The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 3. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. JUNE 27, 1883. WHOLE NO. 1668.

The Somerset Herald

Terms of Publication.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

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

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

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

FRED. W. BEISECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, up-stairs in Cook & Beeritz' Block.

P. Y. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. may9

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

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

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

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. (y2)

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

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

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.

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

L. C. COLBORN. A. J. COLBORN. COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All business intrusted to our care will be promptly & faithfully attended to. Collection made in Somerset, Bedford, and adjoining Counties. Surveying & Conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

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.

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, P will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

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.

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.

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.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

ISAAC HUGUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. april 1882

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block next door to Boyd's drug store. apr5

H. HOWARD WYNNE, M. D. JOHNSTOWN, PA. Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Special and Exclusive practice. Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Lucker & Green Block, 206 Main St.

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 the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

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

JAMES O. KIERNAN, M. D. tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. He can be found at the residence of his father on Main Street or at the office of Dr. Henry Brubaker. Sept 6, 1882.

ED. 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, '79-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. W. M. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—one door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Dec 6, '82.

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.

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

MEN WANTED To canvass for the sale of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Roses, etc. No experience required. Good salary and all expenses paid. Address,
J. H. Bowden & Co., Rochester, N. Y. mr14

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

Frank W. Hay. ESTABLISHED 34 YEARS. 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 Penn. 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 Ware; 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

DRESS GOODS AND NOTION!

MENS', 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.

Salesmen Wanted!

Good reliable men to act as agents for our

NEW FRUITS and other NEW SPECIALTIES.

Together with a full line of nursery stock. No Peddling. Previous experience not essential. Live, active men earn good wages. Salary and expenses paid. For terms, address, giving full name, age, previous occupation, and reference, HOOPES BRO. & THOMAS, Cherry Hill Nurseries, West Chester, Pa. may9.

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, President. M. J PRITTS, Cashier.
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

ALBERTA. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.
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

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $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 make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. dec20-1y

LUCK OF ONE DAY'S FISHING.

One morning, when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited,
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the bait alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came
The bag was flat as a flounder,
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
A hundred-and-eighty pounder.

—*Lancaster (Eng.) Examiner.*

A PREDICAMENT.

An awkward predicament, wasn't it, though? I believe I will tell you all about it, and thus relieve my mind.

First, let me introduce myself. My name is Rosina Fairfax; I am an artist with a little den of a studio way up in a certain sky parlor in the great city of Chicago. It happened while I was on my way to visit my sister, Mrs. Arundel, in Rochester.

Being a "lone, lorn woman," I had dreaded undertaking the journey unattended, but at last, urged by a persuasive letter from my sister, I "screwed my courage to the sticking point," packed my trunks, and one bright day the train, with myself among the passengers, steamed away from the noisy, bustling city, eastward bound.

I was comfortably seated, my trunks properly checked, my valise and latest magazines on the seat by my side.

I leaned my head back, and gazed from the window on the flying panorama without in perfect content.

Everything was going smoothly, I congratulated myself; I, who had to travel alone, as only a timid woman can understand, began to look upon it as just the easiest matter in the world, and felt quite like a veteran traveler.

I was mentally reviewing the possibility of attempting a trip to San Francisco, and arrived at the conclusion that it would be so trifling an undertaking that, as Toots would say, "its of no consequence," when, right in the midst of my serenity the first blow was struck which placed me in the aforesaid predicament.

Chancing to raise my eyes, they fell uyon a woman with a baby in her arms seated nearly opposite from me.

The child, perhaps nine months of age, was a laughing, crowing little creature, pretty as a cherub, and exquisitely dressed.

The woman was a red faced, unprepossessing person. I could scarcely believe she was the mother of that lovely child.

After a time she arose and crossed deliberately over to where I sat—it was a double seat, and I occupied only half. She sat down, facing me without a word.

The child attracted me for a time. I have always liked children, but have not the slightest experience in caring for them. I always feel an inclination to run away when I hear one scream, and would sooner encounter a roaring lion on the street than be left alone in charge of a baby.

But, unfortunate woman that I am, I began to notice the child, while attracted by a bracelet I wore, the baby evinced a wonderful interest in me. Of course it was soon in my arms, and upon that slight incident I base all the strange occurrences subsequent.

The train was slackening speed, now, and at last came to a stand still at a certain station of some size and importance. The woman arose.

