ns of Publication.

Somerset Herald,

ery Wednesday morning at $2 00 paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 bly be charged.

ription will be discontinued until all are paid up. Postmaster neglecting when subscribers do not take out will be held responsible for the sub.

removing from one Postoffice to an- give us the name of the former as present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

OOSER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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

. BENDSLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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

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

PRITTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
ce in Mammoth Block.

ER R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Court House. All business entrust- attended to with promptness and

W. H. RUPPEL.
OFFROTH & RUPPEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
entrusted to their care will be ly and promptly attended to. Main Cross street, opposite the

I. C. COLBORN.
RN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
entrusted to our care will be prompt- tended to. Collection made in Som- and adjoining Counties, Survey- ing done on reasonable terms.

O. KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
to all business entrusted to his care and adjoining counties with prompt- lity. Office on Main Cross street.

PATTERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
entrusted to his care will be at- with promptness and fidelity.

HENRY F. SCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. mmoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
in Real Estate, Somerset, P will business entrusted to his care with and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Somerset, Pa.,
promptly attend to all business entrusted Money advanced on collections, &c. Of- mmoth Building.

G. OGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset Pa.,
al business entrusted to my care at- with promptness and fidelity.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.,
prompt attention to business entrust- are in Somerset and adjoining counties. Printing House Row.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
mmoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, street. Collections made, estates examined, and all legal business with promptness and fidelity.

BAER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.,
ice in Somerset and adjoining counties, entrusted to him will be promptly

HUGUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a.

IS MEYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a.
business entrusted to his care will be with promptness and fidelity. mmoth Block next door to Boyd's

EDWARD WYNNE, M. D.
JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.
of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Exclusive practice. Hours, 9 a. m. to m. Lesher & Green Block, 296 Main St.

WILLIAM COLLINS,
DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA
mmoth Block, above Boyd's Drug can at all times be found prepar- of work, such as filling, regu- setting. All Artificial teeth of all kinds, the best material inserted. Operations

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

H. S. KIMMELL.
H. M. KIMMELL & SON
their professional services to the citi- vicinity. One of the mem- can at all times, unless profession- be found at their office, on Main the Diamond.

K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of Office opposite Charles Kriesher's. apr 25, '79-tf.

H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Son- vicinity. Office in residence on Main of the Diamond.

R. G. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ed to South Bend, Indiana, where he ulted by letter or otherwise.

JOHN BILIS,
DENTIST.
Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross Pa.

ND HOTEL,
STOYSTOWN, PENN'A.
and well known house has lately ly and is ably refitted with all new furniture, which has made it a very ing place for the traveling public. rooms cannot be surpassed, all be- with a large public hall attached Also large and roomy stabling. rig can be had at the lowest pos- by the week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
S.E. Cor. Diamond
Stoystown, Pa

ted and Decided!

PEOPLE THE JUDGES!

THAT

R. FAHRNEY'S
th Restorer!
vegetable Remedy, cures more cases the LIVER, KIDNEY and BLOOD their known remedy. It contains no poison; is made of the most harmless of medical Roots, Barks and Herbs has discovered for

NSING THE BLOOD
tone to the Stomach and Liver. Can a perfect safety by old and young. It p the run-down and overworked body, strength and vigor to those who feel worn out. All medicine dealers sell it.

DR. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
Hagerstown, Md.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXI. NO 12. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30. 1882. WHOLE NO. 1625.

Frank W. Hay. ESTABLISHED 34YEARS. John B. Hay

HAY BROS.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware Manuf'y,

No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Pa.

WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER

RANGES, STOVES and HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS IN GENERAL

At Prices Less than any other House in Western Pennsylvania.

