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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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M. J. PRITTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office, up stairs in Mammoth Block.

S. U. TRENT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a.

ED B. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

H. S. ENDSLEY.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

GEORGE R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

R. F. PATTERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.
Sept. 1, 1880.

A. J. 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.

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

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.

JOHN O. KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.

J. C. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—In Baer's Block. Up stairs.

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.

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

Y. J. BAER. H. L. BAER.
BAER & BAER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

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

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office in the Court House. 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 street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

LARUE M. HICKS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Somerset, Penn'a.

E. M. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL.
DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON
tender their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main street, east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

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

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

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

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS,
DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

Blairsville (Penn'a.) Ladies' Seminary
Beautiful grounds, commodious buildings, Healthful location, THOROUGH INSTRUCTION. Thirty-first year begins September 14, 1881. Apply for Catalogue to REV. T. R. EWING, Principal.

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

AUCTIONEER.
PARTIES needing my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at auction, will find I will give entire satisfaction. All letters by mail promptly attended to.
W. A. KOONTZ,
Confluence, Pa.
Dec. 21.

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

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

A NEW OPENING,
In the Building known as the
NAUGLE HOUSE,
BY
ALBERT RECKE,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
BAKERY and CONFECTIONERY,
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE and COMMON CANDIES, CRACKERS, CAKES AND BREAD.
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, FINE CIGARS, SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, &C., &C.
Parties and Picnics supplied with Candies, Cakes Nuts and Grapes on short notice. All Goods Fresh, and sold at
A LOW FIGURE.
Call and see for yourselves.
I will open out with a full line of the above goods, May 10th.

NEW
CENTRAL HOTEL
MAIN STREET,
SOMERSET, PENN'A.,
Opened for guests on
January 10th, 1881.
This house is furnished in first-class, modern style, with the modern conveniences of Heaters, Hot and Cold Water Baths, large Reading Rooms, Parlors and Chambers, and has good Stables attached.
The Table and Bar will be as GOOD AS THE BEST.
From experience in the Hotel business, I flatter myself I can render satisfaction to all who may call.
F. S. KLEINDIENST.

R. C. LANDIS.
Has constantly on hand at his distillery
PURE RYE WHISKY
For sale by the barrel or gallon.
suited for
MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.
Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa., will receive prompt attentin.
March 2, 1880.

JAS. A. M'MILLAN. JNO. H. WATERS
M'MILLAN & CO.,
PRACTICAL
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
No 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.
Special attention given to House Drainage and Sewer Ventilation.
ESTIMATES MADE AND WORK DONE
In the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

NEW BANK.
—:o:—
Somerset County Bank,
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1,000.

WALTER ANDERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE,
AND
NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET
PITTSBURGH, PA.
feb18

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

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)
—x—
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SOMERSET PA.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Mar.16-1yr.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists.
FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.

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obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts attended to for MODERATE FEES.
We are opposite the U. S. Patent Office, engaged in PATENT BUSINESS EXCLUSIVELY, and can obtain patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.
When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.
We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of the Money Order Division, and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own State or county, address—
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office,
Washington, D. C.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., there will be sold at public sale, in Stoystown borough, on

Saturday, November 5th, 1881,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, late of David Lohr, dec'd., to-wit:

A valuable farm adjoining lands of John Sipe, Edward Lambert, Samuel Wagner, John Snyder, David Wagner, and Jesse Slick, containing about 115 acres, of which about 100 acres are clear and the balance well timbered. About 18 acres of the cleared land is in meadow. There are a number of good springs, sugar camp, orchard, a good two-story dwelling house, bank barn, and other buildings on the premises.

TERMS:

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down; the balance of $500 on confirmation of sale; $500 in six months, and the balance in one year. After debts are paid one-third of balance to remain a lien on the premises, the interest thereof to be paid annually to the widow, and at her death the principal to the heirs of said David Lohr, deceased. The widow's dower to be deducted from the last payment. Deferred payments to be secured by judgment bond, and to bear interest from day of sale.