"Would you mind holding baby for a few minutes, miss?" she inquired. "I'd like to step off here and buy her some milk."

Of course I could not be so ungracious as to refuse; so she stepped off. The moments fled, and suddenly with a shriek and a snort, the train started.

And there I was with that morsel of humanity in my arms. What should I do? I laid the case before the good natured conductor. He had the impertinence to smile broadly at me.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," he said hastily, "but such cases are not uncommon. The woman has made you a present of her baby, that's all. She has deserted the child."

"What in the world can I do with it?"

The conductor smiled again.

"I'll telegraph to D——" he said, blandly, "and place the matter in the hands of the police. In the meantime, I see no alternative, miss, but for you to take charge of the child for the present."

I began to wish that I had died when I was young. All the pleasure had departed from my trip.

I pictured my arrival in Rochester; I, Rosina Fairfax, with a baby in my arms, and the horrified face of my sister and her fastidious husband.

I could have put my head down upon the seat and shrieked with rage and horror, but the baby claimed all my attention.

What if it should begin to cry? I recoiled from the very thought.

There were several ladies in the car, but each and every one seemed to ignore my unpleasant situation; all eyes were turned toward the car windows, eagerly watching the flying landscape without; and no one proffered me assistance or advice, while some—I blush to say it—were actually smiling.

The train paused a moment at a water station, and a young man came on board.

He was tall and slim, rather sallow, not a bit handsome, and had a big nose. I mentally pronounced him a fright, for I am a great lover of beauty, and I hate big noses very much.

He took possession of the seat which that fiendish woman had vacated near me; of course he asked permission, and I must admit that his voice was one of the sweetest I had ever heard.

I had made the child as comfortable as I knew how in my arms, wrapped in my traveling shawl. The young man glanced from the now sleeping child to my face, and then I observed that he had beautiful eyes. I'll say that for him anyhow.

He opened a magazine and began to read by the waning light, for night was beginning to herald its approach by the gray streaks of twilight; while I busied myself counting the hours which must elapse before morning would dawn.

A whole night of sleeping car horrors before me. Oh, how intensely did I regret that journey. I was counting the hours, then the minutes, before it would be morning—seven hundred and twenty. I shook my head ruefully at the thought, when, just then, with a kick and a dash, the child awoke; and, shades of cupid! what a yell it set up.

The young man laid his magazine aside, and as he did so, I observed that he had been holding it upside down.

"Is the child sick, madam?" he asked, respectfully.

"I don't know," I blurted despairingly.

The baby, at that juncture, saw fit to quit its screaming, and lay in my lap, its great, grave eyes blinding into my own.

The young man started suddenly, and an expression which I thought rather odd flashed over his narrow face.

"How old is the child?" he questioned.

"I don't know."

He looked astonished. I determined to be imposed upon no longer.

"I don't know anything about it," I cried, in exasperation. "I don't know how old it is, or what it's name is, or anything—it's not mine."

To my intense astonishment the young man took the child in his own arms; his sallow face grew suddenly pale, and I could see that he was trembling! he gazed earnestly into the baby's blue eyes.

"Cecile!" he cried.

The baby looked up with a glad little laugh; he strained it to his heart. Then he turned toward me and turning down the lapel of his coat, displaying a shining badge, he laid one hand on my shoulder and said:

"I arrest you for the abduction of this child, the only child and heiress of Mrs. Dufont, of Milwaukee, my sister. I have been on your track for days."

Wasn't that a predicament for me, Rosina Fairfax, descendent of a long line of old F. F. U. S.

For a time I was so overwhelmed by indignation, horror and anguish that I was quite speechless, and sat trembling and still. The conductor happened to pass through the car at that stage of affairs and paused aghast. Of course I was certain that everything would be explained now, but to my horror and disgust, the conductor seemed dubius in regard to the matter; feared I might be an accomplice of the woman, etc., and advised my detention as a prisoner until Rochester should be reached.

It was just when I was about to faint with horror and agony too deep for words to express, that I chanced to turn my head and saw coming toward me down the aisle (oh, thank Heaven!) my brother in-law, Mr. Arundel.

He sprang forward and caught my hands in his own.

"Rosina," he cried, joyfully, "we were so fearful that you would disappoint us that my wife sent me on to bring you home with me. Good Heaven! what is the matter?"

And there, half dead with shame and indignation, I poured forth my whole miserable story.

