woman folding the suffering child to her bosom, and a look of ineffable bliss on her face.

Delicia's consoled her by the warm parlor the fire, the lace curtains, the strength of excitement, she lifted her in her arms and bore her into an inner room, where placing her upon a bed, she fastened her dress, bathed her temples and chafed her hands.
At length Alta Vannevar again drew her breath.
Passing through the hall to procure a restorative, she saw a man just in the act of tramping upon Joan. It was not Bob, though the saddle and stirrups were still upon the horse, and she was a man in a ragged coat, evidently a tramp.
With a flash in her blue eyes, Delicia stepped back, and snatching a silver-mounted revolver, from a shelf, threw the hall door and fired. The saddle dropped from the man's right hand, and Joan—three steps beyond the gate, stopped.
To Delicia's surprise, the man dismounted, and turning quickly toward her, lifted his hat with a flourish, and an earnestly stopped, young lady, but believe me, I did not intend to steal your horse, and certainly left an equivalent, though now in a sorry condition."

Bewildered still more by the courteous words and calm tones, Delicia turned in the direction the stranger pointed with his left hand, and saw within the yard a dusty buggy and a pair of horses.
"I am trying to overtake my young sister, who has eloped with a young man, and I believe me, I did not intend to steal your horse, and certainly left an equivalent, though now in a sorry condition."

Delicia's cheek grew white, for she knew the danger of that terrible bleeding. Unless it were stopped the man would in a few moments be dead.
Springing to the side of the now unsuspecting stranger, who seemed unable to utter another word, she snatched her handkerchief from her pocket, and tying it about the wound, she inserted a stick picked from the ground, thus making an efficient ligature, and the abatement of her terror, she brought forth a bottle of brandy, which she administered to the man, and over which the maple had grown until it was almost concealed. The dead appearance of the small portion visible of the oak plug was the cause of my mistake in its existence. My theory of the matter is this: Daniel Boone many years ago, on the date recorded on this piece of copper caught the snake, then young and small, fastened the copper pellet about its neck and imprisoned it within the hollow of the tree, by means of the oak plug, where his snakeship had remained until the day I delivered him to the free air and sunlight again."

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HOME!
Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with picture hang and gilt;
Home's a feeling, a love, a life,
Which with serene the heart hath bled;
Home's the warm, the faithful love,
Which with serene the heart hath bled;
Home's the warm, the faithful love,
Which with serene the heart hath bled;

DELICIA.
She was so exquisitely beautiful, it was actually provoking that there should be the least bit of romance about her. Waves of pale gold hair rippled away from her peerly forehead, and were gathered into a superb knot at the back of her head. Such a blue gleamed in her sweet eyes, such a lovely smile parted her ripe mouth, that will bred as she might be, you could not have refrained from staring at her; and then, thinking of strawberries and cream, have longed for a silver spoon with which to eat her.

But for all this there wasn't the least romance connected with her. Though three-and-twenty, Delicia had never had a lover. She lived in a quiet farm house in the White Mountains with her father and mother all the year round. She loved her dear mother—was happy with them and her horse, Joan of Arc.
Joan was beautiful, high-spirited; and Delicia, who cared neither for dancing or flirting, and could neither sing nor play, was passionately fond of horseback riding.

There was a spirit of pride and daring in her which made her a superb rider, and caused the young men of the very best neighborhood to call her "laughy."
The delights of her life were the pine-scented woods, the winter landscapes of emerald snow and glittering ice, the dreamy sweetness of the autumn orchards.
At twenty-three Delicia had been content with an existence lived in comparative solitude.

Then came a terrible calamity. Her father was killed by a runaway horse, and her mother, frail and unable to endure the shock, slowly but surely, until, one morning, bright, beautiful day, Delicia found herself entirely alone.
Oursiders then called her cold, for no one saw her weep. She only trembled so excessively beside the open grave that old Aunt Thankful, who had nursed her dead mother, was obliged to support her to keep her from falling. Otherwise she was composed, only her sweet eyes had a look in them pitiful to see.
A change had come over Delicia's serene life: the dear girl's heart had gone.

With a native courage and reserve peculiar to her she made no complaint; she asked Aunt Thankful rather wishfully to stay and keep house for her, and then turned to her books and horse and mended meditations. But Delicia's dreams were troubled now. Life's grief had touched her; she knew that sorrow was in the world; she foresaw the future. The strange, sad summer passed. One fine November day, Bob, the hired man, led Joan of Arc prancing to the door, the sidesaddle on her back.
"I have to go to the village, Miss, to have the milk cow. I'll not be back till noon. You'll not mind letting Joan stand with the saddle on a little till I come?"
"No," said Delicia, absently.
Her beautiful oval cheek was now under her velvet cap. There was a sad, quite unmistakable in her eyes as she turned Joan head toward the hillroad.

Yet who, to have seen her beautiful, spirited figure looping along the uplands, would have dreamed that she was the heiress of Wheatlands? She did not, perhaps, understand herself, and did not know she had asked her own soul: "Am I to be all my life alone? Will no one great and good ever ask me to be his dearly beloved wife? If not, I shall perish off the face of the earth."
You must have guessed rarely to have guessed how deeply ran the still waters of that idyllic life. You would not have guessed it from anything in her perfect countenance as she turned it toward a passing carriage. The occupants were a blue-looking man of thirty, perhaps, and a very young and pretty girl.

A single glance told the story—that the young girl was loving and unhappy; that the man for some reason found her desirable of possession. He had hard dark eyes that repelled Delicia, yet the signs of the two seemed so closely grafted her vague, painful feeling of solitude and desolation which not long ago was utterly unknown to her.
The carriage glittered by, and Joan looped softly along the woody road, soundless with a thick carpet of pine needles.
She made a circuit, and came back to the main road.
Suddenly strange sounds attracted her attention. A crash and violent screams reached her ear, and as she rode forward, a strange sight burst upon her view.

"I don't in the least understand who this man is," remarked Aunt Thankful, steadily applying the restoratives. "But such a ragged coat and fine shirt I never saw together before. Wanted to hire a horse did he? But did you shoot him?"
"Oh, all strange enough!"
The driving of the doctor's buggy into the yard stopped her remarks, when Delicia returned to Alta Vannevar to find her in a wandering delirium. Three strange days were devoted to nursing the invalid, and a burning fever made the young girl unconscious.
Aunt Thankful's charge was conscious, but very weak and silent. Indeed, he seemed to himself to be in a dream half full of delight, but pervaded by a great trouble which he could scarcely name.
The radiantly lovely face of Delicia, the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps pervaded his consciousness like a blessing, while his desperate quest and misfortune were only half realized by him in the bodily weakness and inaction of brain caused by excessive loss of blood.

"How long have I been here?"
"Delicia sat by him, having taken Aunt Thankful's place for a few moments, and started from a momentary absence of thought to find Guy Vannevar's eyes fixed upon her.
"This is the fourth day. Are you better?"
"I am not sick, only in a sort of dream, which I cannot wake myself from."
"You are very weak."
"It was I who saw when I came here, wasn't it?"
"It was I who shot," replied Delicia, blushing.

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