The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. 25. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1884. WHOLE NO. 1742.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 a annum, 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 paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

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The Somerset Herald,

Somerset, Pa.

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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 him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown.) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office 2 doors West of Central Hotel, in rear of Drug Store. may21.

DR. R. W. BLOUGH, HOMOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tenders 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 Southeast corner of Diamond, over Knepper's Shoe Store. apr23-3m.

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 St., east of the Diamond.

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

DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—One door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Dec. 8, '82.

DR. S. J. M'MILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.) SOMERSET, PA., Gives special attention to the Preservation of the Natural Teeth. Artificial ones inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in residence on Patriot Street, one door east of Evangelical Church. oct22-6m.

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, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristing's store. apr. 22, '83-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 travelling public. Its table and rooms cannot be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices, by the week, day or meal.

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A PRIZE. Send 6 cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods, which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine. jan23.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. To Successful Salesmen I pay as high $100 per month and expenses. Steady employment guaranteed. 50 more wanted. Experience not necessary. Any live man can succeed. 500 acres under cultivation. The most complete pansing grounds in the United States. Newest and choicest varieties of fruit a specialty. Send for terms, stating age. Chas. H. Chase, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. oct22-5m.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Frederick Gilbert, late of Somerset Borough Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd. Letters testamentary 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 it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Wednesday, December 10, 1884, at the store of Keller & Sanner, in Somerset Borough. JOSIAH KELLER, Executor. oct22.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

IN BUYING YOUR

Ranges, Cooking and Heating Stoves,

Cellar Furnaces, Fire-Place Heaters,

Tinware, Copper ware, Sheetiron Ware,
Lamp Goods of Every Description,
Knives and Forks, Spoons, Soup Ladles,
Granite Ware, Coffee Mills, Plated-ware,
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Clothes-wringers, Egg Beaters, Llaw Cutters,
Iron Stands, Fancy Spittoons, Slop Buckets,
Hard Coal Parlor Heaters,
Soft Coal Parlor Heaters.
Copper Kettles, Brass Kettles,
Iron Kettles, Steam Cookers,
Rice, Milk and Farina Boilers,
Perfect *Waffle* Irons, Broilers of all Kinds,
Meat Pounders, Mincing Knives, Saw Knives,

And a Large Stock of KITCHEN ARTICLES, will be sold at Low Prices. Call and examine the Goods. ☞Look for my name on the window, and you will be sure to find the right place.

FRANK W. HAY,
280 Washington Street, - Johnstown, Pa.

AT COST,

AND

LESS THAN COST!

Stargardter has MARKED DOWN Hundreds of Pairs of

BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS

TO COST

AND

LESS THAN COST,

In order to run his LARGE STOCK down before his

GREAT IMPROVEMENT,

Which he intends to make shortly. We are going to enlarge our store room to

TWICE ITS PRESENT SIZE.

And before we begin our

EXTENSIVE IMPROVEMENTS

We have to sell our Stock down to its

LOWEST POSSIBLE NOTCH.

To give the carpenter a chance to work. So avail yourselves of this

Great Opportunity.

Don't Buy One Cent's worth of

Boots,

Shoes,

Or Slippers

Elsewhere before you see and price ours, as we will save you

BIG MONEY.

L. STARGARDTER'S

ONE-PRICE

OPERA HOUSE

SHOE STORE

No. 212 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

E. M. Lambert & Bro.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

White Pine and Hemlock Shingles.

We have secured a

NEW MILL,

And manufacture Shingles on the Michigan Principle. We cut, and constantly keep on hand two grades of the various kinds of Shingles. We guarantee our Shingles to be superior to any in the County. Shall be pleased to have parties come and inspect our shingles before buying elsewhere. Address

E. M. LAMBERT & BRO.,

LAMBERTSVILLE, SOMERSET CO., Pa. june 11-6m.

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(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.

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ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.

HORNE & WARD

SUCCESSORS TO

EATON & BROS.

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPRING, 1882.

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W. C. LEWIS,

(Office at Johnstown Savings Bank,)

nov5-6m. JOHNSTOWN, PA.

State Normal School,

CALIFORNIA, PA,

Best School for Teachers.

