The Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Terms of Publication.
Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per 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.
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.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 46. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. APRIL 28, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1815.

J. J. O'CONNOR. J. B. O'CONNOR.
O'CONNOR BROS., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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

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

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

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

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

W. H. RUPPEL. J. S. COFFROTH.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to.
Office, on Main Cross street, opposite the Somerset Hotel.

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

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

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

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

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

J. C. 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. E. W. BLOUGH,
HOMŒOPATHIC 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. apr21-y1.

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—first door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Oct. 3, '82

DR. S. J. McMILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.)
PORTAGE, PA.,
Gives special attention to the Preservation of Its Natural Teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Rose Block, up stairs. Entrance one door west of Woolz Jewelry Store. 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 Medicine.—Office opposite Charles Kristenbaugh's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

200,000 persons given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. jan28

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR
(Above Heffley's Store.)
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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SOMERSET, PA

INTELLIGENT SOLICITORS Wanted to introduce
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LINE-ENGRAVED
PORTRAIT OF GEN. GRANT
Just completed. A perfect triumph of art. Pronounced by Dr. Newman, Henry Ward Beecher, John Sherman, George H. Stuart, Dr. Tiffany, Wm. M. Evarts, J. G. Whittier, and hosts of others, to be indefinitely the best. It is the finest and largest line engraved portrait ever published. Demand is immense. Value of photo. $10.00. For terms, etc., address BURBARD BROS., Pub's., Phila. Pa. (Mention this paper.) mar24 1m.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

To Zelmon Bush, of Brown County, Neb., Thomas Hyatt, of Seward, Westmoreland Co., Pa., and Allen Hyatt, of Connellsville, Fayette County, Pa.:

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a Writ of Partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., and to me directed, I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Elizabeth Hyatt dec'd, situate in Lower Turkeyfoot Twp., Somerset County, Pa., on Thursday, April 29, 1886, when and where you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, March 24, '86. } JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of W. H. H. Lohr, deceased, late of Quemahoning township, Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters of administration on the estate of W. H. H. Lohr, late of Quemahoning township, Somerset county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Jacob Koontz. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them to the undersigned Administrator at the office of Augustus Heffley, Esq., in the Borough of Stoystown, said county on Wednesday the 28th day of April, 1886.

JACOB KOONTZ, Administrator
march17.

WOODVALE POULTRY YARDS,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
HESSELBEIN & ADAMS,
PROPRIETORS.
BREEDERS OF
BROWN LEGHORNS
AND
LIGHT BRAHMAS.
Eggs for hatching, from first-class stock, $1.50 per 13 eggs, packed in baskets. Orders booked now. Delivered when desired. mar10 3m.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Jacob Baker and wife } No. 256 May Term, 1886.
To
Cyrus B. Moore. } Voluntary Assignment.

Notice is hereby given that Jacob Baker and wife, of Middlecreek Township, by deed of voluntary assignment dated 12th of April, 1886, have assigned to Cyrus B. Moore, of said Township, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Jacob Baker, all the estate real, personal, of the said Jacob Baker. All persons indebted to the said Jacob Baker will make immediate payment to the said assignee, and those having claims and demands will present the same without delay to the Assignee.

CYRUS B. MOORE, Assignee.
Apr021.6t.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Honorable WILLIAM J. BURNS, President Judge of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties composing the 16th Judicial District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District, and WM. COLLINS and SAMUEL SNYDER, Esquires, Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Jurisers of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the county of Somerset, have issued their precepts and to me directed, for holding a Court at Somerset, for the Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer, at Somerset, on

Monday, May 17, 1886.

Notice is hereby given to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their office and in that behalf appertain to be done: and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset county, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Sheriff's Office, Apr. 21, 1886. } JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
CHARLE. 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 $200 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All legal holidays observed.

