Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Terms of Publication.
Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.
No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters 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.

J. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

EDWARD W. BIESECKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office up-stairs in Cook & Beerits' Block.

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

EVEN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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

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

T. TRENT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a.

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

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

W. H. RUPPEL.
HOFFROTH.
HOFFROTH & RUPPEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to.
Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Church Block.

COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Business intrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collection made in Somerset and adjoining Counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

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

DENNIS MEYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a
Legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.
Office on Main Cross Street, next door to Snyder's Store.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
In Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, Main Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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

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

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,
Claim and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa.
Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
And Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Somerset, Pa.,
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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

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

DR. E. W. BLOUGH,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Offers his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly attended to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. ☞Office on the east corner of Diamond, over Knepper's Store. apr23 6tif.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL
Tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office, on Main Cross, east of the Diamond.

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

DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.
Office—One door east of Wayne & Berkebile's Store store.

DR. JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office up stairs in Cook & Beerits Block, Somerset, Pa.

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

DR. HOWARD WYNNE, MD.
JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.
Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Surgical and Exclusive practice. Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Luther & Green Block, 206 Main St.

DR. P. THOMPSON, M. D.
SURGEON DENTIST,
Johnstown, Pa.
Has had a professional experience of more than 20 years. FILLING TEETH A SPECIALTY. Office rooms No. 222 Main street (up stairs) over John Deiber's Hardware Store. It will be necessary for persons who want work done to make engagements beforehand. oct16'83.

DR. 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 5 1882.

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.

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 tables and rooms cannot be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the house. 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

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

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO 47. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1884. WHOLE NO. 1712.

YOU ARE
Respectfully Invited to Call and Examine, Before Purchasing Elsewhere the Largest Assortment of
Stoves, Tin, Copper,
Or Sheet-Iron Ware, Knives, Forks, Plated Ware, Lamps,
Enameled Ware, Clothes Wringers, Etc.
To be found in the Western Part of this State. Our Goods are Warranted to be as represented, and prices are Nett Cash, within the reach of all persons needing them.
TIN ROOFING, SPOUTING AND JOBBING
OF ALL KINDS IN TIN, SHEET-IRON OR COPPER.
Promptly Attended to at Lowest Rates.
Brushes a Specialty, at Wholesale Only.
Orders Solicited from Merchants Selling Goods in My Line.
FRANK W. HAY,
No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Penn'a.

TO SHOE BUYERS OF
SOMERSET TOWN AND COUNTY.
We Wish to Call Your Attention to the Large Stock of
BOOTS, SHOE AND SLIPPERS,
Which have arrived for the Spring Trade of 1884.
When you visit Johnstown we shall be pleased to see you in our Large Store, and will take pleasure in showing you the fine line of
Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen
Which we carry in Stock, as well as a very large Stock of Medium and Coarse Boots and Shoes. Farmers, when you visit our Store ask us to show you the Hand-made
ACME KIP PLOW FOR MEN AND BOYS.
It is the Best Shoe made, at a very Low Price. Our business is conducted on a
ONE PRICE SYSTEM.
All our Goods are marked in Plain Figures, at the very Lowest Possible Price, so if you can't come yourself send a postal card, describing as near as you can the Style, Quality and Price you want to pay, and we will send them to you by return mail.
L. STARGARDTER,
ONE-PRICE OPERA HOUSE SHOE STORE,
212 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa.
apr9.1yr

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

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

ALBERT A. 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,
Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED
☞ORDERS BY MAIL ATTENDED TO WITH CARE AND DISPATCH. apr9

CURTIS K. GROVE.
(East from Court House.)
Somerset, Penn'a.
Manufacturer of
BUGGIES,
SLEIGHS,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING WAGONS,
BUCK WAGONS,
AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to Give Satisfaction.
I Employ Only First-Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. PRICES REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind-Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House.)
apr30-1yr. SOMERSET, PA.

QUEMAHONING
WOOLEN MILLS.
—:o:—
WM. S. MORGAN, Proprietor,
THE Agents of these well-known Mills are now visiting their customers with a splendid assortment of
WOOLEN GOODS,
which they wish to trade for Wool. These Goods are made in our own County, from Pure Stock, on the Latest Improved Machinery, and by first-class workmen. We want FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS OF WOOL this year, and will make it pay you to deal with us.
☞We are also prepared to do Custom Spinning and Wool Carding. Address,
WM. S. MORGAN,
apr23-3m. Quemahoning, Pa.