Graduates in constant demand. School much larger last year than ever before. The Normal aims at thorough scholarship, rapid progress, and teaching power. Don't teach at low wages. It is a waste of precious time that will never return. It pays to prepare well. *Expenses reduced.*

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THEO. B. NOSS, Ph. D.

nov5-4t.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will send you *free* a royal valuable box of simple goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time, or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 every evening. That all who want to work may test the business, we will make this unparalleled offer: To all that are not satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc. sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. jan23.

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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.

mar5

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

☞SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SOMERSET PA.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallett, Portland, Me.

1885.

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With the new volume beginning in December HARPER'S MAGAZINE begins its thirty-fifth year. It is the most popular illustrated periodical in America and England, always fully abreast of the times in its treatment of subjects of current, social and industrial interest, always advancing its standard of literary, artistic and mechanical excellence. Among its attractions for 1884 are: a new serial novel by William Black, illustrated by Abbey; a new novel by E. P. Roe, illustrated by Gibson Dielman, descriptive illustrated papers by George H. Boughton, Frank D. Millet, C. H. Farnham and others; important historical and biographical papers; short stories by W. D. Howell, Charles Reade, &c.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE $4 00
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1885.

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It will always be the aim of the publishers to make *Harper's Weekly* the most popular and attractive family newspaper in the world.

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1885.

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ILLUSTRATED.

This popular journal is a rare combination of literature, art and fashion. Its stories, poems, and essays are by the best writers of Europe and America; its engravings possess the highest artistic excellence; and in all matters pertaining to fashion it is universally acknowledged to be the leading authority in the land. The new volume will contain many brilliant novlees.

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1885.

Harper's Young People

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Suited to Boys and Girls of from Six to Sixteen Years of Age.

Vol. VI Commences November 4, 1884.

The *Young People* has been from the first successful beyond anticipation.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

It has a distinct purpose, to which it steadily adheres—that, namely, of supplanting the vicious papers for the young with a paper more attractive, as well as more wholesome.—*Boston Journal.*

For neatness, elegance of engraving, and contents generally, it is unsurpassed by any publication of the kind yet brought to our notice.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

TERMS:

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Per Year, Postage Prepaid $1.50.

Single Numbers Four Cents Each.

Specimen copy sent on receipt of Three Cents.

The Volumes of Harper's Young People for 1881 and 1882, handsomely bound in Illuminated Cloth, will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of $2 00 each. Cover for Young People for 1882, 50 cents; postage 13 cents additional.

Remittances should be made by Postoffice Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphan's Court of Somerset County, Pa., to distribute the funds in the hands of L. A. Kretchman Administrator of Noah Burkholder dec'd, and to ascertain advancements and distribute the funds to and among those legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Somerset Borough on Thursday, November 20, 1884, when and where all persons interested may attend.

H. L. BAER, Auditor.

oct22.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the members of the Farmer's Union Association and Fire Insurance Company of Somerset County will be held in Berlin Tuesday, December 30, 1884 for the purpose of electing a President, Vice President, Secretary and six Directors to serve the coming year. By order of the Board.

D. J. BRUBAKER, President. ALEX MUSSER, Secretary.

nov26-5t.

"LES GANTS GLACES."

(*An Anecdote of the Fronde*, 1650.)

Wrapped in smoke stood the towers of Rethel,
The battle surged fierce by the town,
On terror, and struggle, and turmoil,
The sweet skies of Champagne looked down
Far away smiled the beautiful uplands,
The blue Vosges lay solemn beyond;
Well France knew such discord of color,
In the terrible days of the Fronde.

At the breach in the ramparts of Rethel
Each stone was bought dearly by blood,
For De Raslin was leading the stormers,
And Turenne on the battlements stood.
Again and again closed the conflict,
The madness of strife upon all,
Right well fought the ranks of the marshal,
Yet twice they fell back from the wall.

Twice, thrice, repulsed, baffled, and beaten,
They glared, where in gallant array,
Brave in gilding, and broidery, and feather,
The Guards, in reserve, watched the fray.
"En avant, les gants glaces!" they shouted,
As sullenly rearward they bore,
The gaps deep and wide in their columns,
The lilies all dripping in gore.