Special attention paid to Jobbing in Tin, Galvanized Iron and Sheet-Iron, Sugar Pans, Steam Pipe, Hot-Air Pipe, Roofing, Spouting, Stacks of Engines, and all work pertaining to Cellar Furnaces. Estimates given and work done by first-class Mechanics only. Sole Agent for Noble Cook, Johnstown Cook, Spears' Anti-Dust Cook, Excelsior Poen. In House-Furnishing Goods we offer Coal Vases, Toilet Sets, Bread Closets, Cake Boxes, Chamber-Pails, Knives and Forks (common and plated), German Silver Spoons, Britannia Spoons, Tea Trays, Lined, Iron and Enameled Wares, Brass and Copper Kettles, Meat Broilers, Oyster Broilers, Egg Beaters, six different kinds, Bread Toasters, Plated Britannia and Wire Castors, Iron Stands, Fire Irons, and everything of Ware needed in the Cooking Department. An experience of thirty-three years in business here enables us to meet the wants of this community in our line, with a good article at a low price. All goods sold WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED or the money refunded. Call and see the Wares; get prices before purchasing; no trouble to show goods. Persons commencing House-Keeping will save 25 per cent. by buying their outfit from us. Merchants selling goods in our line should send for Wholesale Price List, or call and get quotations of our Wares. As we have no apprentices all our work is Warranted to be of the best quality at lowest price. To save money call on or send to

HAY BROS., No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Penn'a.

HERE IS THE PLACE!

J. M. HOLDERBAUM AND SONS

NO. 4 BAER'S BLOCK,

A Complete Assortment of GENGRAL MERCHANDISE consisting of

STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS!

A Large Assortment of

RE GOOD AND NOTION!

MEN'S, BOY'S & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING!

HATS ,BOOTS AND SHOES!

CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS!

Queensware, Hardware, Glassware,

GROCERIES.

All Kinds of Window Blinds and Fixtures, Wall Papers, Umbrellas, Satchels and Trunks, Churns, Butter Bowls, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets, Toledo Pumps, Farm Bells, Corn Planters and Plows, Cultivators, and WAGONS!

THE ROLAND CHILLED PLOW,

The CHAMPION MOWER & REAPER,

The CHAMPION GRAIN SEED DRILL,

With Detachable Fertilizer.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SONS',

SOMERSET, PENN'A.

Beware of Fraud!

Pianos and Organs

Are too expensive to have to buy every year or two so be careful what you buy and of whom you buy. Sensible persons need scarcely be told that wood that have to be hawked and peddled around th country and forced by trickery into people's house cannot be reliable. You can depend on it they ar cheap, trashy goods, that will not bear compar son with such goods as the

MATCHLESS BURDETT ORGAN

OR THE

Steinway Pianos.

So do not be imposed upon by peddlers, but come right to headquarters, or write for terms, and we guarantee

Lower Prices, Better Goods, and More Accommodating Terms

Than any other House in Pennsylvania.

Write or call to see us in our music store, on Main Cross street. Be sure to send for illustrated catalogues.

I. J. HEFFLEY,
feb22-tf. Somerset, Penn'a

FASHIONABLE

CUTTER & TAILOR!

Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage.
Yours, &c.,

WM. M. HOCHSTETLER,
Somerset, Pa.
mar8

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

CHARLES J. HARRISON,
CASHIER AND MANAGER.

Collections made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All legal holidays observed. dec7

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERHANT TAILOR,

(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

SOMERSET, PA.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls are making great pay. Reader if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec.15-1y.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. In fact on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

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. m

FOR SALE BY

C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.

ALBERTA. HORNER. J. SCOTT WAR

HORNE & WARD,

SUCCESSORS TO

EATON & BROS,

NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPRING, 1882.

NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

—IN—

Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for

FANCY WORK,

Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

ORDERS BY MAIL ATTENDED TO WITH CARE AND DISPATCH. mar8.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered
And the voices of the night
Wake the bitter soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire light
Dance upon the parlor wall.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door.
The beloved ones, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

LITTLE BROTHER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

He was not so very little either. He was fourteen years old and as tall as most boys of his age.

But he was a shy and sensitive child, with features almost as delicate as those of a girl. And compared with his big brothers, he seemed fitted well enough by the nickname they had given him.

They were great, rough fellows, the youngest of whom, though only seventeen, appeared a full grown man. That was Luff—a word into which his real name, Eliphaz, had been appropriately boiled down. Somehow Luff Keeler exactly described the fat, stout, chubby cheeked, jovial, rude, reckless sort of boy he was.

