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The Somerset Herald

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## THE HAMMER AND THE SAW.

There's the music of the birds,
And the music of the bees,
There's the music of the forests
In the grand old trees;
Nature's symphony is sweet,
And without a single flaw,
Yet there's nothing like the music
Of the hammer and the saw.

Hail to liberty and peace!
Hail to order, Heaven's first law!
And the world's ennobling chorus
Of the hammer and the saw.

Though the little birds may sing,
And the balmy zephyrs blow,
Yet the larder may be empty,
And the wheat crop low;
But when labor strikes a note,
Then the heart that was in awe,
Dances lightly to the music
Of the hammer and the saw.

Hail to liberty and peace!
Hail to order, heaven's first law!
And the world's ennobling chorus
Of the hammer and the saw.

The man may not be skilled
For the harp or for the lyre,
But have caught an inspiration
From ambition's noble fire.
"I'll earn my bread and bed,
Though," he cries, "a crust and straw,
While I'm climbing to the music
Of the hammer and the saw!"

Hail to liberty and peace!
Hail to order, heaven's first law!
And the world's ennobling chorus
Of the hammer and the saw.

—*New York Ledger.*

## THE TORN GLOVE.

It was almost 11 o'clock as I left my friend Alport's law office and hurried up town, I had delayed longer than I knew, interested deeply in his account of an intricate will case, in which he was just at that time engaged. As I now remember, a property of some two millions, held by a residuary legatee, had suddenly been claimed by one who announced himself as the direct heir and devisee, a nephew of the testator, who had not been heard from for several years.

Alport deemed the fellow an impostor, and although his story had been well told, and his plan of action well laid throughout, my friend thought he had secured proof of its falsity. In fact, he had a bundle of papers containing the positive proof that Neil Harcourt was not Neil Harcourt, nephew of old Duncan Harcourt, testator; and it was his explanation of this case that had rendered me so late on my up town journey.

As I hurried onward, mechanically my hand sought my pocket for a cigar, and finding none—a most unusual condition of things—I glanced about for some place where I could purchase some.

Just down a side street a light struck my eye, and moving toward it, I found a small but neat cigar store, waited upon by a girl.

I entered, threw down my money, and called for cigars. The waitress, or shop girl, was evidently on the point of closing, for one light was already out, and she wore her hat and shawl; more than that, as she placed a handful of regalias before me, I noticed that she had also put on her gloves, and that one, that upon her left hand, had been partly torn across the palm, and neatly mended by the insertion of another piece of kid.

This trifling incident would doubtless have escaped me, had it not been that the glove was a pale orange in color, whereas the inserted kid was black.

I selected my cigars, lit one and walked out. An hour later I was at home and in bed.

The next morning after, I read at my breakfast table that Lawyer Alport had been murdered the night before.

To say that I was shocked would be but feebly to express my horror. Alport was a warm personal friend, my attorney, and a man without stain.

His death in a most natural way would have been a sad loss to me; to hear of his end by murder simply paralyzed me.

Leaving the table as soon as I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to do so, I at once threw on my hat and overcoat and hurried down town.

My friend's office was in Blank street, a little off from the main current of travel; but this morning I found a number of persons gathered about it—neighbors, storekeepers and brother lawyers—passing whom I confronted an officer standing guard at the office door.

He would have stayed my entrance, but as I handed him my card his face changed.

"Major Minton, of the detectives?" he said, inquiringly.

I bowed.

The gentleman at once opened the door.

'You'll find Captain Ross and another gentleman inside. I presume they'll be glad to see you.'

I entered.

As the policeman had said, I found two detectives, men whom I knew—within. Their story was so on mine.

It seemed that Alport had been in his office late; that a lady had called in the evening and remained an hour or more; that after she had left, his light continued to burn a long time—until morning probably—and that it was not until some important client opened the unlocked door, about 9 a. m', that the death of the attorney was known.

He lay dead in his office chair, when found, a thin, foreign looking knife was sticking in his heart. Evidently he had been struck unawares; there had been no struggle, but little blood, and no robbery that the officers could discover.

Nor was there any clue remaining. Evidently the woman had killed him, though why was as yet unanswered. No one knew the woman.

'But the reason—the motive?' said I. 'Surely there must have been one. If we can find that, we may have a clue to the criminal. Without it everything is in the dark.'

'True,' replied Ross; 'but the motive is just what puzzles us. It evidently was not robbery, as his watch and money were on his person when found.'

'Hold!' said I, with a very sudden thought. 'Might not he have been robbed of papers?'

'Yes, but what ones? How do we know what documents he had?'