"En avant, les gants glaces!" and laughing
At the challenge the Household Brigade
Dressed ranks, floated standards, blew trumpets,
And flashed out each glittering blade;
And carelessly, as to a banquet,
And joyously as to a dance,
Where the Frondeurs in triumph were gathered,
Went the best blood of Scotland and France.

The gay plumes were shorn as in tempest
The gay scarves stained crimson and black,
Storm of bullet and broadsword closed o'er them,
Yet never one proud foot turned back.
Though half of their number lay silent,
On the breach their last effort had won,
King Louis was master of Rethel
Ere the day and its story was done.

And the fierce, taunting cry grew a proverb,
Ere revolt and its horrors were past;
For men knew ere o'er France's fair valleys,
Peace waved her white banner at last,
That the softest of tones in the boudoir,
The lightest of steps in the "ronde,"
Was theirs whose keen swords bit the deep'st
In the terrible days of the Fronde.

MAIE'S DECEPTION.

Outside, on the moonlit piazza, two men strolled up and down, smoking and chatting in a leisurely way; within, a woman sat concealed by the half-drawn draperies, white and misty as her own pale robes, a glitter of jewels at her throat and in her yellow hair.

Leaning indolently back in a willow chair, with half-closed eyes, she was weaving pleasant fancies, until the men without, pausing in their walk, stood so close to the open window that, had she extended her hand, she could have touched them.

"Have you heard of Barry Lendon's marriage?" asked Hugh Belcroft. "No! Why, it occurred last week. The bride was Mlle Celeste. You remember, she played Fausfina in——"

"What—he married that woman?"

The accent of genuine surprise and scorn in Philip Carsdale's tones made his companion look at him in slight wonder.

"Why—or rather why not, Carsdale? She is a pretty little woman, and as good as gold, they say."

"But she was an opera singer."

"No objection in that," returned Hugh Belcroft. "I rather admire her independence. She has rich relatives, but rather than accept favor from them she put to use the gift bestowed upon her, her musical voice. And she was a singer, Carsdale."

Philip Carsdale shrugged his shoulders.

"Our ideas on the subject differ," he said, slowly, yet deliberately; as the words were spoken the white-robed woman leaned forward with clasped hands and bated breath, as though fearing to lose one syllable. "You view with one light, I with another. Perhaps you are right. I only know that my nature could never be shared by such as Mademoiselle Celeste. Good they may be; as you say, honest, perhaps honorable in their place: but at home, Belcroft, it needs a tender, modest woman to preside there, not one used to the glare of the footlights, the applause of the people, the fame of newspapers and placards. Let them bow to the caprices of the public if they will, admire them, applaud them, but never call them by the name of wife."

"Why, Carsdale, your ideas are singular; more, they are unjust, but I see there is no use in argument. But surely, if you yourself should find a woman good and true, should love her——"

"I should not love her."

If, I said, Carsdale; would you make her miserable as well as yourself because she had trod the boards of a theatre?—nonsense!"

"I would," answered Philip Carsdale firmly. "Better the misery of parting than that of a lifetime. I would tear her image from my heart, though it cost me my very life. What was that? Listen!"

They stood in silence, but all was still. What had Philip Carsdale heard? Only a low, smothered cry from the pale lips of Maie Denvere, as she fell back on her seat, white and senseless.

They turned and walked away, and when her wandering senses returned she was quite alone.

She thrust back her yellow hair and wrung her hands despairingly. Then she bent and kissed the sparkling ring on one slender finger.

"Philip," she murmured, "you are unjust, cruel. But we shall not part—you shall never know. Some time, perhaps, I shall tell you, when you are kinder, and then you will forgive me."

Philip Carsdale and Maie Denvere were betrothed. Meeting for the first time at this cottage in the mountains, they had briefly learned the lesson of love, and now she wore his ring.

He was handsome, wealthy and aristocratic; she, a beauty and an heiress, withal a dainty, winsome lady.

Ah, they were well mated, these two; yet, as they stood together at the altar a few weeks later, a shadow of coming evil seemed hovering over them, and Maie's eyes drooped beneath their heavy lashes, while even Philip Carsdale's sunny, handsome face grew grave and serious.

It was a guilty concience that troubled the bride; but he never suspected, and so they went away together, and the past was left behind.