He turned, and his eyes fell upon the young detective.

"Leslie," he cried. "Harry Leslie, how are you, my boy? You're a pretty shrewd detective, but you've overshot the mark this time.

And, as it turned out that the two had been firm friends for years, of course everything was explained and set right in a twinkling.

The child had been stolen from its nurse while on a public street in Milwaukee, but the woman who had abducted it must have become alarmed and decided to abandon it at the first opportunity.

Mr. Leslie took a return train, and carried little Cecile home to his sister, while I went on with Mr. Arundel to my destination; and the days came and went until a month had rolled around.

"Rosina," said my brother-in-law one day, "Harry Leslie is in town, and I'm going to bring him home with me this evening. He is a splendid fellow."

He came, and with him his sister, Mrs. Dufont, and the child Cecile.

A reward of five thousand dollars had been offered for the restoration of the lost babe, and this sum Mrs. Dufont gracefully tendered me, since through me, Cecile had been found; but of course I refused.

A few months later she insisted on giving me the money as a wedding gift, on the day upon which I became Mrs. Harry Leslie.

I do not consider Harry ugly at all, and his nose is not so very big, either.

Harry declares that he fell in love with me the first time he saw me, even in that unprecedentedly awkward predicament.

Beaten to Death.

SCRANTON, June 13.—John Grogan, who was beaten with clubs by the Lasher brothers and Michael Caverly, died this morning. He leaves a large family destitute. His assailants have been lodged in jail.

TUTT'S PILLS

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sirs* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
Rev. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

Try this remedy fairly, and you will gain a healthy Digestion, Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Sound Liver. Price, 25 Cents.
Office, 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

Gray Hair and Whiskers changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 35 Murray St., New York.
(DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

PATENTS

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.

FAHRNEY'S BLOOD CLEANSER OR PANACEA

As a Blood Purifier—this medicine is highly recommended for all manner of chronic or old standing complaints. Eruptions of the skin, such as Pimples, Blotches and Rashes, Ring Worm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, and all diseases arising from impurity of the blood. With this rare medicine in your house you can do without Salts, Castor Oil, Citrate of Magnesia, Senna or Manna, and soon the whole of them, and what is better, it may be taken with safety and comfort by the most delicate woman, as well as by the robust man. It is very pleasant to the taste, therefore easily administered to children. It is the only vegetable remedy existing which will answer in place of calomel, regulating the action of the liver without making you a life long victim to the use of mercury or blue pills. It will open the bowels in a proper and wholesome manner.

There is nothing like Fahrney's Blood Cleanser for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder; for nervous diseases, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Bilious Fever, and all derangements of the internal viscera. As a female regulator it has no equal in the world.

"An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure." The PANACEA will not only cure old standing and malignant complaints, but prevent of the best preventatives of such disorders ever offered to the world. You can avoid severe attacks of acute diseases, such as Cholera, Small-pox, Typhoid, Bilious, Spotted and Intermittent Fevers, by keeping your blood purified. The different degrees of all such diseases depend altogether upon the condition of the blood.

Be sure to ask for FAHRNEY'S BLOOD CLEANSER or PANACEA, as there are several other preparations in the market, the names of which are somewhat similar.

Dr. Geo. G. Shively & Co.,
Successors to Fahrney's Bros. & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS
WAYNESBORO, PA.
mar28

THE BAD BOY.

"You look sleepy," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store yawning, and stretched himself out on the counter with his head on a pile of brown wrapping paper, in reach of a box of raisins, "what's the matter? Been sitting up with your girl all night?"

"Naw! I wish I had. Wakefulness with my girl is sweeter and more restful than sleep. No, this is the result of being a dutiful son, and I am tired. You see pa and me have separated. That is, not for keeps, but pa has got frightened about burglars, and he goes up into the attic to sleep. He says it is to get fresh air, but he knows better. Ma has got so accustomed to pa's snoring that she can't go to sleep without it, and the first night pa left she didn't sleep a wink, and yesterday I was playing on an old accordeon that I traded a dog collar for after our dog was poisoned, and when I touched the low notes I noticed ma dozed off to sleep, it sounded so much like pa's snore, and last night ma made me set up and play for her to sleep. She rested splendidly, but I am all broke up, I sold the accordeon this morning to the watchman who watches our block. It is queer what a different effect music will have on different people. While ma was sleeping the sleep of innocence under the influence of my counterfeit of pa's snore, the night watchman was broke of his rest by it, and he bought it of me to give it to the son of an enemy of his. Well, I have quit jerking soda."

