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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Abr. G. Walker, dec'd, late of Milford Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.
Having been appointed by the Orphans' Court of Somerset County to distribute the funds in the hands of Silas A. Walker and Gillian A. Walker, Administrators of Abr. G. Walker, late of Milford Twp., deceased, to and among those legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment at my office in Somerset, Pa., on Thursday, April 10, 1884, when and where all persons interested may attend.
W. H. RUPPEL, Auditor.
mar12.

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Estate of Isaac Wendel, dec'd, late of Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa.
Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, April 19th, 1884, at the late residence of the deceased.
S. M. WENDEL,
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mar12.

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GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.

When the green leaves come again,
When the sky is blue and clear,
When in every nook and glen
Fair pale primrose tufts appear;
When the moss is softly spread
Underneath the beechen tree,
And within its mossy bed
Sings the the streamlet merrily;
When bright Spring with lavish hand
Scattering gifts, begins her reign—
Ah! we'll be happy, then, love,
When the green leaves come again.

When the green leaves come again;
Strange the words sound of my song
When the rain beats on the pane,
And the fierce wind sweeps along;
In the darkening room alone
On the leaden sky I gaze,
While my thoughts afar have flown
To the scenes of other days,
Wildly, wildly moans the wind,
Sadly, sadly falls the rain,
But we'll be happy yet, love,
When the green leaves come again.

Hence then, sighs and sad repinings,
Come sweet sunshine after rain;
Show, O clouds, your silver tinings,
Quick, ye green leaves, burst again;
Aid, fair winds, the vessel sailing,
Homeward, o'er the distant sea;
Let no time nor tide be falling,
Bring the absent back to me.
To the joy that Spring can bring,
Weighs as naught the Winter pain;
Silent birds break out and sing,
When the green leaves come again.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

It was a dull November evening, and I had been upon my feet all day; head and heart aching over pain and sorrow that I could do so little—so very little to aid and comfort. For I was a young physician, with a large practice among the very poor, and an income so narrow that I had to pinch and save. My house was my own, a dismal, tumble-down mansion that had once held aristocratic owners. But the tide of fashion had swept away from it, and I inherited it from a long-dead uncle, and kept it because nobody wanted to buy it. Here in the few habitable rooms, Martha, my housekeeper, cook, maid-of-all work, and domestic tyrant, made my home as comfortable as our very small means allowed. Whatever else of comfort failed me, I was always sure of a good fire. It threw a red light upon my sitting room as I entered, and I drew off my soaked boots, and ventured to order a cup of coffee. I was sipping it contentedly, and congratulating myself that I was to have a long, pleasant evening, when an ominous ring at the bell startled me.

"Will you please tell the doctor, Mrs. Rivers is took bad again?"

There was no help for it. The last drops of fragrant coffee were hastily swallowed, and with one fond, lingering look at the rudy, smiling grate, I was off again for a half-mile tramp through the mud and slush. I knew as I plodded along, that my errand was a vain one. Mrs. Rivers was dying of an incurable complaint. But of all my many patients there was no one who more strongly enlisted my sympathy than Mrs. Rivers. Living in a wretched attic with scarcely food to eat, she bore in her face, voice and manner the proof of refined culture and high breeding. One child, a little girl of about ten years, was the companion of her poverty, the sole comfort of her dying hours. It was pitiful to see the child, fair and painfully slender, waiting with womanly patience and self-control at the bedside of her mother. I knew when I entered the room, upon the dull November night of which I write, that I need never again climb those steep stairs to give my poor aid to Mrs. Rivers. The paroxysm of acute pain was over, but death had drawn its fingers over the sufferer's brow, leaving his unmistakable traces there.

"Mamma would not take the opiate," Lina whispered to me, "because she wanted to speak to you. I am to go down stairs, but you will call me as soon as you can, will you not?"

"As soon as she wishes it," I said, taking the little scared hands in mine. "You shall not be kept from her dear child."