A new idea had come to me. I began at once to search for the papers which Alport had read to me two days before—the proofs in the Harcourt case.

They were gone, but I found in their stead, lying among letters and legal litter in his waste basket, a torn glove, bloody, and mended across the palm with a bit of black kid.

I drew it out with a shout.

'He was robbed of some important paper that he showed me only night before last,' said I, excitedly, and the person who killed him wore this glove!'

'A clue!' cried Captain Ross, as he reached for it.

'No, no, my friend,' said I. 'This is my case now. Alport was my attorney; and now that I have one end of the thread in this case, I propose to follow it out. The honor shall be yours, but the revenge must be mine. Leave the matter with me three days. At the end of that time I'll either give you the criminal or turn you over all my proofs and give it up.

Ross at once agreed to this plan, and my friend's body having been removed, and a coroner's jury having rendered a decision of "death by the hands of some party or parties unknown," the case was for three days in my sole care.

I naturally felt certain that I had the right clue—the missing papers and the torn glove—but I knew my business sufficiently well to understand that I could neither walk into the cigar store where my supposed murderess was and arrest her, nor was it at all likely that I could bluff or frighten her into confession. Moreover, I wished to know first why she would have cared for the missing papers.

That afternoon I strolled to the cigar store. An elderly German was behind the counter. In the evening I tried it again. No girl was to be seen.

I determined to learn something of her. I entered and bought some cigars.

'Keep the store alone?' said I, casually, as I lit my cigar.

'Yaw.'

'Trade good?'

'Yaw.'

'You ought to have a pretty girl to help you catch the youg fellows' trade.'

'Yaw.'

I turned and walked away. Nothing to be made there.

I watched the store until it closed, and half the next day. Then I was rewarded. At about noon a girl entered, laid aside her hat and cloak and took her place behind the counter, while the man went away. When he was well out of sight I dropped in and did a little trading.

It was the same girl, a little nervous, I told myself.

I watched her until the store closed; then followed her as she hurried homeward. She lived two miles away, near the river shore, in a small old tenement house. She climbed to a room near the roof. I followed all the way, stumbling in the uneven halls, but looked upon, doubtless, as a new tenant a little off.

The girl entered the room, locked the door, and then I heard the voice of two talking. Evidently she was conversing with a man.

I made friends with a half boozy bachelor on the floor below, and found from him that the girl was an old tenant, but a man had recently arrived who occupied a room next to her, and was called her brother.

I waited all night just across the street from the tenement house.

Early in the dusky dawn I saw a man steal out. I followed him.

He went straight into the country, walking fast, and covering nearly five miles before sun-up. I followed all the way, not near enough to cause suspicion, but near enough to watch.

At last the fellow turned into a piece of woods. I hastened, and just as I entered the grove I saw him not far away, bending over a little fire.

As he heard me coming he looked up hastily, hesitated a moment, then turned and ran. At first I was impelled to follow, then something at the fire caught my eye, and I paused. Papers were burning. Quickly seizing the bundle—for such it proved to be—I managed to extinguish it, while still a considerable portion remained unconsumed. I opened it. There were all the papers and proofs in the Harcourt will case—the identical papers stolen from Alport on the night of this murder. My heart bounded. It was the third day, but the scent was very warm now.

I returned to the city with all haste, but by another road, and at noon was at the cigar store. The girl appeared and the German disappeared.

Supplied with the torn and bloody glove I waited my chance, and when the store was empty I entered. Having first purchased a cigar, I came close to the girl and said in a low tone:

'Is this your glove? I saw you wearing it a few nights ago,' at the same time presenting to her the kid, stained as it was.

The girl turned fairly livid, gasped a little, then whispered:

'Where did you get it?'

'In the same office where those papers were stolen and Lawyer Alport was murdered, three nights ago!' I said.

The poor thing uttered a single moan, and would have sunk to the floor if I had not caught her. A glass of water stood upon a shelf. I threw part of it into her face. Slowly she opened her eyes.

'Who are you?' she whispered hoarsely.

I opened my coat and showed a star. She uttered a low shriek.

'A detective! He is lost—lost!'

'My good girl,' said I, 'it is best for you, and him, too, to tell me the whole truth. Shut the shop and come with me."

She obeyed me unhesitatingly, and I led her to my own office. There in the presence of a brother officer, she told me the whole story.