Three years of happiness they knew. The first was spent abroad, and when returned to her husband's home she had almost forgotten her one, unconfessed secret.

Philip kissed her one morning and went away as usual. He would be detained until after dinner, but there were invitations to a grand reception, and he had promised to accompany her. So, in her satins and jewels, she awaited his coming.

The moments passed, and up and down the long apartment she paced, passing in front of the mirror for a last survey.

Behind her, on the velvet carpet, swept the folds of violet satin; the frosty lace hung heavy from top to edge, looped here and there by clusters of pale pink buds; from misty draperies shone the fair neck and arms, white as the pearls that encircled them.

Only a single rose nestled in the yellow hair, and her eyes gleamed like winter stars.

Over her shoulder, as she stood, she saw her husband enter, and turned to greet him; but something in the dark, proud face awed her.

He approached slowly, and laid on the little ebony table a scrap of paper, torn and wrinkled.

"I found this to-day," he said, slowly. "Tell me, do you know what it means?"

She came forward with faltering step, his blue eyes searching her face piteously.

"Philip, what is it?"

"Read it," he answered sternly, and stood with folded arms regarding her.

Tremblingly she obeyed. Lower bent the golden head, and the wondering eyes, scanning the fragment of paper, grew dark and fearful.

It was but a bit of gossip from a theatrical journal.

"Owing to the illness of Madame St. Julien, her place was taken last evening by Miss Maie Denvere, of the company. The role of Cassandra is by no means an easy one, and we compliment Miss Denvere not only on her willingness and courage to essay it, but her thorough appreciation. She possesses undoubted histrionic talent, and will, with——"

Here it ended. Maie turned with drooping face and murmured the one word:

"Forgive."

"Ah, you do not deny it? You are the person referred to in that item. Maie, Maie, I have been doubly deceived! Hush! do not protest; it is useless."

"Hear me!" she implored, clasping her white hands tremblingly. "Philip, I meant to have told all—that I had been on the stage before the death of my uncle, who made me his heiress; but one day I overheard a conversation between you and Hugh Belcroft, and you were so harsh in your condemnation I feared to tell you then; I thought we would be happy together; that some time, when I dared, I would tell you all. But now—oh, forgive me, Philip—Philip."

She was down at his feet then, the violent satin and frosty lace gleaming in the gaslight, her eyes upraised to his dark, stern face that did not soften to her appeal.

"I can never forgive you," he said slowly. "You have doubly wronged and deceived me. The dishonor——"

She leaped to her feet then with flashing eyes and erected head.

"No more!" she cried. "Reproach me, but do not insult me. I have deceived you; but I do not deserve that. Once again I ask forgiveness, for our boy's sake."

Philip listened, cold and silent. All the love the pity in his heart was crushed, and he realized only his own wrong, his outraged feelings.

"For his sake I would prevent a public scandal," he said, in icy, deliberate tones, but from this time forth we are as strangers. You claim my name, I cannot deny you that; you live beneath my roof, but you are no longer my wife."

Maie's head bent, and he did not see the strange gleam in her blue eyes, the haughty curve of the red lips, the bright glow that leaped to her pale cheeks.

Once her lips parted, but she suppressed the proud words with a gasp and turned away.

Next morning Philip Carsdale's wife was gone, and on his table he found the following brief message:

"I cannot live the life you have assigned to me. If I deceived you it was because of my love. I have done my best. Farewell to you and darling Bertie. MAIE.

That was all; no anger no reproach but somehow Philip Carsdale's heart throbbed with a strange pain of vague pity and regret, and when he kissed the rosy mouth of his golden haired son, a glittering tear fell on the little upturned face.

Several months later a distant city rang with the praises of a new debutante, and nightly was the Royal Theatre thronged with people who gazed in rapt wonder at the fair, yellow-haired woman whose intense passion moved their hearts, and defied the cold criticism they were wont to pass.

And in his lonely home, Philip Carsdale read of the young star's rising fame, and found regretfulness an impossibility with the name of Maie Denvere before him daily.

Not once did he hear it breathed with jesting or reproach.