She looked up gratefully, through a mist of unshed tears, and then went down stairs, while I drew up the only chair in the room, in answer to the soft, pleading eyes fixed upon me. While strength was granted to her, Mrs. Rivers told me the sad story of her life, and gave into my care a few relics of better days, to keep for Lina. For Lina! That was the dying woman's only sorrow, as she drew near to the land of shadows. I, who knew how carefully the child had been guarded and cherished amidst her rough surroundings, understood too well the agony of her mother's heart at the prospect of having her thrust into a work house. A wild resolution came into my heart.

"Mrs. Rivers," I said, gravely and gently, "You have shown in the last hour that you trusted me in many things. Will you put one more trust in me?"

"Have you not been my kind, patient friend for many months?" she answered.

"Will you, then, trust Lina to my care while I try to find her relatives? I will be all a brother could be to her."

A flash of joy irradiated the wan, dying face.

"God bless you," she said. "May a mother's dying blessing rest ever upon your head."

"Amen!" I whispered, as I went to call the child.

Then I returned to watch until the last, holding the slender little figure close to my side, glad in my inmost heart that I had long before won Lina's affection. When the end came, she turned to me with a patient resignation, heart-breaking to witness in one so young.

"Mamma said I must be glad she was to have no more pain," she said wistfully, "but it is very hard to be glad without her."

"Very hard," I replied, "unless you think all the time how happy she is now."

Ii was a deep dip into my slender funds to provide decent burial for the widow. Martha did not take kindly to my adopted sister. She sniffed and protested. But knowing my will was law when necessary, she submitted. But she burdened the sensitive, loving heart with tales of my deprivations, not knowing how the gentle presence comforted me. I would find Lina curled up in my chair with a book open before her reading by the firelight, but with traces of tears on her face. She was ever eager to do me service. I could not hear the thought of sending her to school, so I taught her in what leisure time I could command. And while I could give her little beyond the brotherly care and protection I had promised her mother, I advertised for her relatives that might come any day and snatch her from me. I tried to hope, for Lina's sake, that they would soon come to give her a luxurious home, but I knew my life would be sadly lonely, missing her. When she would draw a low seat to my side, rest her golden head of curls upon my knee, lift her soft, brown eyes to mine and talk in her low, sweet voice, I was conscious of a serene peace, such as my lonely life had seldom known. I loved her very, very dearly, and I was all she had to love. So we two, man and child, passed through the long winter, quite happy in being together. Spring had come, when I was summoned hastily to a railroad accident. One of the first who demanded my care was an old chum of mine. More than once I had thought of him in the long winter just passed, but I had no clue to his whereabouts. When my painful duties were over, I returned to the low, cot bed upon which he lay, and asked him something of his life, since our parting six years previous.

"Ah!" he said, "there have been many changes, old fellow. My father is dead, I am married and have two baby boys."

"And where is your home."

"It will be in N——, but I have been in this country but a few months. To tell the truth, I am here upon an errand at once sad and hopeful."

"What is that?"

"It is a long story. I had a sister whom I loved very fondly, and who was with my father when I went abroad, twelve years ago. Soon after my departure she married a scamp, a thoroughly bad man, who hoped to finger her inheritance. You know what women are. The more my father opposed the match, the more closely Caroline clung to the lover who was all perfect in her eyes. In spite of all entreaty, all opposition, she married him, making a runaway match at length. My father threw her off, and after a few months of angry solitude in his old home, joined me in Paris. I wrote to Caroline, but never received any answer. When my father died less than a year ago, he repented his harshness to his only daughter. He would not alter his will, that left me a wealthy man and my sister a beggar, but he begged of me to find her and divide the inheritance. I had made my home in Paris and married a French lady, so that I could not at once leave that city and take possession of my home in N——, and my father's property. But as soon as I could I came to England. One of the first newspapers I opened advertised for me or my father, in my sister's name, and begged me to send my address to this place. I only waited to establish my family in their new home and came here."

"Seeking Caroline Rivers?"

"Ah! you know."

"Yes, for the advertisement is mine."

Then I told him of his sister's death, and where he would find his niece.

"I have your sister's marriage certificate, that of her husband's death, and Lina's birth, and some few inexpensive trinkets she said that you would recognize."