She was the wife—sad fate! of a gambler who had sought to personate the lost heir of the Harcourt estate. So well had he succeeded that when Alport began to make trouble for him he determined to get rid of Alport and his proof at one blow. Dressed in his wife's clothes he had visited Alport's office and killed him, then stole the desired papers. The torn glove he had doubtless found in the pocket of his wife's dress, and used it to wipe some slight stain from his hands, and then carelessly dropped it in the waste basket. The papers he had taken home, and afterwards carried away to destroy. He passed as his wife's brother where they lived. She had known of the murder after it was committed but not before.

'Why did you not tell when you saw what the man had done?' said I, sternly. 'Why did you seek to help him conceal his crime?'

She looked at me a moment with wide open eyes, then a great fear overspread her face.

'Gentlemen, I did not dare to. He threatened to kill me if I ever spoke to him of it.'

Three hours later Leonardi Giotti, the husband, was in our hands. A full blooded Italian, with an English wife; a desperado, if ever there was one: a coward, but a revengeful dog!

As we led him away from the examination, where he refused to answer a single question, and his wife had told her story again as she told it to me, he asked leave to speak a word to the woman. It was granted and he drew near her. But even as he spoke, he suddenly raised his manacled hands and struck her such a blow on the head that the poor thing sunk to the ground without a moan, blood streaming from her face, while the miserable brute turned away with a sneer.

'She'll never blab on me again!' he said.

Indeed she did not! He was found guilty of murder, and hung within three months, and his poor wife died within the year, from the effects of his cruel blow.

## Look Ahead.

There is a prevailing superstition, almost as old as the world itself, that looking back is attended with ill-luck to the traveler. Whether he pursued his way on foot, on horseback or in some private or public conveyance, his only safety is to look ahead. The rule holds good, in the majority of instances, but like every other rule, it has its exceptions. For example, the man who turns not to the right or left, but fixes his gaze constantly ahead, may be assailed by some enemy on the side or the rear and be seriously damaged when he least expects it, and against whose attacks he has not placed himself on guard. Men are stabbed in the side and back, and in more than one sense of the word, by an unseen and lurking enemy, when looking ahead and paying no attention to any other line of approach whatever. To be perfectly safe in this world we should not only be lynx-eyed but Argus-eyed, for with all the precautions we can use, we are not free from danger.

Still, as a general thing, it is best to look ahead. First, because in traveling we do not pursue our journey backward, but with our faces forward, and to look ahead is to turn our attention in the right direction. If we look back or to the side we may lose sight of the objects before us and may come in rude contact with them in a manner not only unpleasant but damaging. If we go back to the time when it is most probable this superstition originated, we find that when Lot with his family and cattle was being led by an angel, outside the doomed cities of the plain, his wife looked back and was severely punished for it. And as no one at the present day, we take it, has a particular fancy for being turned into a pillar of salt, we are doubtless on the safe side when we keep our eyes fixed on objects in advance of us. We do not care about quoting heathen authority, although in point of wisdom, the heathen sometimes know about as much as we do; in Hindoostan, it is considered exceedingly unfortunate for either man or woman to look back when they have once left their house. To avoid their doing so, it is a fixed practice, that when a man goes out and leaves something behind, which his wife knows he will want, for her to pick up the article and follow after him with it. And if he chances to look back, before she overtakes him, he at once brings his jovrney to an end and postpones it to another time. The same feeling and practice still prevail in some parts of England, Ireland and Scotland and among certain classes, they have a pretty strong hold on the American mind.

We are now looking ahead for the Sabbath that will dawn upon us tomorrow. We will neither turn back, nor to the right or the left, but press forward to meet it as a day of rest. It would not hurt us any, but on the contrary, be of great advantage. We should not only look ahead but look far ahead, for it is only too true that this world we are so heavily loaded with our cares and difficulties that even our Sabbaths only slightly redeem us from our despondency; and have long since made up our mind that there is somewhere in the universe an economy of the Divine Being, a place where the burden can be laid down, and the imperfect, finite rest which our Sabbath days bring here, will be succeeded by that which is perfect, infinite and eternal, and to which we ought at all times to look ahead.

Colorless and Cold.—A young girl deeply regretted that she was so colorless and cold. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in the town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her friends.

O'Donnell's plea is that he shot Carey in self-defense.