Then there were Walt, aged nineteen, and Russ, twenty-one; tall, bony, muscular young men, loud-voiced, full of course fun and brag. How Milton (that was the name of Little Brother, could have been one of the same family, and yet so wholly unlike these three, was a subject of wondering remark to everybody who knew them.

The nickname had not been bestowed upon him out of tenderness, I am sorry to say, but rather out of contempt. They could not understand how anybody should be so fond of books and pictures, fireside quiet and his mother's society.

The truth was, Milton loved fun as well as they, but a very different sort of fun; and it was his dread of their rude ways which drove him to the chimney corner and the shelter of his mother's affection. She was a gentle, quiet woman, to be the mother of three such boisterous young men; and the youngest boy was naturally her pet.

Many a time she had to take his part against the tyranny he suffered from them, especially from Luff. Not that Luff was viciously cruel to Little Brother; being so unlike him, he never knew how cruel some of his tricks really were. If he thought of anything Milton especially abhorred, like the sight of a reptile, or the blood curdling shriek of a sharpening saw, he took a strange delight in inflicting it upon him.

"He's got to get used to such things," he would say, when the mother reproved him; "what's the use of his being a baby all his life?"

"But what's the use of your tormenting the life out of him when you know that he can't endure such things?" she many times had occasion to reply, with eyes that could flash when she was roused.

Gentle as she was, she had much reserved dignity and determination of character, which commanded the respect even of the lawless Luff. He would turn laughingly away at such times, with a careless, "Oh, well, I won't bother Little Brother any more!" and perhaps play another trick upon him within an hour.

Mr. Keeler, a kind hearted but not a very refined man, also took the part of the youngest when the others were too rough with him; more to satisfy his wife, however, than because he thought Milton ought to mind their jokes.

"Now, boys," he said one day, as he was about leaving home, "don't you go to plaguing Milton while I'm away; do leave him in peace for once, if only to please your mother."

They were digging a well in the cattle yard; they had reached a ledge which they had to blast, and Mr. Keeler was driving to town to get some drills sharpened.

"Now, Milton," he said to Little Brother, who held the gate open for him to drive through, "help your brothers and don't mind their nonsense."

"What you call nonsense is sometimes awful to me," replied the boy from the ground. "Why can't they let me alone?"

"They would if you wouldn't pay any attention to their jokes," said his father.

"I can't help paying attention," Milton exclaimed. "What does Luff catch me for and hold me up to the brink of the well and make believe he is going to tumble me in?"

"But you know he won't," said his father.

"Of course I know he won't. But I don't like to be held at the brink of the well and made to look down with him pushing me. It gives me a horrible feeling." And tears started to the boy's eyes.

"Well, well. I don't think he will do it any more; any way, try not to mind it if he does." With which mildly consoling words Mr. Keeler drove off to town.

It was some time before Milton went to the yard where the work was going on. That gave Luff a chance to forget his father's parting charge to him and to prepare another trick for Little Brother.

Milt! Milt!" he called. "They're waiting for you."

As Milt knew that he was expected to help Luff draw Walt and Russ up out of the well, he reluctantly left the kitchen corner and his book and went out in answer to the call.

Luff stood amid the rubbish at the edge of the well leaning on the windlass and looking down. Milton, as he drew nigh, could hear the steady click, click of the sledge and drill below.

He walked carefully around to the opposite side of the well from Luff, and looking in, saw Russ and Walt still at work, with no appearance of stopping.

"You told me they were waiting," he said. "They are not half ready yet."

"Yes, they are," replied Luff, with a sober look on his red, chubby face. "They are going to tamp now, and they want the fuse. Run and fetch it."

"Where is it, Milton asked.

"Why, under that board there; don't you know. Hurry!"

Little Brother did not ask why Luff could not have got the fuse, instead of calling him from the house before even the tamping was begun; nor did he expect a trick. He ran to the board, lifted it with one hand, hastily put the other on something coiled up there, and started back with a shriek of horror.

Luff roared with laughter, leaning on the windlass, which fairly shook with his weight.