ROBERT P. LOHR,
Adm'r of David Lohr, dec'd.
oct12

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale the following described real estate, late the property of Susan Snyder, of said county, deceased, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, November 5, 1881,

at 1 o'clock P. M., to wit:

A certain tract of land situate in Milford Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., containing 62 acres, adjoining lands of John Marker, A. Heckler, Ross King, Jeremiah Shultz, and others, on which are erected a good new frame dwelling house, a bank barn and other outbuildings. Land in a good state of cultivation.

TERMS.—One-half cash and balance in one year.

LEVI SNYDER,
Trustee.
oct12-3t

PUBLIC SALE.

In pursuance of an order granted by the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, the undersigned will sell at public outcry, on

Wednesday, November 9th, 1881,

on the premises, at 1 o'clock p. m., the real estate of Tobias Manges, dec'd, in Shade township, consisting as follows:

A farm containing 80 acres, more or less, of which 60 acres are clear and 10 acres in meadow, with a log house, log barn, plenty flowing water, and with orchard on the premises, adjoining lands of Jacob Ripple, Daniel Weyand's heirs, Nehemiah Manges and others.

TERMS:

One-half in hand January 1st, 1882; balance in one year, without interest.

HENRY PENROD,
Administrator.
oct9

ASSIGNEES' AND COMMITTEES' ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts have been filed in my office, and notice is hereby given that the same will be presented to the Court for confirmation, on

Thursday, November 17th, 1881,

when and where all persons interested will be heard.

The second and final account of Alexander C. Moore, assignee of Dietrick Kreger.

The account of William Reel, committee of Mary Lambert.

Prothonotary's Office, October 17, 1881. H. F. SCHELL, Oct. 19, Prothonotary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Godfrey Anstead, late of Conemaugh township, Somerset county, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday November 19th, 1881, at the late residence of the deceased.

HENRY C. MILTENBERGER,
Administrator.
Oct12

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Gillespie, late of New Baltimore borough, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of William Gillespie, late of New Baltimore Borough, Somerset Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to Dr. H. C. Reidt, residing in said borough, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will present the same to the administrator, at the late residence of deceased, on Saturday, November 19, 1881.

H. C. REIDT,
Administrator.
Oct. 12

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Charles C. Orton, late of Somerset borough, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement at the store of deceased, on Saturday, November 19, 1881.

S. F. PICKING,
Executor.
oct12

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

John King and wife, of Rockwood, Milford Twp., Somerset county, Pa., having made a voluntary assignment for the benefit of their creditors to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to him to make immediate payment to said assignee, and those having claims against said King to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the office of the undersigned, in New Centreville Borough, Pa., on Saturday, the 12th day of November, 1881.

DANIEL W. WILL,
Assignee.
Oct. 5

AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I.

Fallen with autumn's falling leaf
Ere yet his summer's noon was past.
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief—
What words can march a woe so vast.

And whose the charted claim to speak
The sacred grief where all have part,
When sorrow saddens every cheek
And broods in every aching heart;

Yet Nature prompts the burning phrase
That thrills the hushed and shrouded hall,
The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,
The silent tear that love lets fall.

In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme
Shall strive unblamed the minstrel choir—
The singers of the new-born rhyme,
And trembling age with outworn lyre.

No room for pride, no place for blame—
We fling our blossoms on the grave,
Pale—scentless—faded—all we claim,
This only—what we had we gave.

Ah! could the grief of all who mourn
Blend in one voice its bitter cry,
The wail to heaven's high arches borne
Would echo the caverned sky.

II.

O happiest land whose peaceful choice
Fills with a breath its empty throne!
God, speaking throught the people voice,
Has made that voice for once His own.

No angry passion shakes the State
Whose weary servant seeks for rest;
And who could fear that scowling hate
Would strike at that unguarded breast?

He stands, unconscious of his doom,
In manly strength, erect, serene;
Around him summer spreads her bloom—
He falls—what horror clothes the scene?

How swift the sudden flash of woe
Where all was bright as childhood's dream!
As if from heaven's ethereal bow
Had leaped the lightning's arrowy gleam.

Blot the foul deed from history's page,
Let not the all-betraying sun
Blush for the day that stains an age
When murder's blackest wreath was won.