SPRING IS COMING

And everyone needs to put their system in good condition, to guard against disease that may give you serious trouble during the Spring and Summer months. Simple remedies are generally what is needed. We carry a very superior stock of *Drugs and Medicines*, and guarantee the strictest purity. We make a specialty of filling physicians' prescriptions and family receipts. None but the Purest Drugs dispensed. We endeavor to keep in stock everything that is usually wanted by our many customers, but anything we may not have will be ordered in at once, on short notice.

But to change the subject. You may be ruptured, and if so, we can supply you with *Trusses and Supporters* at prices much below those in the city, or, as we do all of our own fitting, can safely say that a perfect fit will be guaranteed. Three-fourths of the Trusses sold do not give satisfaction, because they are improperly fitted to the body. We have a private apartment in connection with our store, for the proper fitting of these goods.

Trusses for men, children and ladies always in stock. If you have had trouble heretofore in getting fitted give us a trial and we will guarantee a fit, or money refunded. Do not forget that we have a most complete stock of **Spectacles and Eye-glasses**. Eyes that others have failed to fit, are the ones we want to try. Always call at my store when in town. You will be welcome, whether you buy or not. If we do not keep what you want, it will be a pleasure to tell you where you can get it.

C. N. BOYD
The Druggist,
MAMMOTH BLOCK, SOMERSET, PA.

Fearfully Common.

Kidney Complaints Among Both Sexes and all Ages—A Brilliant Recovery.

There is something startling in the rapid increase of kidney diseases among the American people within a few years past. Many cases peculiar to certain classes tend to produce and aggravate these troubles—as, for example, careless living, overwork and exposure. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is often congratulated on the exceptional success of his medicine called "Favorite Remedy," in arresting and radically curing these most painful and dangerous disorders. Proofs of this, like the following, are constantly brought to his attention, and are published by him for the sake of thousands of other sufferers whom he desires to reach and benefit. The letter, therefore, may be of vital importance to you, or to some one whom you know. It is from one of the best known and popular druggists in the fine and growing city from which he writes, and those interested may find Mr. Crawford at his place of business on the corner of Main and Union streets:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., March 22, 1884.
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
DEAR SIR:—For more than ten years I had been afflicted with kidney disease in its most acute form. What I suffered must be left to the imagination, for no one can appreciate it except those who have gone through it. I resorted to many physicians and to many different kinds of treatment, and spent a great deal of money, only to find myself older and worse than ever. I may say that I used the bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific for this precise sort of troubles, and found it entirely useless—at least in my case. Your "FAVORITE REMEDY"—I say it with perfect recollection of all that was done for me, besides—is the only thing that did me the slightest good, and I am happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have recommended "FAVORITE REMEDY" to many people for kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying that DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY has not its equal in the wide world for this distressing and often fatal complaint. Use this letter as you deem best for the benefit of others.

Yours, &c.,
LYMAN CRAWFORD.

BILIOUSNESS

May be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Purely Vegetable.

TESTIMONIALS.

To all suffering from Sick Headache and Biliousness:
"Have been a victim to the above for years, and, after trying various remedies, my only success was in the use of SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, which never failed to relieve me in 12 hours, and I can assure those suffering from the above that they would be greatly relieved by its use. I speak not for myself, but my whole family. Yours Respectfully,
"J. M. FULLMAN,
"Selma, Alabama."

We have tested its virtues personally and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us."—Ed. Telegraph and Messenger, Macon, Ga.

BILIOUS COLIC.

"SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR cured me of a case of long standing Bilious Colic after other medicines failed. I think it one of the super family medicines I ever used.
T. J. LANIER,
Petersburg, Va.

Prepared by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Sole Proprietors. Price $1.00.
jan1-85-1yr

LIST OF CAUSES.

The following is the list of causes set for trial at the coming term of Court, beginning Monday, the 17th day of May, 1886:

FIRST WEEK.

John P. Baker vs. Jacob H. Miller.
Charles E. Weigle vs. Joseph Snyder.
Geo. Laing's Assignee, &c., vs. George Auman, Constable, &c.
Geo. Laing's Assignee, &c., vs. John Winters, Sheriff, &c.
Cornelia Tissue, widow, &c., vs. B. & O. R. R. Co., Lessee, &c.
Ida E. Reynolds, widow, &c., vs. B. & O. R. R. Co., Lessee, &c.
Dietrich Trimpey vs. William Sweitzer.