I cannot dwell upon it. My little household fairy drifted out of my life again, leaving a blank darkness nothing would lighten. Her uncle was only slightly hurt, and in less than a week was journeying back to N——, carrying Lina to her ideal home I had often imagined for her. Even Martha was sorry when she was gone. In the seven years that followed I rose in my profession by dint of hard work and study. It was up-hill work, but I neared the top by steady application, and was already in easy circumstances, when I fell heir to a moderate fortune. Not a vast estate, but sufficient for ease from pecuniary care for a life-time. Soon after this came to me, a letter reached my home from my old friend, Gordon Walters. We had never corresponded, but he wrote: "Lina is quite ill from the same disease, I think, of which poor Caroline died. We have had the best advice for her, but she fancies that you and you alone, can cure her. Can you come and try your skill for her? It is useless for me to tell you how profound will be our gratitude if you can help her."

It had been a theory of mine that this same disease I always considered incurable could be eradicated from the system if taken in time. Its inroads were made so gradually that, as a rule, the patient applied for relief only when it was too late.

Never can I forget the expression of the pale face when I first stood beside her. A thrill of joy unutterable filled my heart when I read there certainty that I had been held in loving remembrance during all the long years of separation. In our many long talks I learned that all the love lavished upon her, the happiness of her new home, the advantages of education she highly prized had never shaken her tender memory of our winter together. I could not have my practice in one city and Lina under my care in another, so I sold my home and came to N——. All the gentle patience of her girlhood was needed for the course of treatment I was compelled to prescribe, but she never questioned the wisdom of the harshest measures, or shrank from any remedy I advised. So, together, my patient and I won back the boon of health to the young frame, and I proved my theory by curing Lina of the hereditary illness we had all feared would end her young life. And while I strove to master the disease, I found my love for the child I had taken to my poor home was but the beginning of my manhood's one strong love. My profession had filled heart and brain for many long years, and my lonely life had known no sunshine so bright as the winter visit of my child love. But in this intercourse of more mature years I learned that God-sent lesson of true and perfect love, lacking which no life is complete. And I won an answering from the fair, sweet maiden, who seemed but my own tender, loving child come back to me. In all her years in her uncle's home, the petted darling there, my Lina had lost nothing of that modest grace and patient sweetness of her child life. She seemed too fair and gentle for this rough world. When I told her she was well, needing no more my skill or care, she lifted her eyes with a strange fear there.

"Well," she answered, "does that mean that you will leave me alone again?"

Then I told her how I loved her, and the sweet face rested upon my bosom, and the low voice answered:

"I have loved you since first I saw you! You will not leave me again?"

"Never!"

And I have kept my word. There was no voice raised in opposition when I sought my bride, and once more my fireside is brightened, my home cheered, my heart made happy by the gentle presence of Lina, my wife.

Scrap of History About National Conventions.

The National Conventions of the two great parties will meet this year in the same city for the first time since 1852. In that year both Scott and Pierce were nominated at Baltimore, as were Polk and Clay in 1844; but the Democrats turned their steps westward and nominated Buchanan at Cincinnati in 1856. In 1860 they first met at Charleston, but split the body after nominating Douglas, and the Bourbon wing swarmed off to Baltimore and nominated Breckenridge. McClellan was nominated at Chicago in 1864; Seymour at New York in 1868; Greeley at Baltimore in 1872; Tilden at St. Louis in 1876, and Hancock at Cincinnati in 1880.

The Whigs held their first National Convention at Harrisburg in December, 1839, and nominated Harrison for the long battle of 1840. Clay was nominated at Baltimore in 1844; Taylor was nominated at Philadelphia in 1848, and Scott was nominated at Baltimore in 1852. In 1856 the Republicans held their first National Convention in Philadelphia and nominated Freemont, and the Americans nominated Fillmore the same year at New York. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago in 1860; was re-nominated at Baltimore in 1864; Grant was nominated at Chicago in 1868; was re-nominated at Philadelphia in 1872; Hayes was nominated at Cincinnati in 1876, and Garfield was nominated at Chicago in 1880.