III.

Pale on his couch the sufferer lies,
The weary battle-ground of pain;
Love tends his pillow. Science tries
Her every art, alas! in vain.

The strife endures, how long! how long!
Life, death, seem balanced in the scale,
While round his bed a viewless throng
Awaits each morrow's changing tale.

In realms the desert ocean parts,
What myraids watch with tear-filled eyes,
His pulse-beats echoing in their hearts,
His breathing counted with their sighs.

Slowly the stores of life are spent,
Yet hope still battles with despair—
Will Heaven not yield when knees are bent?
Answer, O Thou that hearest prayer!

But silent is the brazen sky—
On sweeps the meteor's threatening train—
Unswerving nature's mute reply,
Bound in adamantine chain.

Not ours the verdict to decide,
Whom death shall claim or skill shall save;
The hero's life though Heaven denied
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teaching vainly sent
How human hearts their griefs may share,
The lesson woman's love has lent
What hope may do, what faith may bear!

Farewell! the leaf-strown earth enfolds
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears,
And autumn's golden sun be holds
A nation bowed, a world in tears.

A CANCELED DEBT.

"See, Vincent, I found this memorandum among a package of Grandma's letters. It must have gotten there by accident."

Vincent Tracy took the paper yellow with age, and glanced over it. Then he handed it back to his sister, saying:

"It was just like grandmother. When she did good it was in that unostentatious way. Her right hand had never knew what her left hand had given forth. I wish we might find a friend like her."

"So do I," seid Gertrude, with a sober look on her pretty face. "How little she thought that even the sum mentioned in this"—holding up the faintly traced lines and running her eyes over them mechanically—"would be a comparative fortune to us."

"I am glad the kind old soul was taken home before the losses came. We are young and can bear disappointment, and can struggle to make our own way in the world. But our mother would have felt the difference keenly."

"I don't quite understand how such a large fortune could melt so suddenly. Do you, Vincent? Has some one cheated us?"

"No, Gertie. It was all because of the way the money was invested. Lawyer Grey advised that it should be taken from the bank and put into insurance stocks. Then came those fires in Chicago and afterward in Boston, and some of the best companies burst up. Our money went with them Say, Gertrude," as a though struck him, "let us try and find who it was that grandmother meant by those initials. If he was smart he may have made a fortune out of her loan, and might be willing to give us back what he borrowed. Four thousand dollars would just enable me to finish my law studies, and would give you the last year at madam's. Then we'd both have our diplomas, and might shake our fists in the face of the world before we begin to wrest our living from it."

Gertrude smiled at Vincent's boyish speech, as she said quietly:

"Wouldn't it be better to coax fortune instead of to drive her?"

"That depends on circumstances. Women, of course, have to be silkey and smooth-faced to get along."

"And men have to ape their beards, and be rough. Is that the idea, brother mine?"

Vincent laughed. "That's it, sis, exactly, but let me have another look at that paper."

He took it in his hand and read aloud:

"Lent B. V. Z. to-day four thousand dollars, which I drew from the bank for that purpose. I did not require a note, as I am old and may be called suddenly, and would not press him for payment until ready to make it. I have perfect confidence in his honesty, and am sure he will return it at some future time if possible. If not, and his previous bad fortune follows him in his new venture he is about to make, I can afford to lose the money and he is welcome to it."

The date appended was twenty years previous, and Vincent was only eighteen, while his sister was two years younger, the loan had been made previous to their births.

Mrs. Graham's only daughter had married and gone with her husband to India. Ten years had elapsed before children had been given to her arms, and so at the time the memoranda bore date there was every prospect that the race would die out with Mrs. Tracy.

"If grandmother had know that she was to have us to leave her money to, she would have been more careful of it. Don't you think so, Gertie?"

"I don't know," answered Gertrude, thoughtfully. "At any rate I am glad she did as she did. I'm sure she has treasures laid up in the right place."

Vincent's "yes" was an absent-minded one. He was in a brown study about something. Then he said:

"Sis, your are very handy at composing. Now just put your wits to work, and write an article relating to this—a sort of blind one, you know. Say that B. V. Z., or his heirs if living, will hear something to their advantage by communicating with V. T., No; with the heirs of B. B.——"

"You mistake, Vincent. It would be to our advantage."