"Why don't you bring the fuse, Milt?" he cried, chocking with mirth. "What's the matter with the fuse?"

"It's a snake! You knew it was a snake!" gasped poor Little Brother, still shuddering from the shock.

"The fuse ain't a snake," said Luff. "The fuse is there, too. I did'nt mean for you to get the snake."

"But you knew I would see it, and it's a mean disgusting trick," Milton protested, indignantly.

"Of course I knew you would see it," said I. "But it won't hurt you. It's dead."

"I know it won't hurt me. It wouldn't hurt me it it wasn't dead," cried Little Brother, his eyes flashing as his mother's could sometimes flash. "But I dread the sight of a snake, dead or alive; you know it, and that's what you sent me to the board for."

"I sent you there to cure you of being such a coward," said Luff, still laughing, but not so heartily as at first.

"N, you didn't," Milton declared. "You wanted to have some low, silly, hateful sport; that's what you did it for. You did'nt think anything about curing me of being a coward. You know, though. I don't like some things you do, and which I'm glad I don't like,—fun with dead snakes, for instance—you know I'm no more a coward than you are."

The boy's color had come back into his cheeks, his voice rang out with spirit, and his blue eyes sparkled as he told his brother this truth.

"You're careful to keep out of my reach when you say that," said Luff. "That shows you're a coward."

"It shows that I don't like you and your ways; that's what it shows," replied the boy. "If I don't like a certain thing I can't help it; whether it's a dead snake or a big brother."

"Oh!" Luff sneered, trying not to show that he was cut by this sharp retort.

"I could go and take hold of that snake if it was necessary; I should not like to, but I could do it. I could hug you, too, if it would do either of us any good. But I don't see that it will, and so I'd rather have nothing to do with either of you."

Milton did, however, walk resolutely up to the board, take the innocent little reptile on a stick, and fling it away out of the yard.

Luff did not often see him show so much spirit, yet he should have learned before this that the delicate and sensitive boy could do the most disagreeable things with unflinching resolution if, as he said, it was necessary.

Luff actually repented what he had provoked him to say, and began to think of some other trick to play off upon Little Brother. As he could not at once invent a new one, however, he resolved to try an old one again.

Milton did not like to be held over the brink of the well. He had also a great dread of the sound of the blast, and would always, when it was fired, hold his ears and run from it as far as possible.

"I'll catch him and hold him after the fuse is lighted," thought Luff. "That will give him a good scare."

He said nothing, however, until the blast had been charged and tamped, and Russ and Walt were ready to come up out of the well.

"Give me a turn herenow, Milt," said Luff, soberly. "No more fooling."

"It will do for you to say no more fooling," Milton replied, slowly approaching the windlass. "It's you that do it all."

"Well, fun is fun, and work is work," said Luff. "Now it's work's turn. Catch hold here."

Little Brother laid hold of the spokes on one side of the windlass and lifted. Luff pulled down on the other side. The strong rope wound up on the roller, bringing the great bucket up from the bottom of the well, with Walt in it.

Walt stepped out, blinking at the strong daylight, and the bucket was let dow again for Russ.

When it rested on the bottom both Luff and Milton, from opposite sides of the windlass, looked down to see Russ light the fuse. This was designed to burn long enough for him to get out of the well and at a safe distance from it before the blast should explode.

Luff seemed never to have been thinking less of a trick than at that moment when he was diligently considering how he should manage to capture Little Brother, and how near he should venture to hold him when the explosion came.

The well was about twenty-five feet deep, a gloomy pit; but under the shade of their hat brims they could see two little gleams of light at the bottom. One came from a pool of water in a hollow of the ledge, reflecting the summer sky. The other was the blaze of a match Russ had just struck.

Having touched the end of the fuse and seen it catch and sparkle, Russ stepped quickly into the bucket, laid hold of the rope, and, calling out, "Haul away," was drawn up by Luff and Milt as Walt had been before.

Walt, meanwhile, had carried away from the well the powder which came up in the bucket with him; and, having lighted his pipe, he was now walking leisurely back to the the windlass.