SECOND WEEK.

Elizabeth Lohr vs. Horace Lenhart.
Julia Ann Hedley, et al., vs. Jos. Poorbaugh et al.
Harrison Snyder vs. Jacob Holsinbaugh.
Elisha Moon vs. Somerset Co. Railroad Co.
A. J. Moon vs. Somerset Co. Railroad Co.
Jefferson Wells vs. Thomas Maxwell.
Daniel Weyandt's heirs vs. H. B. Coughenour.
Christie Newcomer's right vs. the Howard Ins. Co. of New York.
Adam Ardman vs. Joseph and Francis Friedline.
Johnson Brothers vs. Fred Hady.
George H. Hocking vs. The Boatman's F. & M. Ins. Co. of Pittsburgh.
George H. Hocking vs. The German American Insurance Co. of Pa.
George H. Hocking vs. The Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London.
George H. Hocking vs. The Howard Ins. Co. of N. Y.
John Lane vs. C. F. Rhoads & Bro.

Prot'y's Office, Apr. 21, 1886. } N. B. CRITCHFIELD, Prothonotary.

EXCELSIOR
COOK STOVES
ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.
EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.
All Purchasers can be Suited.
MANUFACTURED BY
ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.,
AND FOR SALE BY
R. B. Schell & Co,
SOMERSET, PA.
may27-'85-1yr

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Hannah Hyatt, (widow) of Connellsville, Fayette Co., Pa.; Thomas Hyatt, Seward, Westmoreland Co., Pa; Allen Hyatt, Connellsville, Fayette Co., Pa.; Eleanora, intermarried with James Mountain and Jesse Hyatt, Jr., of Elm, Fayette Co., Pa.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., and to me directed, I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Jesse Hyatt, dec'd, situate in the village of Draketown, Somerset Co., Pa., on Thursday the 29th day of April, A. D. 1886, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, March 24, 1886. } JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Robert Silbaugh, dec'd, late of Addison Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.

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 the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Thursday, April 29, 1886, to the under signed Executors, at the late residence of said deceased.

JEREMIAH SILBAUGH,
Z. M. SILBAUGH,
Executors.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

I want A GOOD AGENT in every Township to sell Sherwood Novelty Steel Harness, the best Plow and Farm Harness on earth. Price only Fifteen Dollars per double set. Use no whiffletrees. Good pay to agents. Send for a Circular. Call on or address
JOHN W. CUPP, GEN. AGT.,
apr14-6m. Somerset, Pa.

TWILIGHT.

Slowly, slowly falls night's curtain
Over all the widespread land;
And the angels of the twilight
At the gates of heaven stand.

Lo, they come, a band of angels,
Clad in robes of tender gray;
And before their gracious presence
Fades the sun's last lingering ray.

In the west a blaze of glory
Turns the sky to molten gold;
In the east the faint gray shadows
Of the coming night unfold.

Twilight brings us loving, tender
Thoughts of dear ones passed away,
Who have gone from out earth's twilight
Into everlasting day.

Twilight memories are saddest,
Twilight hopes are grand and strong,
And the ships we long have waited
Come to shore at even song.

In the quiet hush of twilight
We may rest both heart and hand;
We may dream of gorgeous castles,
Raised in Spain's far distant land.

Life has much of sunlight glory,
Days whose splendor blinds our sight,
It has much of sorrow's darkness,
When all seems the blackest night.

So, with loving hearts and trusting,
Should we prize the twilight time,
When the stars in silvery beauty
Up the heights of heaven climb.

C. E. Charles.

NOBLY DONE.

"Poor creature!" said Amy Wright, to two of her school companions, as the three girls stepped from a cabin on the outskirts of the town of Westville, "to be deaf and dumb, and with a little baby, and not able to tell where she came from and where she was going, when the train met with that accident! Its dreadful!"