## THE GOLDEN SPIKE.

**Completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad Track—An Important Historical Work—Several Nations Represented at the Driving of the Golden Spike—Distinguished American and Foreign Guests Present at the Ceremony.**

Between Garrison and Gold Creek, September 8, via Helena, Montana, Sept 9.—It is eight miles from Helena to the point where the steep grade of the Rocky Mountains begins, and twelve miles from there to the mouth of the Mullen Tunnel. As the tunnel is not completed, Mullen Pass is completed by running in curves at a distance of about four miles. The grade is the same as at Bozeman. The sections of the train bearing the Villard party were safely lifted over the height, and a descent was made to this point, where the ceremony of driving the last spike in the Northern Pacific Railroad has just been concluded. The contrast between the rugged heights of the east side and the long meadow-like slopes of the west side is very striking. The distance from this point to Helena is 55 miles. In making the descent of the Mullen Pass the British Minister's car became disabled, and the occupants had to be transferred to another car. Nobody was hurt or inconvenienced. The train arrived at this point a little behind time, but in good shape. From Portland there came somewhat earlier a splendid train, bearing prominent citizens of that section to participate in the ceremonies. There were hearty greetings between the American guests of the east and west and the occasion was regarded as a remarkable one and as presaging a prosperous future. All were surprised at what they beheld. Instead of the wilderness of the Rocky mountains, they here beheld a magnificent pavilion, capable of seating more than 1,000 people, over which floated the national colors of the American, German and British nations. In front and reaching to the roadbed was an extensive promenade skirted by a platform with seats; to the right was a band stand, occupied by the Fifth United States Infantry Band, from Fort Keogh. When the last of the guests had arrievd the ceremonies were opened by President Villard, who divided the attention of the multitude with Gen. Grant, who sat on the platform.

President Villard opened the formal proceedings by an address of welcome to the distinguished guests and tendered the profound thanks of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for their presence and participation in this the most important event in its corporate existence. He briefly reviewed the progress of the undertaking and concluded by introducing the orator of the occasion, Hon. Wm. M. Evarts. In an elaborate address this gentleman gave a thorough resume of the gigantic undertaking and paid well merited compliments to Mr. Villard, Governor Smith, ex-President Frederick Billings, and others connected with it. In conclusion, he said: "As our flying footsteps leave these heights of moral and natural vision, I am sure this company will feel this occasion was not unworthy of an assemblage which the Secretary of the Interior honors with his attendance, and the illustrious soldier, after following his own lame around the world, finds attraction in its interests. To which the Ministers of the Powers of Europe lend the favor of their countenance, and which collects so many eminent men of our own country and of the old world to assist in this international celebration."

Mr. Villard then introduced Secretary Teller, who spoke of the great energy and capital required to complete the various transcontinental lines and their practical benefit to the nation. This enterprise of the Northern Pacific Company, along whose lines there would be in a few years 9,000,000 of people, could not be called local in its character. It was more than national; it concerned the welfare of other peoples. It now remains for the managers to justify in the future the wisdom of the governmeut, and that they would do if the policy announced by President Villard were carried out.

Secretary Teller was followed by ex-President Billings, who presented in detail the difficulties which had beset the enterprise in its earlier days.

Mr. Villard said that as they had present distinguished guests from abroad, he would give those present an opportunity to hear their sentiments. He then introduced Minister West, of England, who said Sir James Hannen would speak for the English guests.

Sir James said the English visitors were filled with wonder and admiration at the sights of this magnificent country and its grand institutions. Mr. Villard was a person about whom their warmest sympathies and gratitude for this splendid hospitality could well claim. "We have had the happiness," he continued, "of seeing what manner of man he is. We see in him qualities which have erned the confidence of his associates through life, and we carry back the recollection of having known a real man. It was a happy thought that representatives of countries which have contributed to the population of the American nation should be present on this extraordinary occasion. It fills me with wonder to see the properity which has reached the highest development of civilization."

The German Minister, Von Eisendecker, was then presented, and expressed the hearty good wishes of his countrymen for this enterprise. He said: "We are sorry to have lost Mr. Villard, but as he has come to a country which has always been closely allied to my own, he may remain."

Dr. Kneiss, of the Berlin University, was then introduced, and spoke in behalf of the German visitors, expressing the hope that the Northern Pacific would be the main line of all northern colonization of America and Europe. "May it be forever a monument in honor of the brave son of Germany, Henry Villard. Our mother country is proud of such a son."

The Governors of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Oregon and Washington made brief and appropriate remarks. The Governor of Idaho was absent on account of illness.