"Take my place here, won't you, Walt?" Milton said, when the bucket was about half way up.

It is uncertain whether he suspected Luff's intentions towards him or whether he simply wished to get as far away as possible from the sound of the blast. Luff made no objections, and Walt, pipe in mouth, laid hold of the spokes of the windlass.

Probably Milt did not think that even the reckless Luff could neglect his important trust for a little cruel sport at a time like that. He drew aside from the windless, as Walt took his place, passing almost within Luff's reach.

"Hold on, Walt," cried Luff, the moment he saw the spokes in his brother's powerful grip. And letting go his own hold with one nand, he made a swoop with it at unsuspecting Little Brother, and caught him by the arm.

"Oh, qut your fooling now," said Walt, with his pipe in his lips; while Little Brother struggled to get away.

Walt was well able alone to draw the bucket up, but Luff was still trying to help him, while holding on to Milton with one hand.

"Don't kick! don't squeal!" he said, laughingly. "No use; you've got to stay here till that blast goes off, if it blows us both into the middle of next week."

Terrified at this threat, Milton gave so violent a jerk that he nearly got free. To save and balance himself, Luff put back one foot, which struck a loose stone and sent it tumbling over the mound of rubbish into the well.

The rattling sound was followed by a strange scuffling movement below, then a havy plunging thud, and the bucket was empty. The stone had struck Russ on the head, and he had fallen to the bottom.

This frightful accident brought Luff to his senses. He let Milton go, and, at a exclamation of wrath and fright from Walt, hastened to look down into the well.

The glimering pool was no longer visible; but in its place lay a dark heap, perfectly motionless, at the bottom of the pit.

That was Russ, half concealed by the bucket hanging over him. Beside him a little spark was to be seen. That was the fuse, the fire in which was steadily eating its way to the powder of the blast.

"He groans! he is alive! said Luff.

"But he'll be blown to thunder in a minute!" said Walt. And, still holding the windlass to keep the bucket from falling, his pipe broken at his feet, he looked about for help, exclaiming desperately, "what in the world can we do?"

Little Brother, after escaping from Luff's grasp, had not run far, when this frightful catastrophe brought him back to the well. Forgetting, or overcoming, for the moment his terror of the blast, he too looked down at the motionless but groaning heap at the bottom, and the relentless, eating sparks in the fuse.

"Go down and put the fire out," he cried, in answer to Walt's question. "Quick!"

"And get blown to pieces along with him," said Walt. "Will you risk it, Luff? You tumbled the stone."

"There ain't time," said Luff. "If we only had some water to throw down."

"The blast is going!" Walt exclaimed, in terror and confusion of the moment. "We can't do anything!" And he began hurriedly to draw up the bucket.

"No! no!" said Milt, excitedly. "Let it down! let it down!"

He made a spring at the rope, caught it, and clasping it with hands and knees, slid down to the bucket. Then he called out wildly, "Let down! let down!" his delicate, pale, excited face turned up at his brothers in the softened light which shone into the well.

The firm daring with which he went down to what seemed certain death fascinated his brothers above. Instead of retreating to avoid the blast, as they were on the point of doing, they let him rapidly down.

He was out of the bucket before it touched the bottom. He snatched at the fuse, but it had already burnt into the tamping, and he could not get hold to pull it out. There was only one other thing to be done.

He drew his groaning brother out of the pool, and found still water enough where he had lain, so that a little could be scooped up with his hands.

This he used; and there, over the blast which might at any time explode, with rock-tearing and earth-shaking force, he dashed dripping handful after handful upon the tamping, down under which the fuse had disappeared, and extinguished the last spark of fire. Then he fell fainting besides his brother at the bottom of the well.

When he came to himself he was lying on the ground in the open air. Russ, hatless, with blood trickling down his cheek, and locks of matted hair straggling over his eyes, was sitting up beside him. His father was there, on one knee, and his mother came running from the house with a bottle in her hand. Walt and Luff stood looking on, both very anxious and very much abashed.

"Is Russ all right?" was Little Brother's first question.

"He is all right, or will be soon," said his father. "And so are you, I hope."