A week before this, a southern-bound train collided with freight cars, and was hurled down an embankment. Some of the passengers were killed, and but few of them escaped without injury. The woman mentioned had her right arm severely hurt, and was otherwise injured, and the fright seemed to have affected her mind, for clasping her infant in her arms, she walked rapidly down the railroad track, and did not stop till she reached Westville, two miles distant from the place of the accident. There she staggered to a bench and fainted away. Fortunately, two men were near, who came to her relief, and as she seemed to have no money, and was thus thrown a pauper upon the town, the authorities of Westville placed her in the cabin of a poor family, and charitable people provided for her immediate wants.

But she was a mystery to the Westville folk. Her outlandish dress, the short woolen skirt, with the queer bodice, the strange headgear, between a cap and a bonnet, showed that she was a foreigner. The injury to her right arm prevented her from making any sings. Even had she been able to express her thoughts by the fingers, there was no one in Westville who understood the language of mutes. If any person on the train knew about the poor woman they were among the killed or wounded, for no inquiry revealed anything concerning her.

The three girls—the eldest was only thirteen years old—had been sent by their parents with food to the woman and their hearts were full of pity for her.

"How dreadful it must be to be so poor!" Nuna Halpin said, with a sigh. "And then to be thrown among strangers and deaf and dumb besides!"

"Isn't it pitiable to see her trying to make us understand what she wishes to say?" Alice exclaimed. "Did you see how she pointed south with her left had and her eyes glittering so wild? And then she found we didn't understand her, how she hugged thr baby, and cried as if her heart would break? Oh if we could only help her in some way!"

"I'm sure she wants money," Amy said, solemly. Everybody could get along if they had money, I heard pa say that if she had some she could buy a railroad ticket and go to her friends. He can't give her any now, but he says by the time her arm is well, he hopes he will be able to help her."

"My father is too poor himself to help anybody." Alice said, sadly. "But girls, do you know I think if she can't get away from here, she will die. She does not eat and she cries all the time. Oh, I do wish we could do something for her!"

The girls walked on silently. Suddenly Amy cried out in an exciting manner, "Listen girls! I've thought of a way of making money. Do you know pecans are selling in Colchester for twelve dollars a barrel? You know Mr. Mills allows everybody to gather the nuts from his pecan grove, and if we can get ahead of the boys and colored people, we have as much right to the pecans as anybody else. Only we shall be obliged to go afternoons and Saturdays. No play for us until the nuts are gathered."

"And there are walnuts in the woods, besides!" Nuna Halpin cried. "I shouldn't be surprised if we made ever so much money!"

"And I'm sure papa would ship them for us, and attend to all the business," Amy said. "To-morrow's Saturday and if you say so, we will begin right off."

So the next day the girls began their work of charity. The colored children in the neighborgood were at the trees before they were, but Amy, who was very earnest and persuasive, talked to them and told the story of the poor deaf mute with such affect as to enlist their sympathies to the extent of half the nuts they gathered that day.

The work went barvely on. As soon as the object was known, other children volunteered to help the girls. Amy, who took the lead and understood something of the divisions of labor, assigned different parts to her band of workers. The large boys thrashed the trees, and then other children picked up the nuts and carried them to the hullers, whose business it was to remove the hull of the nuts.

None of the young philanthropists cared for stained fingers, or anything else, and for the first time they felt the pleasure that working for the benefit of the needy always brings with it. They chatted and laughed and told stories to their heart's content.

"When did you come back from Alvord, Eddie?" asked one of the girls. Alvord was a town near which the railroad accident had occurred. "What did you see or hear there?"

"I didn't see anything that would interest you," Eddie Ross answered "Well, yes, I do remember something queer. A tall, strange looking man came us to the train before we started, but he spoke such bad English that no one seemed to understand him. But there was a passenger on the train who, after a while made out that he wanted to know about the railroad accident. He had expected some relatives who had come from Europe. The conductor told him that three foreigners, one woman and two men, were killed, and he thought they must be his frinds. You ought to have seen how the poor fellow went on, crying and wringing his hands."