Philadelphia has had but two National Conventions and they were both Republican. Even in old Democratic times, when Pennsylvania was reliably Democratic, the Assembled Democratic wisdom never chose Philadelphia for its deliberations. The last score of years has given such an impetus to western growth that Chicago only is central for a National Convention, and both parties are now seeking to propitiate the West in National contests. It is natural, therefore, that Chicago, with her palatial hotels and hospitable people, can gather the National Presidential conclaves to her embrace.

How to Save Yourself From Drowning.

An experienced swimmer says in regard to drowning: When you find yourself in deep water, you will sink first a few feet down, but if you do not struggle you will come quickly to the surface again, which on reaching, immediately draw a full breath, throw your head back and this will have the effect of placing you in a recumbent position on the surface of the water. Now, this is a most critical time for those who don't know what to do next. Extend your arms at once on a level with your shoulders, palms of hands downward, so that the water cannot penetrate them, and begin gently paddling the water with the movement of the hands from the wrists only, extend your legs quietly and slowly in a line with your body. If you raise your arms or your legs above the surface of the water you will sink, but if you have the presence of mind not to do so, or struggle about, you will never sink as long as you keep paddling, gently without exertion, with your hands, and so you may float on until you are picked up or you are numbed by cold.

Why he drew forth his Wallet.

"I haven't seen your pet dog for several days," said a Somerville husband to his wife.

"No," she replied; "the fact is, I have given him away."

"Why, you needn't have done that. I had no particular objection to him."

"Oh, I knew that; but I thought it was not right for me to have a pet dog about the house when I have such a good, kind husband to lavish my affections upon.

The husband sank into a chair, with a deep sigh.

"How much do you want, Mary?" he asked, as he drew his wallet from his pocket; "it can't be a sealskin sacque, for the winter is nearly over."

"No," she said, "it is not a sealskin sacque; but I would really like a new silk for the spring, and you know it's got to be bought and made, and all that.

"Now," he said, as he handed her the money, "what proof of your affection will you give me when you want another dress, since you have given away your dog?"

"Oh," she sweetly replied, "I've given the dog to my sister, and I can get him back again."

The man who takes medicine goes in for internal improvement.

Some Advice to Young Farmers.

For young men entering upon farming, it is well to understand at once that for a publisher, a merchant or a farmer to be successful, he is to become so by his own efforts. None of them are born successful, or are made to order. Rarely, in fact, has any one made money in the exact way he expected to make it. No doubt each has a general plan in his head, and may carry it out sometimes as he has arranged it; but the "filling in"—that is, the details—come after, and here is where the difference frequently comes in. The one who succeeds, as a general thing is the one who has the knack of seizing upon circumstances as they arise, and turning them to good advantage. The most of these successful farmers, too, are those who attach themselves closely to one place. They may not have decided with the best judgment in locating themselves; but instead of endeavoring to correct this mistake, they should as a rule hold on to it, and in making the best of it they will in four chances out of five, do the best by it. It is almost impossible for any man, however experienced a farmer he may be, to decide at once what his land is best fitted for, without a trial for two or three years; but when once that knowledge is gained he can go on more and more every year in establishing the real value and adaptability of his ground. In addition to all this, what a farmer is going to realize form his crops is of as much importance to him as the power of the soil to bring them to perfection, and this profit and loss of knowledge is also a thing of growth which one can rarely tell to another, though disposed to do so. In brief, the successful farmer is the one who knows how to feel his way, and knowing follows it to inevitable success. To such a one it is impossible to say what he should grow. He must begin carefully, and find out for himself. The best advice to all new beginners is, not to spend all their money upon any one thing too soon, and permit no tempting speculator to induce him to go heavily in debt, or in debt at all, unless he can, for himself, see his way clear beyond all question. And always, if possible, keep some ready cash in hand, never run his purse so low as not, in an emergency, to protect himself against a pressing debt, should he have the misfortune to incur one which his inexperience has not warned him to avoid.