"I'm better," said the boy, also sitting up. "I'm so glad I didn't turn faint till I had put the fuse out."

"How could you do such a thing? my precious, noble boy!" sobbed his mother.

"I saw that somebody must do it, or Russ would be killed, and I thought I had time if I did it at once," Milton said, with a feeble smile; adding modestly, "Walt and Luff helped."

"Mighty little we helped," Walt exclaimed, with an outburst of honest feeling. "Russ might have been blown to flinders, for anything we would dared to do. "There's more true courage in Little Brother than there is in both our great lubberly hulks."

He was not the only one who at that moment felt that to see a great danger, and greatly to dread it, and yet to have the heart and resolution to brave it for another's sake, is the very higest courage.

"How did it all happen? how did it begin?" Russ inquired, hardly yet recovered from his stupor.

"I began it. I'm ashamed to say," Luff confessed, following Walt's example, and speaking from the deepest feeling of which he was capable. "I was fooling with Little Brother, when I knocked a stone down on to your head."

"Fooling with him again, Luff?" said his father reproachfully.

"Yes, sir, Luff replied, with frank self-condemnation. "I was going to hold him while the blast went off, because he always showed that he dreaded it so, and I thought he was such a coward."

"A coward, my son!" exclaimed their mother, clasping Milton to her heart.

"I've been a mean, cowardly ruffian myself, and that's a fact," said Luff. "As Walt says, Little Brother has more courage than both of us. I hope you'll all remind me of it if I ever lay rough hands on him again."

"Oh, but I am sure you never will," said Little Brother, hopefully and forgivingly.

And Luff never did.

The Bloody Shirt

The time has again arrived for the hardhearted Republican to wave the bloody-shirt. They know that nothing so displeases a sensitive Democrat and yet in spite of prayers and threats they continue to wave it; for what is a bug-bear and bitter memory to them is the banner of God's salvation to every honest, loyal Republican. And why should the Republican party cease to wave the bloody-shirt! Because it is told to do so by the Democrats? No! When the children of Israel were bidden to sprinkle blood upon the door-posts and lintels that the Destroying Angel might see it and pass by, and when that bitter wail went up from Egyptian homes bereft of the first-born, and only those were saved where blood appeared, do you think the Jews would be in a hurry to erase this evidence of their obedience, this sign of their salvation at the bidding of those who had so greviously oppressed them? They would leave it there and point it out to their children and tell them to render God implicit obedience and faithful service. So this bloody-shirt of ours is an emblem of the nation's salvation, a thing too sacred to be buried, too holy to be forgotten. It has in it inspiration for generations yet unborn, and is the oriflamme under which the Republican party shall be led to victory, as long as its loyal shall be remembered and its disinterested courage held in honor. If the Democrats do not wish the bloody-shirt waved in the coming contest in Pennsylvania, let them give Gen. Beaver back the limb he lost on the field of blood and glory. As often as he shall stand before the people and voice the great principles of the party that has honored him with its confidence, so often will that wooden leg have a double eloquence. It will lead the thoughts of his hearers back to the day when the bloody foam of the sea of battle was dashed on the doorsteps of your Pennsylvania homes, and the thunder of three hundred cannon shook your native hills and every movement of the man will brand with deeper shame the party which aimed to put assunder what God and the Constitution had joined together. If the Democrats do not want the bloody-shirt waved, let them restore to health the pale and sickly men who contracted fatal diseases on the southern battle fields, and who drag along cheerless lives of pain and privation. Let them go to the graves, to the swamps of Chicahominy, the tangled wildwood of the Wilderness, the ominous rows in the cemetery at Gettysburg, to sylvan nooks in many a country church yard, and cry, Come forth! Come forth, and if the dead answer and earth trembles in the parturition of re-born men, and the places that knew them once know them again, there is still another task for the Democrats to perform. Go to the mothers who have sorrowed these long years, to the wives who have faded under the wrench of the dearest earthly tie, to the children whose lives have been darkened by loss and privation, and offer balm for their heart wounds and salve for their bitter pain, and when all this is done another duty awaits you. Blot out the National debt from existence, pay it dollar for dollar from your own pockets and return to the rest of your countrymen the sums they have been obliged to expend in taxes rendered necessary by your treason; and when you have done all this, when every wound is healed and every cent paid, then we will cease to wave the bloody-shirt, but until then it is our duty to wave it and we shall not shrink from the task.