"Don't interrupt," said Vincent loftily. "I look at it from the higher plain. Isn't it purer pleasure to pay a just debt than to feel that perhaps one has defrauded an orphan?"

"But if one knows nothing about it? If the person grandma loaned it is dead, would his children feel glad to hear of such a large debt? You know that it was twenty years ago that this happened."

Vincent looked slightly discomforted at this view af the subject.

But Gertrude, seeing that she had the best of the argument, was magnanimous, and she did not follow up her victory.

She took up a pen, and after a moment's thought, wrote something on a sheet of note paper.

Vincent took it from her and read:

"If B. V. Z., or his or her heirs, know anything of a sum of money loaned a long time ago to B. V. Z., (without any security but his promise to pay as soon as he was able to do so), they will confer favor on the heirs of B. G., by communicating with them, at their convenience. Address V. T., Box 1181, P. O."

"That's all right, Gertie. Copy it right away, and I'll run to the office with it."

"Running won't hurry the mail, Vincent, said Gertrude, pitbily.

"Don't tease, Gertie. Girls are not nice when they torment a fellow."

"But 'a fellow needs to be kept down a little, or he realizes too deeply that he is a so-called 'Lord of creation,' you know, Vincent. But you are better than most; so I'll be your humble servant, and do as you say."

And the girl bent and touched her brother's forehead, with a bright smile, which atoned for her teasing."

The advertisement was duly inserted and for days and weeks the two studied the columns of the daily paper, hoping for an answer. But none came, and at last in the pressure of newly assumed duties, all thought of it faded gradually out of their minds.

Vincent had found a position in a store, and Gerturde had gone back to her school as a pupil teacher, so as to finish the nearly completed course of study which had been interrupted by her kind grandmother's death, and the loss of fortune which had so speedily followed it.

Time passed on, and Gertrude was graduated at the head of her class, carrying off high honors.

She was at once offered a position in madam's school at a good salary. She accepted with a glad heart. Now she could help Vincent to carry out his heart's dearest wish, as her only expenses would be for her clothing and she could appropriate the most of her earnings toward paying for his tuition at the law school.

"Wait, Gertie," said Vincent, (clearing his throat of a lump which had come into it as he had listened to her unselfish offer,) "until I get a start. It's your turn now, but mine will come if industry and perseverance can compass it; then we'll see."

"I have no doubt you will get me a coach and four Vin," said Gertrude with a slight touch of her old mischief lurking about her lips and eyes; but she sobered down at once and added seriously:

"Love me always as well as you do now, and continue to be the same steady, good pricipled boy, and I shall be the happiest, most contented sister in the whole world."

Spite of Vincent's twenty years and tall stature, Gertrude still called him a boy, and that name from her lips sounded in his ears like a music no other title could have carried with it.

With the lapse of two more twelve months Vincent had attained the first stepping-stone toward success. He has mastered the details of his chosen profession, had passed his examination, and his name was enrolled among those who were considered competent to unravel knotty law points.

Judge Lorrimer, a famous jurist, had taken a fancy to him, and admitted him to his office, first as clerk, then after a time as junior partner. He found his position no sinecure, but he worked unweariedly on, feeling no effort too great that would lead him on to fortune and fame.

One day, while searching for some documents pertaining to an important case, he came upon some papers yellow with age, labeled "B. V. Z.'s Bonds." The conjunction of initials was such an unusual one, that Vincent's heart gave a sudden bound. Surely he had come at last upon a clue which would enable him to find the person to whom his grandmother had made the loan. As soon as he could gain Judge Lorrimer's ear he told him of his discovery, and his reason for being so much interested in it. The Judge listened with attention until Vincent had concluded his story. Then he said:

"Even if your surmises are correct, my opinion is that you can do nothing about it. Mr. Zennington has been dead many years, and his heirs are abroad. They were two grandchildren—a boy and a girl—and as their father's friends were in England, after their mother's death they were, as a matter of course, sent to their natural guardians. They must be grown up by this time."