In conclusion, be not disheartened if some one should tell you that you cannot get rich on your farm, and advise you to try something else. The resolute, thorough-going young man, if he should have little or no capital, and shall be obliged to go in debt, should have no fear of success unless unlooked-for misfortune overtake him. The will to do and the power to accomplish a thing, after it has been clearly planned and marked out, seldom fails to realize expectation. Good health, industrious habits, temperance, economy, a wife who is truly a helpmeet, will insure a constant competency to every man who starts well, and goes on well, without flagging.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Woman's Love.

John P. Smith, the graduate of Columbia College who has been on trial in the Court of General Sessions for several days past, says the New York *Sun* of the 24th inst., was yesterday found guilty of forgery. When asked the usual question before sentence, he replied: "I am innocent of the charge, however perplexing the question may be." In passing sentence Judge Cowing said that the evidence led to only one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt. He commented on the unfortunate friends who were disgraced by the conviction of the prisoner. He sentenced Smith to State Prison for five years with hard labor. The young lady to whom he was shortly to be married sat by his side throughout the day and was with him in the rear of the court room while the jury was deliberating. When the jury entered court she retired to the corridor and stood by the private entrance to the court room used by the judge and heard the verdict. When the jury announced the verdict, she sank into a chair, sobbing hysterically. She recovered herself in a few moments, and insisted on meeting the prisoner. Her friends tried to dissuade her, but she insisted, and made her way to the prisoner's room. There a most affecting scene ensued. Friends of the young lady say that she has expressed her determination to wait until his release from prison and then marry him.

An Able California Story.

One of the most noble teams on record is owned by a boy in Tehama. The young fellow's flyers are nothing more nor less than two large sturgeons which were caught by his father in the Sacramento river. The boy's name is Frank Cooper. He has fastened the end of a strong rope to the tail of each fish, and the other end is fastened to the bow of an eighteen-foot boat. Two cords, fastened in some manner to the heads of the fish, serve as reins, and the owner of the team guides his fishy chargers up and down stream at will. The other day he took a spin up the river to Red Bluff, accompanied by three other boys, and at that place the curious outfit attracted much attention.

Young Cooper contemplates a trip to Chico, and if the trip thus far is successful, he will lay in a stock of supplies and continue his meanderings to Sacramento. The first day these "water horses" were hitched up they "bucked" with all the energy of a thoroughbred untamed Mexican mustang, jumping and plunging out of the water, and diving down as far as their harness would permit. But they have been broken splendidly, and cause no trouble to their proud driver. When they are not in use the fish are driven into a large wooden cage, which was made expressly for them.—*Chico Record.*

Plain Girls Marry.

A worldly-wise woman was asked on one occasion why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome ones; to which she replied, that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls, and the vanity and want of tact on the part of men. "How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman. "In this way," answered the lady: "The plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who find the task irksome after a while." The majority of men love to talk about themselves. You remember the story told of another society woman? "When I wanted a man to prolong his call," she said, I talked to him of himself; when I wished him to go I talked of myself. The plan never fails."

There are some men, however, who sacrifice personal egotism in order to conquer women. Here is a case to the point. When Sheridan first met his second wife, who was then a Miss Ogle, years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheek, too purple in hue, for beauty. "What a fright exclaimed Miss Ogle, loud enough for him to hear. Instead of being annoyed by the remark, Sheridan at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but actually fall in love with him. At their second meeting, she thought him ugly but certainly fascinating. A week or two afterward he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared that she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her; and in his usual miraculous ways he found the money.

Food For Young Chickens.