Orphans' Court Sale
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to the undersigned directed, there will be exposed o sale by public outcry on

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House, in the Borough of Somerset, Penn'a., the following described Real Estate, late the property of Samuel Hay, deceased, viz:

A certain tract or parcel of land situate in Somerset township, Somerset County, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. Stahl, Wm. Weighly, Jacob Barron, George Barron and others, containing 19 acres more or less, having thereon erected a new two-story frame

DWELLING HOUSE,

Cabinet Shop, Stable and other outbuildings, with a young orchard of a choice variety of fruit; good water; about 40 rods to school house, one-fourth mile to Samuel's Church, one mile to Lavansville, and three miles to Somerset. Possession given immediately.

TERMS:

Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid as soon as property is knocked down, and balance on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, except the sum of $1233.33, with interest from April 1, 1883, which shall remain a lien on the premises, the interest thereof to be paid annually to Elizabeth Bradigum, and at her death the principal sum to the heirs and legal representatives of Geo. Bradigum, deceased.
JOHN A. KAYLOR,
apr.30. Administrator.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of certain writs of Vend Ex., Fi Fa., and Lev. Fi Fa issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Somerset, Pa., on

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1884,

at 1½ o'clock P. M., all the right, title, interest and claim of the defendants, John O. Kimmel, H. L. Baer and J. G. Ogle, Assignees of J. O. Kimmell, and Christian Long, terre tenant, of, in and to the following real estate, situate in Somerset Township, Somerset Co., Pa., being a farm containing 160 acres more or less, adjoining lands of David Husband, Frederick Weller, et al., having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, bank barn, and other outbuildings, and known as the Hemminger farm, with the appurtenances.
Taken in execution at the suit of Wm. M. Hall.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant, Chauncy F. Bittner, of, in and to the following real estate, situate in Somerset township, Somerset county, Pa., being a certain farm or tract of land, adjoining lands of Oliver Knepper, Perry Barndt, David Casebeer, Jacob Shaulis, and others, containing 72 acres, more or less, with a two-story log dwelling house, barn, and other outbuildings thereon erected, with the appurtenances.
Taken in execution at the suit of Mary M. Gastiger, use of James M. Cover, use of Ed. Kiernan, use of R. S. Kiernan, Executrix of Ed. Kiernan, deceased.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant, Rufus Crissey, of, in and to the following real estate, being two certain lots of ground to wit: Nos. 7 and 8 situate in Hooversville, Quemahoning twp., Somerset co., Pa., adjoining lands of Sarah and Rachel Sell, Ann Swank, Peter Lohr, public road, and others, containing 34 perches, having thereon erected a two-story plank dwelling house, carpenter shop and other outbuildings, with the appurtenances.
Taken in execution at the suit of Jacob D. Powell, Administrator of Rufus Peterman, dec'd.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant, Kate Palmer, of, in and to the following real estate, viz: A certain lot of ground situate in Olinger Addition to Meyersdale Borough Somerset County, Pa., containing 54 square perches more or less, bounded on the North by Pennsylvania street, on the east by lot of —— Housel, on the South by North Street, and on the West by Grant street, with a one and a half story dwelling house and stable thereon erected, with the appurtenances.
Taken in execution at the suit of Wm. Saylor.

NOTICE.—All persons purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that a part of the purchase money—to be made known at the time of sale—will be required as soon as the property is knocked down, otherwise it will be again exposed to sale at the risk of the first purchaser. The residue of the purchase money must be paid on or before Thursday of the first week of May Court, the time fixed by the Court for the acknowledgment of deeds, and no deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.
JOHN J. SPANGLER
mar23 Sheriff.

LIST OF CAUSES

Following is the list of Civil causes for trial at May Term, commencing on Monday, the 19th day:

FIRST WEEK.

Catharine Reese vs. Jacob Phillippi.
H. H. Lohr and Noah Koontz vs. B. F. Lung.
Wm. Suter vs. Nicholas Appel.
David J. Blough vs. Simon Shomas.
Levi Kaufman vs. Same.
Andrew Blough vs. Henry Barnhart et al.
John Mahaney vs. Catharine Walker.
Josiah M. Hay vs. John Williams, et al.
Elizabeth Miller's right vs. Edward and Annie Ginder.
Sarah Ringler vs. Matthias Bowman.
Simon P. Sweitzer vs. Same.
Pearson Lohr vs. Somerset & Cambria R.R. Co.
Sarah Johnson's right vs. J. J. Spangler, Sheriff.
Albert E. Ryan vs. Catharine Walker et al.
M. E. Dunham vs. John Alsip.