A client entering stopped the conversation, and it was not again resumed. Some months after Judge Lorrimer invited Vincent to a dinner party.

"Be sure and come and bring your sister with you," he said. "I am expecting some pleasant friends, and I would like you to meet them."

It was quite an event in the lives of the brother and sister. Their daily duties allowed them but little recreation. So when it did come they enjoyed it all the more.

Among all the guest gathered together within the judge's stately home, none looked fairer or sweeter than Gertrude Tracy in her dress of simple white, and her breast-knot of velvet-leaved, golden-eyed pansies. Vincent, too, compared favorably with any of the gentlemen present. Straight and broad shouldered, with an expression in his clear, dark eyes which told of a dauntless spirit and of a hopeful sunny nature, which is one of the most precious of gifts within fortune's power to bestow.

He was seated at a table beside a young girl who was introduced to him as Miss Montague. As he glanced at her he could think of nothing but a modest white rose. She was of a fairness of complexion, with a faint pink upon each dimpled cheek. Her eyes were as blue as forget-me-nots—though their color was rarely visible, so persistently did the white lids shut them in. At first she was very shy, but after a time Vincent succeeded in drawing her out, and the two chatted away as confidentially as though acquaintances of years instead of hours.

Gertrude was equally well entertained. Her vis-a-vis was a courtly mannered youth, who had evidently seen much of the world, and his descriptions of continental society—half humorous, but without a touch of malice—held the girls pleased attention until the party broke up.

The brother and sister were very silent as they went home, and strange to say neither questioned the other as to the cause of the unusual abstraction. But the truth was each was recalling the music of the pleasantly modulated voices which had so lately entranced their ears, or were seeing again in memory the witching glances of bright eyes.

What was Vincent's surprise and pleasure, some days later, when the judge came into the office with the two young strangers, who were brother and sister, and introduced them again to his protege; but this time he added turning to Claude Montague:

"Mr. Tracy is the young man of whom I told you, Claude," and then Vincent found his hand taken in a firm clasp, and heard earnest words of gratitude poured forth.

"Benjamin V. Zennington was our grandfather, Mr. Tracy, and once, when his fortunes were at an ebb so low that ruin stared him in the face, a noble-hearted friend gave him help. We knew of this debt of gratitude, as in after years he used to talk about it. But we—my sister and I—were so young at the time of his death that the name of his benefactress escaped our memories. So we have never canceled the debt."

"And we can never, never repay it," said the soft voice of Blanche Montague; "for money alone would be powerless to do so. All we have in the world is indirectly owing to your grandmother's assistance."

As Vincent met the frank gaze of the soft blue eyes he thought how pleasant it would be to cancel any debt in that direction by asking for a very precous gift—herself. But as he did not put his ideas into words Blanche was none the wiser, although if eyes could have spoken his ardent look would have soon told his secret.

This discovery at once placed the young people on the sure footing of friendship and they were thrown together very often, as a matter of course; and need I tell my discerning reader that at last the heirs of Mrs. Graham and B. V. Zennington became joint possessors of both estates by entering into that mystic alliance which is for better or for worse?

It is remarkable what little bites a woman takes when eating in the presence of her sweetheart. What a little mouth she has then! But wait until washday comes. Watch her when she goes to hang up the clothes and gets in a hurry. By the time she gets the big ends of fifteen clothes-pins in that mouth, you will begin to think that it is pretty good-sized, hearty mouth, after all.

We never saw anyone joyous when suffering from pain;—neuralgia for instance. In relation to this malady Mr. George Guyett, Prop. Guyett House, thus informed our representative: I have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia and confidently recommend it to any one similarly affected.—*Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan Co. News.*

When a cat gives an entertainment from the top of a wall it isn't the cat we object to—it's the waul.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and saves doctor bills—take Peruna.

Senatorial Orators.

David Davis, perhaps, more than any other Senator, indulges in manuscript, preparing even a five minute speech with great care. This is his inflexible rule, and has been since he entered public life. After he delivers his speeches, or rather after he reads them, he hands his manuscript to Mr. Murphy, the Senate stenographer, who sends it to the Government Printing Office. The compositors never have any anathemas for the Judge's writing, which is large, distinct and full of character.