The national debt statement shows a decrease for July of $13,860,027.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19, 1882.

People away from Washington are apt to think this a very dull season with us, but the National capital is never dull, and if we who really live here did not have a breathing spell after the wisdom that dropped around us by the solons of our Nation, and the filibustering and parliamentary tactics endured for over eight months, there is no knowing what the consequences might be.

Secretaries Lincoln and Teller have made it lively here by their action excluding women from obtaining appointments in their departments in the eight hundred appointments to be made. Consequently the women have donned their war paint and organized a Woman's National Labor League, for the purpose of concentrating the workingwoman's influence throughout the country, and Members and Senators are threatened with the exposure of the names and characters of some of their special favorites appointed here.

The Star Route trial still drags its winding way, and it is apt to be very confusing to the average brain when the thermometer is fooling among the nineties to read one paper and have it conclusively prove that the other side are all liars, thieves, robbers and other cheerful members of society, and then read another one and become impressed that it was the other side again that deserved the chromo in the above characters.

There are still a few members of the House and Senate that walk around the deserted halls of the Capitol.

"You may break, you may scatter our Congress if you will,
But a ghost or a few will linger here still."

Mrs. Garfield has presented the Ohio State Association with a hundred year lease of the house owned by the late President and in which he lived until taking possession of the White Heuse, to be known as the Garfield House. The house in question is in one of the best and most valuable portions of the city—a plain but substantial double house with a pretty yard at the side. Since his death it has had a sad look, as if the grief of the country was felt even by the inanimate walls where the happy family so long resided, not allowing the turmoil of public life to break into the sanctity of home. Col. A. F. Rockwell, Commissioner of Public Grounds, who was the warm, loving friend of the late President, is often seen strolling by the deserted house "in the gloaming," and leaning sadly over the little fence-railing.

The comedy and tragedy of life is more forcibly illustrated here in Washington than, perhaps, in any other city. The house formerly occupied by Belknap, when Secretary of War, where his lovely, fascinating wife reigned queen and gave some of the most brilliant receptions ever given, to which the leading people of the country fought for invitations, is now to fall into the ranks of boarding houses, and the dining-room, filled with the recollections of superb lunches, aesthetic dinners, with hosts of brave men and beautiful women, will now resound with the cries of the hungry boarder for more hash and more substance to his soup. It is the common fate of most of the houses, celebrated in times past, to end up in the inevitable boarding-house. The handsome house of Chief Justice Chase, where Kate Chase Sprague so gracefully presided, is now the refuge of any one who can pay a monthly room rent, and has even gone through the mortification of having the gas turned off for non-payment. To what uses do great houses come at last! Your correspondent is writing this letter in the room formerly occupied by Bob Toombs and Alexander H. Stephens.

LONDON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

LONDON, Eng., Aug. 7, 1882.

Practically there is not any opposition in Parliament to the present Egyptian war, and, consequently, the vote of credit for two million three hundred thousand pounds, required for strengthening forces in Egypt, was agreed to by 275 to 19. The Secretary of State for War, after consultation with Sir Garnet Wolseley and other competent authorities, believes that sum to be sufficient for a three months' campaign; and it is not expected that the task of crushing Arabi Pasha will take longer than the time specified. On the other hand, should the calculation prove below the mark, the Government may easily appeal to the House of Commons for more funds. Beside suppressing the present rebellion against the Khedive, England will take care that Egypt shall cease to be a military power except for the defence of her own borders. An Egyptian army has been the prolific source of native troubles for many years past. Such elaborate precautions have been taken for the safety and comfort of the troops, that the expedition has been forwarded without a hitch. England will be able to put forty thousand men into the field, leaving an adequate reserve behind. Without being coddled, the troops are to be made very comfortable. In sickness and in health their welfare will be looked after with an almost tender solicitude, which was unknown to the ragged, shoeless, patriot hordes with whom Bonaparte conquered Egypt under the Directory.