She came to the very city where he lived, and he went to the theatre to see her. In a distant, secluded seat, the first night, on the second, a few rows nearer, in the very glare of the footlights the third, and, on the last evening of her engagement there, Maie Denvere, leaving the stage after her usual success, came face to face with her husband. Only for an instant she started, and her breath came in gasps; then she looked at him calmly, and waited for him to speak.

"Maie, I have been here in this theatre every night this week; to-night I decided to see you. You are not happy, I can read it in your face, and I have been touched. I am not a cruel man, but you have wounded my pride. Perhaps you had better come back, for Bertie's sake and your own."

But she drew herself up proudly; she did not want his pity then.

"No, Philip," she answered. "You severed the bonds between us, and I am happier here than I would be in the old home. For my boy's sake I would gladly come, but there are other things to be considered."

"But this life——" began Philip, with a scornful glance around him.

"I like it," she answered calmly. "It is not as peaceful as the one I left but that is past. I am working hard for success, but it is a noble, inspiring work; you can know nothing of it. I enjoy my studies and am proud of my fame."

"Then you prefer this to the home I offer you?"

She looked at him with an expression in her eyes that he understood.

"Yes, now," she said, and without another word he left her.

For a moment she stood there; then a look of pathos darkened her eyes, and her proud lips quivered.

"He would not ask me for his own sake," she murmured. "He has not forgiven me; perhaps he never will—never will—never forgive and forget."

Maie Denvere's fame rose higher and higher, until her name was on every lip, yet always spoken with kindly praise and respect.

Her fair beauty, her grace, her silvery voice charmed her hearers, as her intensity and emotion thrilled them.

It was two years after their last parting that Philip Carsdale, with his son, went abroad. Bertie was a beautiful child of six summers then, with his father's patrician face, and Maie's dark, pansy-blue eyes.

It was at Florence Philip Carsdale, returning from a drive, saw Bertie and the French bonne beside a stranger, and the child was talking merrily, with his tiny hand in the lady's soft, jeweled one. A glance at the face beneath the white plumed hat, and Philip started.

"Bertie!" he said sternly.

At the sound of his voice the woman rose and faced him smilingly.

"Do not reprove the child; it was I who drew him into conversation," she said.

He looked relieved; she had not disclosed her identity, then. As she walked away, Bertie clinging to the hand of his father, and the faithful nurse behind, Marie Denvere heard the child say:

"Don't you know that pretty lady, papa?"

And Philip answered, evasively:

"I have seen her before, Bertie," and listening, she thought she heard a low breathed sigh.

Early the next morning Philip Carsdale went to his wife with an anxious face.

"Maie, Bertie is sick; he was taken ill during the night," he said, hurriedly. "Will you go to him?"

The next moment she was beside her child, and took the physician's orders with quiet composure.

For days Bertie lingered between life and death, and during that time Philip Carsdale learned to know and understand his wife better than he had ever done before.

In the midst of her vigils her manager came to hasten her back to America, but she dismissed him briefly.

"I am not going to play again," she said, quietly. "I am tired; I need rest. Perhaps at some future day I will return, but not now."

Philip, entering the room, heard all. He went and stood before her when the manager had gone, and looked down into her drooping face.

"Maie," he said, "why have you done this? Why do you stay here when fame and fortune are waiting you elsewhere?"

"It is my duty," she said, simply. Bertie needs me, and so I shall remain. Somehow I think I have lost my old desires and inspirations. I shall never return to the stage."

He looked down and spoke in lowered tones.

"Will you stay—with us?" he asked, slowly. "Come back to us, Maie, not as I once requested, but back to the old life and love. Say you have forgiven me, Maie?"

How strange to hear him suing for pardon. But Maie did not feel one thrill of triumph. She only took his hand and lifted her eyes to his face imploringly.

"Don't deceive yourself, Philip," she said; I fear——"

"Hush!" he interrupted, drawing her to his breast. "Let the past be forgotten; we have yet the future to live for."

What more to tell; it is always thus that true love banishes every prejudice, surmounts every obstacle and makes even a miserable lapse of years but a dim, bitter-sweet memory, that fades when the new happiness of the present dawns and lights the way to a hopeful future.

As Usual.

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennessee approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said:

"Are you going on this train?"

"I am."

Have you any baggage?"

"No."

"Well, my friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see I've got two rousing big trunks and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one of them checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre them. See?"