"No, you don't tell me," said the grocery man, as he moved the box of raisins out of reach. "You never will amount to anything unless you stick to one trade or profession. A rolling hen never catches the early angleworm."

"O, I am all right now. In the soda buisness, there is no chance for genius to rise, unless the soda fountain explodes. It is all wind, and one gets tired of constant fizz. He feels that he is a fraud, and when he puts a little syrup in a tumbler, and fires a little sweetened wind and water in it, until the soap suds fills the tumbler, and charges ten cents for that which only costs a cent, a sensitive soda jerker, who has reformed, feels that it is worse than three card monte. I couldn't stand the wear on my conscience, so I have got a permanent job as a super, and shall open the 1st of September."

"Say, what's super? It isn't one of these free lunch places, that the mayor closes at midnight, is it?" and the grocery man looked sorry.

"O, thunder, you want salt on you. A super is an adjunct to the stage. A supe is a fellow that assists the stars and things, carrying chairs and taking up carpets, and sweeping the sand off the stage after a dancer has danced a jig, and he brings beer for the actors, and anything that he can do to add to the effect of the play. Privately, now, I have been acting as a supe for a long time, on the sly, and my folks didn't know anything about it, but since I reformed and decided to be good, I felt it my duty to tell ma and pa about it. The news broke ma all up, at first, but pa said some of the best actors in this country were sups once, and some of them were now, and he thought supping would be the making of me. Ma thought going to the stage would be my ruination. She said the threater was the hotbed of sin, and brought more rum than the church could head off. But when I told her that they always gave a supe two or three extra tickets for his family, she said the theater had some redeeming features, and when I said my entrance upon the stage would give ma a splendid opportunity to get the receipt for face powder from the actresses, for ma, and I could find out how the actresses managed to get number four feet into number one shoes, ma said she wished I would commence suping right off. Ma says there are some things about the theater that are not so alfired bad, and she wants me to get seats for the first comic opera that comes along. Pa wants it understood with the manager that a supe's father has a right to go behind the scenes to see that no harm befalls him, but I know what pa wants. He may seem pious, and all that, but he likes to look at ballet girls better than any meek and lowly follower I ever see, and same day you will hear music in the air. Pa thinks theaters are very bad, when he has to pay a dollar for a reserve seat, but when he can get in for nothing as a relative of one of the "perfesh," the theater has many redeeming qualities. Pa and ma think I am going into the business fresh and green, but I know all about it. When I played with McCullough here once—"

"Oh, what you giving us," said the grocery man in disgust, "when you played with McCullough! What did you do?"

"What did I do? Why, you old seed cucumber, the whole play centered around me. Do you remember the scene in the Roman forum, where McCollough addressed the populace of Rome. I was the populace. Don't you remember a small feller standing in front of the Roman orator taking it in, with a night shirt on, with bare legs and arms? That was me, and everything depended on me. Suppose I had gone off the stage at the critical moment, or laughed when I should have looked fierce at the inspired words of the Roman senator, it would have been a dead give away on Cullough. As the populace of Rome I consider myself a glittering success, and Mc took me by the hand when they carried Cæsar's dead body out, and he said, "us three did ourselves proud." Such praise from McCollough is seldom accorded to a supe. But I don't consider the populace of the imperial city of Rome my master piece. Where I excel is in coming out before the curtain between acts, and unhooking the carpet. Some supes go out and turn their backs to the audience, showing patches on their pants, and rip up the carpet with no style about them, and the dust flies, and the boys yell "supe," and the supe gets nervous and forgets his cue, and goes off tumbling over the carpet, and the orchestra leader is afraid the supe will fall on him. But I go out with a quiet dignity that is only gained by experience, and take hold of the carpet the way Hamlet takes up the skull of Yorick, and the audience is paralyzed. I kneel down on the carpet, to unhook it, in devotional sort of a way that makes the audience bow their heads as though they were in church, and before they realize that I am only a supe I have the carpet unhooked and march out the way a Piscopal minister does when he goes out between acts at church to change his shirt. They never "guy" me, cause I act well my part. But I kick on holding dogs for actresses. Some supes think they are made if they can hold a dog, but I have an ambition that a pug dog will not fill. I held Mary Anderson's cud of gum once, while she went on the stage, and when she come off and took her gum her fingers touched mine and I had to run my fiugers in my hair to warm them, like a fellow does when he has been snow-balling. Gosh, but she would freeze ice cream without salt. I shall be glad when the theater season opens, cause we actors get tired lying off."