Edmunds never uses notes, and once a speech is out of his mouth he doesn't bother his head about it. During all the years he has been in the Senate he has not revised a single speech. He turns everything in his mind beforehand, and never rises to address the Senate without having weighed in the scales of his great mind what he intends to say.

Ben Hill will speak for three hours without a scrap of paper. The only preparation he makes is marking references or passages in this book or that. I have seen him time and again thunder away for two hours without stopping even for a glass of water. He revises his speeches however; makes additions and corrections in a clear hand, much like that of a college boy, and gives the printers little trouble with his proof. Hill has an astounding memory, and no man in public life, except Edmunds, has such imperturtability. The only man who could well worry Hill or excite his wrath in debate was the late Matt Carpenter. How it tickled Carpenter to put some adroit question at the Georgian and get him confused;—a hard thing to do at any time, but Carpenter often succeeded. And it was more the result of an irresistable propensity for fun than anything else, for never was man who had less malice than Matt Carpenter.

Another Senator who, like Edmunds, never revised a speech, was Thurman. Occasionally he spoke from manuscript, but the stenographer took down every word he said, as the old gentleman would forget his manuscript and drift into extemporary eloquence. Thurman though never a graceful speaker, was always forcible. He was beyond all doubt the ablest of the Democrats and their leader from the time he entered the Senate.

Bayard works hard at his speeches and though he writes them out and follows his manuscript closely he revises after proof is taken. He makes few changes, however, but holds the proof often until 2 o'clock in the morning, as he spends his evenings generally in social circles. He is a good penman, writing a medium sized running hand.

Lamar is a great reviser, cuts proof into tatters, writes a horrible hand, and tries the soul of a printer. Occasionally he goes down to the Government Printing Office to look after his speeches, which, when published, are vastly different from the stenographer's report of them.

Senator Conkling seldom made a correction of his utterances in the Senate Chamber. He is perhaps the best extemperaneous speaker in the United States, and even his remarks in running debates are splendid indices of his great ability. During the extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress he delivered a speech on the Army Appropriation Bill without note, papers, book, or reference of any kind. When the Vice President announced "the Senator from New York," up rose the stately form of Roscoe Conkling. Never before or since had Senator such an audience. He spoke for four hours. Before the adjournment of the Senate 150,000 copies of his speech had been subscribed for. Every printing establishment in Washington sent to the Senate its lowest estimate. In a very short time Oyster, one of the best living typos and foreman of the Congressional Record, had a proof of the great speech ready. He took it up to Wormley's about 9 o'clock in the morning and asked for Senator Conkling. "He is not up yet," said the private secretary; "the Senator breakfasts about 11; however, as you are in a hurry and want to see after the speech, I shall call him." "Tell Mr. Oyster to come in—ah! how do you do, Mr. Oyster?" and Lord Chesterfield never was more polite than was Senator Conkling in his night shirt. After rubbing his eyes he looked at the proof, made a few changes and struck out the "Hon." before Roscoe Conkling. You will never find it prefixed to his name in any speech intended for general distribution. After he received the speech he wrote his thanks, very kindly, to Foreman Oyster, as follows:

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
May, 7, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR:—I beg you to receive my thanks for the bound speech and for your kindness throuhout. I am glad to have made your acquaintance and trust I may know you better in future. Cordially yours,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

E. W. OYSTER, ESQ.

The present Secretary of State, when a member of the Senate, used to look carefully after his speeches, which for the most part, were made from "headlongs." Probably there never was in the United States Senate a man who needed less preparation than James G. Blaine. He is infalliable in history and impregnable in debate. His memory of facts and faces is absolutely wonderful. He can begin with William the Conqueror and give you the name of every sovereign of England down to Victoria, with the dates of their reigns. Now and then the Senator would give his personal attention to the printing of a speech. One morning Oyster found him busily at work "cutting up copy" for the printers. "Hello, Oyster! I'm ahead of you. See, I'm dividing copy." "Yes, Senator, I see you are ahead of me; but I went home only six hours ago, and I shall be here for sixteen consecutive hours." "Well, I know it's hard work, Oyster. I've been at it, and I know what night work means."—*Washington Republican.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our special correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 22, 1881.