SECOND WEEK.

Howe Machine Co. vs. Fichtner & Ellis.
Same vs. Same.
John Reinman's widow vs. Susanna Walter et al
Wolfensberger & Phillippi vs. P. S & C. R. R. Co.
George Cobaugh vs. J. M. Helderbaum & Sons.
Edward Mostoller vs. S. S. & C. R. R. Co.
Same vs. Same.
Peter Weimer vs. Lewis Weighley.
Annie J. Lambert vs. Wm. Johnson et al.
Thos. J. M'Kalg's admr's vs. G. H. Hocking.
F. W. Dull vs. J. A. Hunter.
H. H. Stahl vs. Simon Hauger.
George Newland vs. John Bengler.
Reiter & Co. vs. Young & Brown.
Lydia Unsw's right vs. Sem. Co. Mut. F. Ins Co.
Jonathan Leydig vs. J. H. & Sol Uhl.
Conrad Hochstetler vs. Peter Brick.
John H. Masters vs. W. H. Coughenour.
Jonathan Poorbaugh vs. Simon Snyder.
S. Philson & Co. vs. Charles L. Baltzer.
H. H. Kemp vs. William & Francis Zufall.
Charles Zimmerman vs. Conemaugh Township.
S. J. Cover's widow vs. Samuel Mishler.
Thos. Hepplesbhite vs. Swede Iron & Coal Co.
roty.'s Office. S. U. TRENT,
April 23, 1884. Prothonotary.

THE LITTLE FAT DOCTOR.

He seemed so strange to me every way—
In manner, and ways, and size,
From the boy I knew but yesterday—
I could hardly believe my eyes!
To hear his name called over there,
My memory filled with glee,
And leaped to picture him young and fair,
And fresh as he used to be.
But, looking, as only glad eyes can,
For the boy I knew of yore,
I smiled on a portly little man
I had never seen before!
Grave as a judge, in courthness—
Professor-like and bland—
A little fat doctor, and nothing less,
With his hat in his kimbocd hand.
But how we talked old times, and chaffed
Each other, with "Minnie," and "Jim!"
And how the little fat doctor laughed—
And how I laughed at him!
"And it's pleasant," I said, "though I yearn to see
The face of the youth that was,
To know no boy could smile on me
As the little fat doctor does!"
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

A WIFE'S CHARM.

A pout upon the red lips of Gerald Sinclair's young wife—unmistakably a pout—for though a wife of almost two years, her fond, indulgent husband had for the first time said nay to an openly expressed wish.

The fancy ball of the season, a grand and fashionable assemblage, was to take place during his absence and he had said that he should prefer she would not attend.

She was only 20. Let this much be said in extenuation of the two great tears that rose to the brown eyes and slowly trickled down the pretty face, splashing on to the dainty morning dress, which, clinging to the dainty form, revealed so perfectly its graceful outlines.

Certainly, Niobe had no reason to be ashamed of this one of her children. But Gerald Sinclair had only stooped and kissed away the glistening drops, in a half-hurried manner, perhaps to hide his awakening remorse.

"Never mind, little wife. I'll make it up to you another time."

Then he was gone; but she sat still, turning and re-turning her wedding ring, with eyes bent upon it. It was a curious ring—a solid band, set with five large diamonds.

It had been her charm, her talisman, not to be taken from her finger until soul and body had parted; but this morning it had lost its charm. If it failed to scatter the clouds, it failed to bring back the sunshine.

Even when the hour came round for Gerald's home coming, he missed his usual warm welcome, but he thought he might trust his wife's heart and said nothing. The next day he started on his journey.

"You're not going, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, bursting in upon her friend on the morning of the ball.

"And why not?"

"Gerald is away," replied Mrs. Sinclair, with some little show of wifely dignity, as though the fact were in itself sufficient explanation.

"And why need that make any difference?" pursued Mrs. Martin, a bewitching little widow some few years her friend's senior. "I will share my escort with you—Count Belzoni!"

Sophie Sinclair looked up amazed. She knew that the man mentioned had but lately gained an entree into society, and knew also that her husband disliked and distrusted him.