Sanitation has not been neglected. The wounded will find in the hospitals most of the comforts of home, and the soldiers on active duty are to have the right kind of clothing for a hot climate, and tents of the latest and best pattern. An adequate amount of regimental transport will accompany every regiment; and all ranks have been carefully considered on paper. So apparently convinced are the Government of being able to get through the business within the time mentioned, that the changes in command at home and in the Intelligence Department are to be only of a temporary nature. Before the first fall of snow in the midlands of England, Mr. Childers expects that the troops may return home, their work finished and complete.

This is a comparatively cheerful view of the situation, which the country will earnestly hope may be warranted by events. For five weeks past the heads of the War Office, civil and military, have worked night and day to put the little army on the best possible footing. Nothing appears to have been neglected that could conduce to the comfort of all concerned. Even now there will be no undue haste; and whenever a regiment is sent off everything will be spick and span and in perfect order, from the more elaborate needs and requirements of the colonel to the buttons on the tunic of the smallest drummer-boy. Now-a-days we provide our armies and we "fight by the card." Assuredly if all the arrangements of the proposed Egyptian campaign work as smoothly as Mr. Childers hopes and expects, the English army will march to victory gaily and gladly, well clothed and well fed, along a level plain to glory, and by roads strewn with creature comforts.

Yesterday morning the Queen paid a special visit to Portsmouth for the purpose of taking farewell of the officers and men who are proceeding in the "Catalouia" for Egypt. The visit was semi-private, as, indeed, most of Her Majesty's visits to Portsmouth are; for ever since the death of the Prince Concert the Queen has dispensed with the firing of royal salutes at the naval ports. Her stay lasted half an hour, during which time the officers of the regiment were presented, and Her Majesty inspected not only the saloon and officers' quarters, but also the accommodation on the middle and lower decks.

A Short Chapter on Boils.

What is a boil?

A boil is a painful globular excresence appearing on the human body without respect of person, nationality or previous condition of servitude.

Has a boil any particular hygenic value?

Yes! It draws from the system much impure matter which would otherwise cause nausia and general physical debility, and the result is that persons recovering from boils are peculiarly bright and active both mentally and physically, and remain so a long time. Does the appearance of boils on a person denote that said person is diseased, or in a weak ailing condition? No! They are oftenest found on persons of extremely healthy habits and robust constitution, and may be regarded as natural vents for slight impurities that must sooner or later creep into all healthy bodies despite redundant vitality and unimpaired force. The Republican party is a healthy, vigorous body. It possesses redundant vitality, and exhaustless force there is not about it the slightest suspicion of disease it is undoubtedly brainy and large minded, and by honest labor and careful forethought it does not sit in sack cloth and luxuriate on pretzels and weis beer, but can occasionally, even in these high priced times, afford a tenderloin steak and does not growl because butter is forty cents a pound. But the Republican party is troubled with a boil, and the trouble with this boil is that it imagines itself the Republican party, and insists on poulticing itself.

Now, as every healthy body must have some slight taint about it, we are philosophical enough to be grateful for that boil. The fact is we feel better already for it. It has drawn from us a little useless matter that might have made us uncomfortable. It is not a large boil but it is the nature of even small boils to grow red and angry and make a fuss entirely disproportioned to their size and importance. In this they are like corns, only corns last longer and are much more respectable nuisances. The original inventor of boils was the devil who tried to spit out a mean spite on a good man named Job. They bothered Job a little at first but he scraped them off with a piece of poetry, and wrote poetry much better than the Philadelphia *Times* doggerel's and Job did not die but got well and had children, and owned camels, and bossed the primitive Arabians and Arabi Pasha.

The devil has a spite against the Republican party. He has sent it a boil. But the Republican party is like Job, it will not quarrel with its boil, it will only poultice it, and use Beaver oil and Beaver salve. The boil will be cured early in November.

Crowding the Mule.

Uncle Ike was one day riding a mule and had a little negro boy behind him.