The President, Senate, Cabinet, foreign guests, army and naval officers, have been off on a patriotic pleasure excursion to Yorktown the greater part of the week. They took their accommodations with them, lived on the steamers and U. S. war vessels that took them down, and have, consequently, returned *compas bomporis.* The military companies, and host of non-official excursionists, who left Washington for Yorktown but did not take their hotels with them, and neglected to take sufficient money to buy a hotel, have also returned, weary, bedraggled, sick and disgusted.

I think it possible that you will know with certainty the composition of the new Cabinet before this reaches you, so I will not fill my letter with the many clever guesses that are made on this interesting subject. But one thing is certain, the many statements that have been made are nothing more than guesses, and, while the sequel may show that some of the guesses were prophetic, it cannot prove that the President did not keep his own counsel. Nor has any progress been made in discovering what President's Arthur's policy is to be. He has practiced a reticence which is, to say the least, indicative of prudence, no inconsequential executve attribute. So far, he has made no abrupt departure from the policy of his predecessor. All the nominations prepared by President Garfield, previous to his death, have been sent in and, and, so far as can be judged, his own appointments are of good men.

It is expected that the new Cabinet nominations will be confirmed and that the extra session of the Senate will have adjourned by the 29th inst. After an interim of one month, the regular session will assemble. Various candidates for the speakership are canvassed in political circles here, prominent among whom are ex-Secretary of the Navy Robeson, ex-Minister to Austria Kasson, Mr. Dunnell, of Minnesota, Mr. Kiefer, of Ohio, and Mr. Hiscock, of New York. Mr. Robeson is the favorite in this city, from the fact that he has long lived here, has a large house, is very wealthy, and gives large, though select entertainments.

It has been remarked that there are fewer office-seekers in Washington than is usual. Doubtless, the fact that the President is living in a private house, and is more difficult of access than if he were in the White House has something to do with keeping this class away. They, however, will be here in force before the first Monday in December. The prizes of the patronage of the two houses of Congress, to say nothing of the new Cabinet, will be an irresistable attraction to this rapacious crowd.

No doubt, there will be some very important official changes, and, consequently, a number of minor importance. When a high official, like Assistant Postmaster General Tyner, goes down, many parisitical little crafts are swallowed in the vortex. Many who hold offices now must make way for the friends of the new Cabinet officers. Moreover, the Congress that will assemble on the first Monday of next month will be more largely composed of new men than any that has assembled for years. This means that many old members and Senators have lost their influence in Washington. The technical meaning, in Washington, of "influence" is power to appoint friends or clients, male or female, to clerkships. It is said a new head will be placed over the public printing office. This immense establishment alone employs 1,500 persons.

C. A. S.

The Speed of Thought.

Some interesting experiments have recently been undertaken by European scientists, to demonstrate the speed of thought along the various nerves of the human body, and also the speed of several senses. Helmholtz has shown that a wave of thought would require about a minute to traverse a mile of nerve, and Hirsh found that a touch on the face was recognized by the brain, and responded to by a manual signal in the seventh of a second. He also found that the speed of sense differed for different organs, the sense of hearing being responded to in a sixth of a second, while that of sight only required one-fifth of a second to be felt and signalled. In all these cases the distance traversed was about the same, so the inference is, that images travel more slowly than sounds and touch. It still remained, however, to show the portion of this interval taken up by the action of the brain. Prof. Dondeas, by a very delicate apparatus, has demonstrated this to be about .7500 of a second. Of the whole interval, .4000 are occupied in the simple art of recognition, and .3500 for the act of willing a response. When two irritants were caused to operate in the same sense, 1-25 of a second was required for the person to recognize which was the first, but a slightly longer interval was required to determine the priority in the case of other senses. These results were obtained from a middle aged man; but in youths the mental operations are somewhat quicker than in the adult. The average of many experiments proved that a single thought occupies 1-40 of a second.

Proof Everywhere.