There were loud cries for General Grant, and as he came forward the air was rent with cheers. He made a few suitable remarks. He was reminded by the speeches just made of the fact that he had something to do with this great enterprise. When Governor Stephens, thirty years ago organized his surveying expedition, he was a lieutenant, acting as quartermaster and commissary on the Columbia, and he issued the supplies for the expedition. Was he not entitled to some of the credit which Mr. Billings had apportioned to others? He greatly pleased the audience, in which were many veterans, who became perfectly wild when he said these intercolonial railroads would have amounted to little but for men who after the war sought the territories as fields of enterprise. They made these railroads possible and prosperous. At the conclusion of General Grant's speech three rousing cheers were given. The foreign guests were then given seats on a platform, when a photograph was taken of them, Mr. Villard and family, and the most distinguished Americans. After that a horse that helped to build the road from its inception was brought upon the platform. Then was witnessed an extraordinary spectacle. Three hundred brawny men quickly laid the iron and drove the spikes on the thousand feet of uncompleted track except the last spike. During the work, which was witnessed by the foreigners with amazement, the band played and the people cheered. When nearly completed a cannon salute was fired. The last spike was driven by H. C. Davis, assistant general passenger agent of the road, who drove the first spike on the opening of the road, and this spike was the same one first driven by him. The end was reached as the sun was setting behind the mountains.

The enthusiasm of the audience, variously estimated at 3,000 to 5,000, was indescribable. Thus was brought to a happy conclusion a very remarkable event in American history. The trains were reformed, in which the guests departed. The English and part of the Americans went to the east, the rest westward to Puget Sound.

The Associated Press secured a special train, which conveyed their representatives to Helena, where telegraphic facilities were obtained. The ride was exciting, and was made in very short time, Helena being reached at 11:30 p. m., the run from Last Spike station being made in three hours, which is quick work, considering the grades over Mullen Pass.

## Ventilation of Stables.

This is a matter which is too little considered by many farmers, who are inclined either to neglect altogether the ventilation of their stables, and seem to be as much afraid of fresh air, remarks an exchange, as a church sexton; or who leave their stalls exposed from all quarters to the pitiless winds or beating rains though the whole winter. When cold weather comes many barricade their stables as closely as possible against the outer air, and having by this means secured warmth, believe they have made their stock safe and comfortable. This is a serious error. Cattle and horses require fresh air as much as human beings do, and the same evil results follow in their case as in that of men and women shut up in a confined atmosphere which had been breathed over and over till changed into a fetid poison. Under prolonged exposure to such a poisonous air, delicate animals soon become debilitated and constitutional tendencies to disease are liable to be developed which might have remained latent or have been outlived under more favorable conditions. Even strong, healthy cattle lose vitality in a close, unventilated stable. It is the part of economy, therefore, to provide suitable ventilation for the stables and in doing so it should be remembered that not only the consumption of air by the confined animals—equal to about 4,000 gallons for a full grown beast during every 24 hours—but the exhalations from their excrement must be taken into the account. Nor must it be forgotten that while an abundance of fresh air is essential to health, warmth is equally so. The problem is to secure thorough ventilation without unduly lowering the temperature. Especially should draughts about the feet, as trough cracks in the floor communicating with the outer air, be carefully guarded against. All this involves expense; but the outlay for healthy winter quarters for live stock is soon recovered. The food given does its work better more rapidly and in better condition, and so sell for a higher price at less cost for production; work animals are stronger and more enduring; and hence do better service on the expenditure for food and care and the loss from disease, as carefully conducted experiments prove, is very greatly reduced. The stable need not be a palace; be its arrangements for securing warmth and fresh air should be as complete in their degree, as those of a house for human habitation—a good deal more complete, indeed, than most people seem to think essential.

Rescue the Perishing.—It was a perishing baby. The pale puny child lay almost lifeless on the pillow, the victim of malaria and summer complaint. The old nurse who dropped in to give the dying child her last blessing happened to ask: "Have you tried Perry Davis's Pain Killer?" They had not thought of it, but got some at once. Next day baby was better. Before the week was out he was well. Pain Killer saved him.

Roscoe Conkling is a grandfather.

## Obey the Constitution.

It has been the plan of Democratic leaders ever since the days of Pierce and Buchanan, to appeal to the constitution in support of any position taken by them while opposing the advances of the Republicans and to cite the same instrument in justification of any partisan object in contemplation.

When the Republicans watned to prevent slavery's extension, these Democratic leaders stood aghast and protested that slavery was protected by the constitution. When extension was prohibited and civil rights sought by the Republicans, the Democratic leaders scanned anew the constitution and quoted it against equality before the law; when the Republicans sought to reconstruct the government after the rebellion, the same Democratic leaders with ponderous emphasis quoted the constitution to show that the Union could only be restored as the south wanted it, just as a few years before they had incontestably shown from the same constitution, that secession could not be prevented by coercion. And when manhood suffrage was finally proposed the same old Democratic leaders threatened to rebel again in defense of the constitutional right of the white man to do all of the governing.

Whenever a great wrong is to be justified or promo