"Maybe he knew something about our deaf and dumb woman," Amy cried. "Perhaps she was one of his friends. O, Eddie! why didn't you speak up and tell him about her?"

"I never thought of it once," Eddie answered, "and I shouldn't have had time if I had thought of it, for the train started off before he had finished asking questions."

"Oh, maybe when she gets well she'll be able to make us understand where she wants to go," Alice said. "We ought to have a good lot of nuts by this time. How many have we, Amy?"

"We have a barrel and a half of pecans already that's eighteen dollars, and three or four of walnuts. Pa is going to ship them Saturday, and by that time we ought to have as many more. We're sure of forty dollars at least."

But to the delight of the girls, fifty dollars in gold and silver was placed in their hands a fortnight afterwards. As the woman was a foreigner, Judge Wright said she would know nothing of American bank notes. So the coin had been obtained, and a long procession of children filed to the cabin to give the money to her, for every child who had assisted in the nutting felt that he or she had a right to witness the presentation of the gift.

The poor woman was sitting in her usual languid attitude, with her baby on her knee, and the children saw she had been weeping, for her large blue eyes were swollen and red.

Of course there was nothing to be said, but Amy, with a smile, walked forward and laid the money in her hand, with a gesture towards her companions indicating that it was a joint present from them all.

The woman looked at the money in a bewildered manner, and then with a strange little cry, threw herself on her knees and seemed to offer up a frevent prayer.

Her next movement, which was rather an embarrassing one for the children, was to seize the hand of each in turn and raise it to her lips. The boys backed towards the door trying to escape, but she was too quick for them. Then with her eyes raining tears, she took a piece of charcoal from the fireplace, and, slowly and awkwardly, marked on the whitewashed wall, "Herman Boggild, Jacksonville, Florida."

Then followed some words in qeer characters and in a strange language, but the woman pointed to the name then to herself.

"I understand!" cried Eddie Ross. "She was going to Florida, to that Herman Boggild, when the accident occurred."

"Oh, isn't it delightful!" Amy exclaimed, clasping her hands; "and she's got money enough to get there. I'll get pa to come right off and see about it."

But when Judge Wright reached the cabin, he could obtain no further information from the mute than the names written over and over again. "She has evidently only learned to write those names in English," he said. "But she wants to go to Florida to this Herman Bog gild, and we must send her there."

A day or two later a southern-bound train took the stranger and her child to Jacksonville. Her young friends accompanied her to the cars, and it was touching to see her farewell to them. On each hand she seemed to involk a blessing, and by signs she made them write down their names on a piece of paper, which she carried to her lips, and then put it in her bosom.

About six months after this, a man, well dressed, and evidently a foreigner from his broken English, stopped in Westville, and asked to be shown the way to Judge Wright's.

"I am her brudder," he said to the Judge, "de draf and dumb Minna you were so goot to. I stop here on my way to thank you, and de blessed children who help her. I am not poor man, and I want to pay you back."

"No, no, my friend," said Judge Wright. "The children who helped her by their own labor—for no one else gave any money—would be terribly hurt if you offered to pay them. Let them always feel that they have done a kind and worthy act. And now tell me about your sister. She reached you safely?"

Tears stood in the man's eyes.

"She did come safe, my poor sister. She lose her frents on de car dat broke; she lose her money, and I tink she lose her senses little while, till you help her. Her boxes she sent to me by express de day before de accident, so dey got to Jacksonville safe. I went to Alvord and dey told me all de Germans were killed. Ach, what pain!"

"Well, it is over now, and she must be happy to be safe with you."

"Ah, yes!" Herman cried. "She talk on her fingers about your little girl, and all de heavenly, goot children dat help her. She say dey are de angles of de goot Gott; she pray all de time for dem. I cannot stop but one leetle minute before de train starts, but, sir, will you tank de children for poor Minna Herzog, and for me? Ach! Gott will bless dem, for dey began to do well early, and with all their strength."