If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own, in their neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured, at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

A shrill voice is high toned but not fashionable.

Vote for Baily, Cessna and the county ticket.

The Boston Girl's Woe.

"The snow has drifted around my heart," sighed a fair young Boston girl, as she and her Brooklyn hostess sat on the floor, lacing their boots the other morning. "No longer does the spring violet bloom in my life."

"May I inquire what has chagrined you?" asked the Brooklyn girl, sympathetically.

"I will tell you all, from cosmos to omega. You shall know why my existence is henceforth like a burnt prairie to me. Ah, the dream has flown. The grasses are bending over the grave of that bright hope."

"Did he leave you?" invoked the Brooklyn damsel in tears.

"Not voluntarily. We are segregated, but through no fault of ours. It was the dispelling of a vision."

"But won't he come back?"

"I fear me nay. Such a differentiation is not to be overcome. I will tell you. We loved. The moon couldn't beam but he'd hitch up a team and drive into my outstretched arms."

"My!" ejaculated the Brooklyn girl.

"Always. He came, until I looked for him as for the stars. Every night until one. Then he came no more. And my heart is sad and weary. Listen. I have a father. Pitiless, cold, relentless, but still he is my father, though he has frozen up my blood. I assure you it is really all icebergs."

"Did he say the young man mustn't come any more?" asked the breathless listener.

"He did not. He welcomed him like the whirlpool's rings that swallow up all sorts of things. Gave him cigars and talked with him. Pa was too awfully sweet at first, and that's what makes me sit sad, sighing, and feel as though I am dying. I'm just perfectly terribly cut up about it."

"Then how did he come to go away? I'm crazy to know."

"You shall hear how the disintegration originated. All the time pa was treating him so nicely he didn't like him. He was making up his mind to have him leave. Oh! the saddest word of tongues or pen is the terribleness of these male men. Pa separated us. Like the pouting of the vengeful sea he separated my own and me."

"How did he do it? What steps did he take?"

"Give me your attention. You shall know the facts from the protoplasm to the finish. I will tell you of my awful doom, right here in your cheerful little bed room. I wanted an Easter hat. I said to pa, 'Must have it.' Was coming to see you, you know. Says pa, 'Give up the lover or the hat. Can't have both.'"

"And you?"

"Gave him up, of course. How could I help it? The hat is lovely, but my heart is stone. I move alone without any comfort. It was hard to wreck him, but there was no alternative. Pa made me choose. Don't you think it pretty?"

The two girls went down to breakfast, the forlorn girl singing, in a low, sweet voice, "The good sword is raised, the good night is busted."

The King and the Miller.

Near Sans Souci, the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill, which much interfered with the view from the palace. One day the king sent out to inquire what the owner would take for the mill; and the unexpected reply came that the miller would not sell for any money. The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller quietly made no resistance, but folding his arms, quietly remarked:

"The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia."

And he took legal proceedings, the result of which was that the king had to rebuild the mill and to pay a good sum of money beside in compensation.

Although his majesty was much chagrined at the end of the matter he put the best face he could upon it, and turning to his courtiers he remarked;

"I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller of whom we have just been talking had come into possession of the mill.

After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length unable to keep on his business, he wrote to the king of Prussia reminding him of the incident we have just related, and stating that, if his majesty felt so disposed, he should be thankful in his present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply with his own hand:

"MY DEAR NEIGHBOR:—I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith $6,000, in the hope that it may be of some service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me always your affectionate neighbor,

FREDERICK WILLIAM."

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1881.—*Hop Bitters Co.—Dear Sirs:*—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROY BREWER.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark have been enriched with a fortune of $50,000,000 by the death of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.

"The doctor said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever."—G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

Greenbacks are often alluded to as soft money, and yet they are just as hard to get as coin.

There is a time of the year when almost everybody feels lazy; and so it is called Indian summer.

Finis: Guiteau is waiting his biography; but the hangman will add the last line.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself and leaves a beast in his room.

Venison is cheaper than beef in Chicago and yet only the former is deer.

Vote the straight Republican ticket next Tuesday.

Vote for honest John Cessna next Tuesday.