Once or twice she had seen his eye fixed admiringly upon herself, and had felt somewhat as the bird might feel beneath the basilisk glare of the serpent.

"Well, why don't you answer?" continued Mrs. Martin. "Will you go?"

"No, no," she replied trying to speak with firm decision. Besides, I do not think that Gerald admires the count."

"Prejudice, my dear, all prejudice. The count is one of the most charming and agreeable men I know. Indeed, I think I should be canonized for my willingness to share his attentions, especially as I have heard him say all manner of pretty things about you."

"Nonsense, Ellen," retorted Mrs. Sinclair.

But she felt the ground slipping beneath her feet as she spoke

After all Gerald had not said positively no! Had he thought it necessary after he had openly expressed his disapprobation of her going?

He had not known that she would be so sorely tempted. Besides she would wear a mask. No one would know her; and when she told Gerald he would forgive her. A sudden thought came to her.

"I will go," she said at last, after continued urging, and looking at the picture in all its brightest lights, "on the condition, and that is, no one is to know me—not even the count. Say that you have persuaded a friend to accompany you, who wishes to remain unknown. I will come to your house, where he will find me, and thus gain no clue.

So it was decided; but, in spite of her exquisite costume of a fairy as she concealed it and herself beneath a large domino, as the clock on her mantel chimed ten, it seemed to Sophie that every stroke said: "Stay, stay!"

She was almost tempted to obey it, but she had promised Ellen; and after all, she had heard that it was well for young wives to assert themselves.

An hour later and, on Count Belzoni's arm, she entered upon the brilliant scene. So far he had not even seemed curious to ascertain her identity. She experienced at this a singular sense of relief.

The ball was at its height as the clock rang out the hour of midnight, but for the first time in her life light and gayety were distasteful. A hundred times she wished herself at home.

"I will tell Gerald. I have already been punished," she whispered to herself, as she stood for a moment alone in a quiet corner.

"You look more like a nun than a fairy—rather like one who had foresworn the vanities of the world. than a siren to tempt men to their destruction," said a voice close to her, "though to the latter I know no one more fitted."

"Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, recognizing as she spoke, the count standing at her elbow.

"Ah, you thought I did not know you. I should penetrate any disguise you wore. Besides, you have forgotten to remove a badge of recognition."

She followed with her eyes his downward glance, and saw that it rested on her hand, ungloved, as in better accord with the exigencies of her costume.

Involuntarily she drew it away, with the ring which had betrayed her.

Denial was useless.

"Since you know me, then," she said, "we will not further play a part. To the others we are masks; to ourselves we are ourselves."

"Ah, madame," he whispered, "let us rather say to the world we are ourselves, to each other we are a mask. Can men, think you, look coldly on such beauty as you possess? Can——"

Indignant and alarmed, she checked his further speech by starting forward to escape him. His hand closed on hers as in a vice. She wrenched it from him, sprang among a crowd of maskers, and so made her way to the door.

"Call a carriage for me," she directed.

Ten minutes later she was within her own home. Her first impulse was to tear off the hated costume which had caused her such trouble; her next to throw herself on the bed and sob out her excitement and contrition. The morning sun, streaming into her room, awoke her.

With a shudder, she remembered the events of the past night. She looked down at her hand—the hand which had been polluted by another's touch—as though in some way she expected to find the contamination branded on its soft white surface. It was all unmarred; but—she looked again—she rubbed her eyes and looked—the color meanwhile fluttering out of her cheeks, and her pale lips quivering, as if her heart seemed to stand still in a sudden agony of fear; for from the third finger was missing the talismanic ring.

When and where had she lost it, and how could she now find the courage to confess all to Gerald? She rose and dressed, revolving this problem in her mind.

At any hour her husband might return. For the first time she dreaded to meet him—dreaded to look into his kindly, handsome eyes and read there all his incredulous reproach, mingled perhaps with scorn and anger.

The day wore on. Her friend, Mrs. Martin, ran in to scold her for her desertion; but her pale face and trembling tones made good her plea of sudden illness.

At nightfall Gerald arrived. She threw herself into his arms in a burst of nervous weeping; but when he wonderingly asked its cause, her courage failed her.

Why was it she never imagined that he might look stern until today?

A week past, when one evening, sitting in the twilight, a step sounded close beside. She looked up to discover the count.