A correspondent of the *New England Homestead* gives her method of feeding to produce large early-maturing fowls:

The first three or four days I feed chickens on crackers and hard boiled eggs, chopped very fine. One egg and two crackers is sufficient for a brood of twelve one day, provided the hen has whole grain constantly beside her. For the next few days I give oatmeal slightly moistened, or baked johnny cake and millet seed. When three weeks old I change to a mash of boiled potatoes, meal middlings and bran, a few beef scraps, a little bone meal and salt. I keep dry, cracked corn, wheat, oats, or whole corn, by them all the time, to pick at when they wish. After the first week I give some kind of green food, using turnips, potatoes, cabbage, etc., until a supply of winter rye, oats or lettuce can be sown in boxes or cold frames. Until three weeks old I feed at least five times a day, the first and last meal as early and late as they can see to eat it. Success depends as much on frequent and regular feeding as on the quality of the food. Chickens fed in this way get a good start while young, and will lay two months earlier than if kept hanging between life and death on raw corn meal dough thrown to them once or twice a day and left to become foul and sour. The extra cost and trouble is amply repaid in the greater per cent raised and earlier maturity of the chickens.

Selecting a Horse.

The *Turf, Field and Farm*, than which there is no better authority on the subject, says that "in buying a horse, first look at his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains, you cannot teach him to do anything well. If bad qualities predominate in a horse, education only serves to enlarge and intensify them. The head is the indicator of disposition. A square muzzle, with large nostrils, evidences an ample breathing apparatus and lung power. Next, see that he is well out under the jowl, jawbones broad and wide apart under the throttle. Breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes are always desirable. The eyes should be full and hazeled in color, ears small and thin and thrown well forward. The horse that turns his ears back every now and then is not to be trusted. He is either a biter or a kicker, and is sure to be vicious in other respects, and, being naturally vicious, can never be trained to do anything well, and so a horse with a round nose, tapering forehead, and a broad, full face below the eyes is always treacherous and not to be depended on. Avoid the long-legged, stilted animal—always choosing one with a short, straight back and rump, withers high and shoulders sloping, well set back, and with good depth of chest, fore legs short hind legs straight, with low down hock, short pastern joints, and a round mulish-shaped foot."

Savings of Twenty-Three Years Burned.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—A package of burnt money representing $2,690 was received by Treasurer Wyman to-day for redemption. It was the property of Thomas Dowling, a quarrymen, living near Menasha Wis., and represented the savings of 23 years of hard work. His cabin was destroyed on the 6th inst., and with it all his money, which was in the form of greenbacks and national bank notes. The charred remains of the money were submitted to the examination of a committee of treasury experts, and all the legal tender notes to the amount of $1,950 were identified. They were redeemed at once. The remainder will be transmitted to the banks of issue for their action, and the result will be that the entire amount of the burnt money will be restored to its owner. This is only one of many cases of this kind acted upon by the treasury.

To be trusted—A greater compliment than to be loved.

Insect Life in a Snowflake.

Some of the imaginative and wonderfully learned German scholars tell us that every snowflake is inhabited by happy little beings, who are born, hold their revels, and live their long lives of happiness and delight, die and are buried, all during the decent of the snowflake from the world of clouds to the solid land. I do not know whether to believe these scholars or not. They are of the same school which tells you that every square foot of air possesses some 12,000,000 or 15,000,000 of more or less perfect little beings, and that every ordinary breath we destroy a million, more or less, of these happy lives. The sigh of a healthy lover is supposed to swallow up about 15,000,000. They insist that the dust, which will, as all knew, accumulate in the most secure and secret places, is merely the remains of millions of these little beings who have died of old age. All this, of course, is mere speculation. But I do not know that the snow is, in some parts of the world, thickly inhabited. I have seen new snow in Idaho black with little insects. They call them snow fleas. They are lively as possible, and will darken your foot prints, walk as fast as you may. They are found only on high mountains, and only in fresh and very deep snow. They, of course, do not annoy you in any way. They are infinitely smaller than the ordinary flea, but exactly the same in locomotion.

Maginn's Establishment Robbed.

PITTSBURGH, March 24.—Quite an extensive robbery was committed about 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning at Maginn's cracker store, No. 285 Liberty street. An entrance was effected by cutting out the glass in the rear door of the building. A cheap glass cutter was found near the door with which it is supposed the glass was cut. As the opening was not large enough to admit a man it is believed the robbers had a boy with them. A woman, living in the neighborhood, says she heard a wagon drive up to the back door between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning but had no idea what it meant. As no light is left burning in the store, the