"Well, I'd like to go behind the scenes with you some night," said the grocery man, offering the boy an orange to get solid with him, in view of further complimentary tickets. "No danger, is there?"

"No danger if you keep off the grass. But you'd a dide to see my Sunday School teacher one Saturday night last summer. He keeps books in a store, and is pretty soon week days, but he can tell you more about Daniel in the lion's den on Sunday than anybody. He knew I was solid at the theater, and wanted me to get him behind the scenes one night, and another supe wanted to go to the sparring match, and I thought it wouldn't be any harm to work my teacher in, so I got him a job that night to hold the dogs for the Uncle Tom's Cabin show. He was in one of the wings holding the chains, and the dogs were just anxious to go on, and it was all my teacher could do to hold them. I told him to wind the chains around his wrists, and he did so, and just then Eliza began to skip across the ice, and we sicked the blood hounds on before my teacher could unwind the chains from his wrists, and the dogs pulled him right out on the stage, on his stomach, and drawed him across, and he jerked one dog and kicked him in the stomach, and the dog turned on my teacher and took a mouthful of his coat tail and shook it, and I guess the dog got some meat, anyway the teacher crimbed up a step ladder, and the dogs treed him, and the step ladder fell down, and we grabbed the dogs and put some court plaster on the teacher's nose, where the fire extinguisher peeled it, and he said he would go home, cause the theater was demoralizing in its tendencies. I spose it was not right, but when the teacher stood up to hear our Sunday school lesson the next day, cause he was tired where the dog bit him, I said "sick-em," in a whisper, when his back was turned, and he jumped clear over the Bible class, and put his head around to his coat tail as though he thought the Uncle Tom's Cabin party were giving a matinee in the church. The Sunday school lesson was about the dog's licking the sores of Lazarus, and the teacher said we must not confound the good dogs of Bible time with the savage beasts of the present day, that would shake the daylights out of Lazarus and make him climb the cedars of Lebanon quicker than you could say Jach Robinson, and go off chewing the cud of bitter reflection on Lazarus' coat tail. I don't think a Sunday school teacher ought to bring up personal reminiscences before a class of children, do you? Well, some time next fall you put on a clean shirt and a pair of sheet iron pants, with stove legs on the inside, and I will take you behind the scenes to see some good moral show. In the meantime, if you have occasion to talk with pa, tell him that Booth, and Barrett, and Keene commenced on the stage as supes and Salvini roasted peanuts in the lobby of some theater. I want our folks to feel that I am taking the right course to become a star. I prythe *au reservoir*. I go hens, but to return. Avaunt!" And the bad boy walked out on his toes *a la* Booth.

A Wifes Presentiment.

READING, June 12.—One of the most mysterious of deaths and, at the same time, one of the most curious presentiments by which the death was discovered, were developed near this city late this afternoon after the dead body of a man, with a twenty pound stone hanging to his neck, had been drawn up from the bottom of a deep minehole. The man's name is August Hechler, aged forty, a small farmer formerly residing on the opposite side of the river. About nineteen days ago he suddenly disappeared from home about 2 o'clock in the morning. His wife says he was in bed at 1 o'clock. She fell into a doze and when she woke up at 2 o'clock, her husband had disappeared. Next day a bottle was found in the river near by indicating that some one had drowned himself. The day afterward it was reported that Hechler had been seen at Lebanon and at Harrisburg. The wife believed none of these reports, but she stated that frequently an indescribable feeling of fear came over her and something seemed to tell her that her husband's body was at the bottom of a neighboring iron ore mine. She finally insisted that the old deserted mine should be searched, just to satisfy her, because every night the same presentiment posessed her.

To-day quite a large number of the neighbors did as she requested and to their horror and amazement found the dead body of Hechler at the bottom of a sixty-foot shaft in fifteen feet of water and a twenty pound stone fastened about his neck. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide.

Pantomime in a Court Room.