"Pardon!" he began, in answer to her indignant, questioning look. "Why must you be so cruel? May I not now see you?"

"Sir, I command you to leave me. I am now under the protection of my own roof."

He was about to answer, when a latch key was heard inserted in the outside door.

In an instant he had sprung into some place of concealment, but the fact that he was near lent to the young wife a sudden courage, born of the moment's desperation. Her husband, entering, approached her, but she motioned him back.

"Gerald," she said, "I have a bitter confession to make. It is fitting you should hear it now."

He listened, with arms folded across his breast, while she told him all the story of the fated night.

"And is this all?" he questioned bitterly, when she had paused.

"No, not all," she continued, raising her voice. "My confession has another witness, who has forced his hated presence again upon me. The Count Belzoni is here again, Gerald."

As she spoke she drew aside the curtain; but the form she expected to disclose was gone, the open window attesting to its flight.

Silently the husband drew a paper from his pocket, and showed her a paragraph offering a reward for the arrest of a thief and swindler known as the Count Belzoni.

"My darling," he said, "my wife has learned a lesson she'll not forget. I have known this story all the time, but have waited until you came to tell it to me. I returned the night of the ball, to take you with me, when I found you had gone. Imagine what I suffered, and my added suffering when, arriving at the scene of enjoyment, where I had followed you, I discovered who was your companion. I stood near you, and heard the words he addressed to you—heard with joyful heart your answer; saw you wrench your hands from his hold, and also saw what you did not, the sparkle of the ring he drew from your finger. Poor little girl! I watched you hasten thro' the crowd, and knew that you had already met your bitterest punishment. It has been through my efforts that the count has been traced and exposed. Only this morning I recovered your ring from the man with whom he had pledged it as security. Once more I place it on your finger. But remember, darling, it is only the outward charm. A wife's true talisman is her husband's honor."

I was troubled with chronic catarrh, and gathering in head; was deaf at times, had discharges from ears, unable to breathe through nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted, I was cured.—C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Individualism in Politics.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in declining to become a candidate for the House of Commons, has called attention to what may be perhaps a defect in our present political methods. He believes that that the person chosen to represent a political constituency should be absolutely master of himself; that by his votes and speeches he should follow out the course which seemed to him best, irrespective of whether this course is approved by those whom he represents or not. In one way Mr. Spencer is quite right. The tendency of our times is to limit the freedom of action of the individual. A man is elected not to do what he considers is for the best interests of the country, but to follow out a certain line of party policy, which he may scarcely believe is detrimental to the country. In this way we never obtain from our public men the best service they are capable of performing. They will always feel upon them the constraint of their constituents, and will content themselves with keeping within the well-defined lines of party policy. On the other hand, the theory of individualism—of personally adopting what may seem to be right opinions and following these to their logical conclusions, independent of the wishes of those whom one represents, and of the needs of party as well—can hardly fail to exercise a demoralizing effect in a representative form of government. Control in these governments is vested in parties, and where no two will think and act alike it is impossible to construct a well organized party of any dimensions greater than one man. The obstacle that the liberals on the continent of Europe have encountered has come from the fact of their excessive independence. Each individual has had a pet theory of government which he wishes to see embodied in the organic laws of his country, and has been so completely logical in the support of his plan that he has consistently opposed the suggestions and plans of others. Such a method might serve admirably if a man happened to be an autocrat, but if he is only one of a large number of people, all of whom are quite as important as he is in determining the scope of legislation, the willingness to yield, and the readiness to discover points of similarity in the various plans suggested, are necessary features of practical statesmanship. Mr. Spencer is probably quite right in thinking that he would not succeed in public life, a fact due chiefly to his indisposition to think very highly of the views put forward by others.—*Boston Herald.*

Durability of Bank of England Notes.