"Yes, I see; but I haven't got any ticket."

But I thought you said you were going on this train?"

"So I am. I'm the conductor."

"Oh!"

He paid extra as usual.—*Bowler's Record.*

Subscribe for the HERALD.

An Astonished Governor.

Mr. Daniel Manning has been guilty of a serious neglect. He should have introduced Governo Cleveland to the political history of the county before he presented him as a candidate for its highest honor. But the neglect is wholly irreparable. There is time between this and the 4th of March next in which a hand-book of political history, placed in the hands of the president-elect, may save him some exposures and a great deal of wear and tear. Governor Cleveland has expressed his astonishment that the freedmen are apprehensive at the prospect of democratic rule. But why should he be astonished?

We are very willing to believe tha the freedmen are unnecessarily apprehensive. This is not an age favorable to the re-enslavement of an enfranchised people. We can think of no people who would consent to be enslaved. We are aware that slavery can have no legal existence within the jurisdiction of thisrepublic. Even were there any people base enough to consent to servitude such as disgraced this country prior to 1863, their baseness could not re-establish chattel slavery. Beyond this we gravely doubt if any considerable class of citizens would entertain the proposition to re-establish chattel slavery.

So much we have thought well to say before undertaking to show Governor Cleveland why he ought not to be astonished that the restoration of the democracy begets apprehensiveness among the freedmen of the old slave belt. We invite him to take up the old slave belt. We invite him to take up the history of his party. He will then learn that for thirty years his party was the bulwork of the institution of slavery. He will find its first crooking of the pregnant hinges of the knee to the oligarchy in the compromise of 1852-53. He will find that about that time the slaves power submitted its ultimatum to his party, and that ultimatum was unquestioning subservice. If he care to pursue the quest further, he will find his party yielding such subservice to the oligarchy in legislation adverse to the growth of industry in dealing war against Mexico, and the subsequent extension of the slave area by purchase. He will find his party eager to accede to the demand of the power that the entire body of northern citizens should become a constabulary for the apprehension and return of fugitives slaves to their loathsome bondage. And he will find the leaders of his party, north and south, framing the Kansas-Nebraska act, by which the right of slavery to follow the flag was intended to be established.

Passing over a few years, during which his party hunted men and women like hounds, he will arrive at the crisis of 1861, in which the real leaders of his party organized and carried out, in so far as they were able, a great conspiracy to establish an empire, the basic principle of which was the right of capital to own and buy and sell labor. Passing to 1863, when the ringing proclamation of emancipation echoed around the world and won the applause of the listening nations, he will find the leaders of his party denouncing Lincoln as an usurper, and the enfranchising voice as the tocsin of war upon the constitution itself. Later, when the people demanded such a change of the organic law as should forever prohibit chattel slavery within our borders, he will find the leaders of his party united in a loud protest against the change which would make liberty universal. Later, when it was proposed to forbid the reimbursement of slave owners of their ill-gotten gains, he will find the leaders of his party resisting that righteous penalty, tooth and nail. When it was proposed to establish universal suffrage, the leaders of his party denounced and resisted that. And he will find that his party has opposed every constitutional guaranty by which the slave of yesterday is assured of his freedom as a citizen today. If Governor Cleveland is aware of these irrefutable facts of history, we are the more astonished that he should confess to astonishment that the freedmen are filled with gloomy apprehensions at the restoration of the democracy. Even the negroes of the south are aware of all the facts we have stated.

How often do we hear of sudden termination of a case of croup, when a young life might have been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral! Be wise in time, and keep a bottle of it on hand, ready for instant use.

An English firm of soap manufacturers spends about $160,000 a year in advertising. It employs capable artists, essayists and poets and sends a package of soap gratuitously to each of the infants whose birth is announced in the London *Times.*

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.

When a young lady begins to remark, "He is not such a fool as he looks," it is a sign that there will be a wedding soon.

These are Solid Facts.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever needs an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure. They act quickly and surely, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by C. N. Boyd.

Oranges, both foreign and domestic, it is thought will be cheaper this winter than ever before.

Joy at the Cross Roads.

CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
In the State uv Kentucky,
Nov. 6, 1884.

Never sence the fust battle of Bull Run, when it