The attorney, at the date of the story was serving the commonwealth of Ohio and the county of Vinton in the capacity of prosecuting attorney at the little town of McArthur. He then wore rather a youthful and possibly somewhat verdant appearance for a man holding so responsible a position. The most conspicuous personage known to the Vinton bar at that time was a grave and pompous barrister from a neighboring town—a man who had reached the middle age of life, and with an extensive practice, profitable alike in fame and pecuniary gain; a man whose eloquence bent juries to his will, and whose logic pinned them fast; whose invective and pointed sarcasm blanched the cheek of the witness or the prisoner, as might be necessary to gain the case, and he was alike dreaded and hated by his fellow practitioners. The attorney referred to is living yet, one of the most prominent jurists in southern Ohio. His ability has not diminished, nor has his knowledge that he possesses ability. One day the young prosecutor had a riot case to try, and to his consternation he learned that the gentleman referred to had been retained by the defense. The prosecutor handled his case with great care, but from the first did not hope to convict the prisoners. He was stirred up somewhat, however, by the sneering allusions made to him during the examination by the imported counsel, and so when he came to make his opening speech, he indulged in a little bombast himself. He expected to be torn up somewhat by the imported counsel, but was utterly unprepared for the simoom that swept through the court room when the imported counsel got fairly under way. He paced up and down in front of the Judge; he sawed the air in front of the jurors; he shook his finger in the face of the young prosecutor and shivered in imaginary horror at the though of so youthful a youth undertaking to measure swords with him. The voice was loud and bitter in its denunciation; the manner threatening and awe-inspiring, and with face of scorn he sat down with folded arms and awaited the verdict which he did not suppose they dared refuse to render. The young prosecutor was mad. He felt that he would like to thrash the imported counsel out of his boots. He arose to his feet, uncertain for a moment what to do. A happy thought struck him, and throwing his head back, he cast his left arm behind him and thrust his right hand in the breast of his vest, while under over arching eyebrows he scowled out at the jury. The jury "dropped to it" in an instant. So did the Judge, so did the spectators. There was the familiar pose of the imported counsel, perfect in its imitation. Then the young prosecutor began, and without opening his lips, proceeded to copy the gesticulations and movements of the eminent attorney who had proceeded him. He snorted and cavorted, and stamped and rolled his eyes. He strode up and down in front of the judge and jury, following in his gesticulations precisely those of which they had just seen the copy. He shook his finger menacingly under the nose of the eminent gentleman, and then assuming the statesman-like pose, he looked down upon him disdainfully. Then he would stop and twirl on his finger a martingale ring, which he drew from his pocket, and which was intended to represent the large seal ring on the small finger of the left hand of the opposing counsel. It was too much. The eminent attorney appealed to the court for protection, while the Judge laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, and the jury and the spectators chuckled audibly. The Judge replied that the young man had done nothing, had said nothing to him, and he did not feel called upon to interfere with the argument. That settled it. The imported counsel broke for the door, and the jury, after fifteen minutes' absence, brought in a verdict of guilty.—*Columbus (O.) Times.*

A Good Education.

We hear a good deal said in these latter times about a good education, and it leads us to inquire what a good education is? Everybody in this country is agreed that it comprises the ability to read properly and gramatically the English language, and a sufficiently knowledge of arithmetic to be able to answer accurately any questions in the four rules in that science. This is a good education as far as it gows, and as far as street education is concerned it is better than many who claim to be well educated have attained to. Without these, education is not good, although you are years in all the ologies and osophies mentioned in Websters dictionary; with them you have the key that with patience and perseverance will unlock all the others. But even with those and the addition of all the learning taught in the schools but nothing more, the education would be far from a good education. The education most needed at the present day is a practical one, and it is also the most neglected. The heaping on of flashy attainments for the purpose of show, to the neglect of the every day needed practical attainments, is far too common, and no one can be said to have a good education who has not, in addition to the lore of the schools, a knowledge of how to earn their own living. Every one, male or female rich or poor, should be taught how to work in some calling or profession that would procure them a livelihood, and until that is done they have not a good education. Educate the mind that the labor of the hands may be more effective. Educate the hands that the education of the mind may be practical as well as ornamental.

A girl was vaccinated with matter taken from the arm of a silly lover of hers. She said she preferred the matter right from the calf.

It doesn't make a boy thin to be taken across his mother's knee, but he becomes oftentimes trans-parent.

Miscellaneous Items.

Senators Harrison and Logan have accepted invitations to