The album in which specimens of the various counterfeits discovered are preserved, also contains some interesting proof of the extraordinary durability of the notes. There are three notes for twenty-five pounds which passed through the Chicago fire, and were sent in for redemption by Mr. R. H. Nottin, paymaster of the Chicago and Alton Railway. Though they are burnt to a crisp black ash, the paper is scarcely broken, and the engraving is as clear as in a new note. There are also five five-pound notes which went to the bottom of the sea in the unfortunate training ship Eurydice, and were recovered after six month's immersion. They are not even frayed. The paper is stained a light brown, and that is the only effect their long exposure to salt water has had. We were shown in a small case covered with a magnifying glass a few charred fragments of paper for which the bank paid £1400. They are the remains of several notes destroyed in a fire, and were redeemed at their full value, the holders being able to give their numbers and dates, and to satisfy the bank that they had actually been destroyed. There is another note in the album which was in circulation 125 years before it was returned to the bank for payment. No note is issued twice. As soon as a note is returned, even though it has been out but a few hours, it is cancelled. Very often a note issued in the morning is brought back to the bank in the afternoon of the same day, but on an average a five-pound note is out about eighty days. The notes have many strange adventures. One of a large denomination was found keeping the wind away in the broken pane of a cottage window, neither the cottager nor his wife having any idea of its value. Another, also for a large sum, the disappearance of which had led to many wrongful suspicions and accusations, was discovered, after many years, inclosed in the wall of the house from which it had mysteriously disappeared. One thing the notes will not endure. They will hold together at the bottom of the sea, and come out of a furnace intact, but they will not outlast the scrubbing, the bleaching, and the mangling of the laundry. That trial, to which they are often subjected through the inadvertence of ladies who send them to the wash in their dress pockets, usually defaces them, though even after it their genuineness is still recognizable.

Buckland's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box.
For Sale by C. N. Boyd. june20.

They killed a book agent at Cresson a few weeks ago, but they had to run over him with nine freight cars to do it. People who can't afford to keep a fast freight train in the house are still at the book agent's mercy.

CATARRH.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y.

To Europe in Four Days.

A French engineer, M. Sebillot, proposes to shorten the time between this continent and Europe to four days. His idea is to adapt to ocean navigation, on a more acute and longer scale, the idea which models the North river steamers and the ferry-boats of the East river. It is that of having virtually two hulls, a lower and an upper, the lower and the centre to be deep, long, narrow, and at the bows very sharp, reducing the angle forward by the line of the bows where they cut the water with the line of the vessel's motion from 1 to 15 degrees as now, to even 3 degrees. The lower hull will thus preserve a width from stem to stern of only a third the width of the upper hull, and the latter will either be out of water, or, when the vessel is deeply laden, will barely rest upon the water. He estimates that a vessel of 12,000 tons as compared with the newest fast steamers, with 10,000 horse-power, 1,200 feet immersed cross-section, and running twenty knots per hour in calm water, would show a speed of 32 knots and probably 35 knots. It follows that such a vessel could cross the ocean, in calm water, from New York to Europe, in about four days. This is by no means an extravagant supposition, as the fineness of the lines is out of comparison with the usual lines in fast steamers, and can be compared only with those of some fine race boats renowned for their speed, and built either shallow and wide or narrow and deep, the new type partaking of both these principles and carrying them to the utmost. It is possible experience might show that the shape of the prow will cause such a vessel to be much less influenced by rough weather than the ordinary shape. The ocean-traveling public would gladly welcome the day when M. Sebillot's new rapid-transit idea shall become a fact.—*Hartford Post.*

The Production of Camphor.

The distillation of the camphor of commerce from *cinnamonum camphora*, Fr., Nees et Eb., is a most hazardous trade, the distillers having to be constantly on the alert for fear of attack by the aborigines, who are naturally opposed to the continual encroachment into their territory for the purpose of cutting down the trees for extracting the camphor. No young trees are planted to replace those cut down, nor do the officials take any cognizance of the diminution which is being surely effected in the supply of a valuable commercial article. The stills are described as being of a very simple construction, and are built upon a shed in such a manner that they can be moved as the Chinese advance into the interior. A long wooden trough, coated with clay and half filled with water, is placed over eight or ten furnaces; on the trough boards pierced with holes are fitted, and on these boards are placed jars containing the camphor-wood chips, the whole being surmounted by inverted earthenware pots, and the joints made air-tight by filling them up with hem. When the furnaces are lit the steam passes through the pierced boards, and saturating the chips causes the sublimated camphor to settle in crystals on the inside of the pots, from which it is scraped off and afterward refined. During the summer months the camphor often loses as much as twenty per cent. on its way from the producing districts to the port of shipment.—*Nature.*

A Story of Thad. Stevens

A Virginian named Edmonston was one day walking down Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, with J. M. Curry, then a Congressman. Mr. Edmonston was much excited about a remark he had traced to Mr. Stevens, and threatened to insult him on sight. Mr. Curry tried to appease him, but did not altogether succeed. Soon afterwards Edmonston descried Thaddeus Stevens just ahead on the avenue, and, his wrath returning, said: "There goes the dashed old rascal now; I am going to confront him." Before his companion could prevent, Edmonston had accosted the enemy. Halting the Pennsylvania statesman, the fiery Virginian ejaculated: "Mr. Stevens, sir, I heard that you insulted my State." The grim old man, with a malicious twinkle in his eyes responded: "Oh, no; I think not, Mr. Edmonston. But what did I say offensively?" Edmonston rejoined: "You said, sir, that John Brown could have captured Virginia with 35 men." Hardly suppressing a laugh, his wicked eyes glimmering more maliciously, Thad. Stevens, in a sharp tone, sad: "You have got it wrong, Mr. Edmonston, frightfully wrong! I did not say that John Brown could have captured Virginia with 35 men; I put it at 75 men, sir—75 men." Edmonston was struck dumb with amazement and fell back, as old Thad. hobbled up Pennsylvania avenue, chuckling and grinning.

Choice Roses.

Those who have choice roses often desire a few extra ones, either to bestow upon friends, or to use in enlarging their flower garden. In order to secure good strong plants, it is only necessary to select ripe shoots, well branched near the ground (preferring those limbs that if cut off would make a nice bushy plant) and with a sharp knife, hack or notch the under side so that bent it comes in contact with the soil. These notches should be five in number, through to the heart or pitch. Now bend the limb down, and with the knife slit the limbs one and a half inches up towards the end of the top, just below the notches, and be careful not to break the limb; cover two inches in the sandy sail, and lay a brick or stone over it to keep it down. Keep the soil moist and by spring the roots will have formed often four and five inches long, when it can be removed. The most difficult roses root easily this way.

The Shotgun Policy in Georgia.

Two men were standing at the gate of a country farm yard whittling sticks and giving each other dots about managing women. "Talk sassy to 'em," the man on the outside of the fence said, "an' ye'll see how they'll be fotched down."

Just then the cabin door opened, and a red-headed, long-necked woman yelled:

"Say, 'Zeke, ther flour's out!"

"Out whar?" he yelled back.

"Out'n the bar'l," she answered.

"Wall, put it back an' cover it up tighter," he replied, while the outside man grinned.

"Don't you see how she's ducked a' ready?" he laughed, when the fiery topknot disappeared.

"I does," spoke the elated victor.

Presently the same shrill voice cried:

"Zeke, I'se gwine over to mar's, an' ef ye think ther measles air ketchin', I'll leave ther baby hyar."

"Dunno whether they's ketchin' er not," replied the husband. "I've never seed 'em ketch anything."

Again the head was drawn back, amid applause from the outside. The next time the door opened the muzzle of a shotgun was poked out and a bead drawn on the saucy man.

"Zeke," came the solemn voice.

"Melindy," he gasped, looking in vain for some place to dodge.

"Zeke," she continued, "ther flour's out."

"All right, I'm off ter the mill at once," he answered, shiveringly.

"Zeke, I'm gwine over ter mar's fer a spell; d'ye think the measles is ketchin'?"

"No, Melindy, I seed pap ter day, an' he sed the chillunz waz all well."

"Kerrect," she said, lowering the gun, "I'm off. Ye can sorter clean up the place till I git back, but be shore ter stay inside while I'm gone."

"All right," he answered meekly, moving aside to let her pass.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Climbed Him at Last.

"Ever in California?" asked a long, lank, lean, lantern-jawed tramp of a man on Central street the other day.

"No."

"Wa'nt in the boom o' 49, eh?"

"No."

"Never war in the mines in Colorado or New Mexico, eh?"

"No."

"Don't know nothing 'bout minin' at all?"

"No."

"Wall, I be darned!" said the tramp. "Never was in the war, was ye?"

"Never."

"Knock every buttom off my pants, if this don't beat all! Ain't a member of the melish?"

"I am not a member of the melish."

"Wall, blast my hat, if you ain't the hardest man to work for a drink I ever struck. Say, pard, ain't yer never been in the penitentiary?"

"Never have."

"Well, try me for a hoss thief if I ever see the like. Yer the fust man I ever struck that hadn't done suthin mean or been to California, or in the war, one or t'other. Say, pard, what's your business?"

"I am a bank cashier from New Jersey."

"J