The children the following winter received several barrels of fine oranges from Minna Herzog and Herman Boggild. Each Christmas for two years since then some present somes from the poor mute whom they rescued, and whose gratitude seems unfailing.—*Youth's Companion.*

Nature's Best Beverage.

In the celebrated whisky trials of 1876 Emory A. Storrs was chief counsel for Gen. Babcock. After the conclusion of the trial Mr. Storrs and a number of lawyers were gathered in social intercourse. One of the party took from his pocket a copy of Gough's celebrated apostrophy to water, and read it aloud. When he had concluded Mr. Storrs jocularly observed, in substance, that that was nothing; he could beat it himself. Thereupon the lawyers called upon him to try it. After a few minutes he arose, with a glass in his hand, to begin. A stenographer present took down the words. Through his kindness the Knoxville *Journal* publishes them for the first time, with substantially the above explanation. Holding up the glass, Mr. Storrs began,

"How do you expect to improve upon the beverage furnished by nature? Here it is—Adam's ale—about the only gift that has descended undefiled from the Garden of Eden! Nature's common carrier—not created in the rottenness of fermentation, nor distilled over guilty fires! Not born among the hot and noxious vapors and gases of worms and retorts, confined in reeking vats, placed in clammy barrels and kegs, stored in malarious cellars full of rats and cobwebs! No adulteration fills it with sulphuric acid, spirits of nitre, stramonium, and other deadly drugs and poisons, until it is called "forty rod death," and "bug juice," "fuse oil," and "Jersey lightning"! It is not kept standing in the fumes of sour beer and tobacco smoke and saloon, exposed for weeks and months before it is drank to the odor of old cigar stubs and huge spittoons. Virtue and not vices are its companions. Does it cause drunkeaness, disease, death, cruelty to women and children? Will it place rags on the person, mortgages on the stock, farm, furniture? Will it consume wages and income in advance, and ruin men in business? No! But it floats in gossamer clouds far up in the quiet summer sky, and hovers in dreamy mist over the merry faces of all our sparkling lakes. It veils the woods and hills of earth's landscapes in a purple haze, where the filmy lights and shadows drift hour after hour. It piles itself into tumbled masses of cloud-domes and thunderbolts. Draws the electric flash from its mysterious hiding places, and seams and shocks the wide air with vivid lines of fire. It is carried by kind winds and falls in rustling curtains of liquid drapery over all the thirsty woods and fields and fixes in God's mystic eastern heavens. His beautiful bow of promise, glorified with a radiance that seems reflected out of heaven itself. It gleams in the frost crystals of the mountain tops and the dews of the valleys. It silently creeps up into each leaf in the myriad forests of the world, and feeds, tints every fruit and flower. It is here in the grass blades of the meadows, and there where the corn waves its tassals and the wheat does its billowing! It gems the depths of the desert with the glad, green oasis, winds itself in oceans round the whole earth, and roars its hoarse, eternal anthems on a hundred thousand miles of coast! It claps its hands in the flashing wave-crests of the sea, laughs in the little rapid brooks, kisses the dripping, moss-covered, old oaken well-buckets in a countless host of happy homes. See these pieces of cracked-ice, full of prismatic colors, clear as diamonds! Listen to their fairy tinkle against the brimming glass, that sweetest music in all the world to one half fainting with thirst. And so in the language of poor old Gough I ask you, brothers all, would you exchange that sparkling glass of water for alcohol, the drink of the very devil himself?"

T. V. Powderly.

The man who has done the most for the cause of labor in this country, and during the recent strikes has done more to put the Knights of labor in a favorable light before the general public than any other, is Terence V. Powderly.

A contributor to the New York *Star* says:

I had the pleasure of making Master Workman Powderly's acquaintance the other day. He looks more like a college professor or a well-kept Boston literary man than a labor agitator. "Terry," as his friends delight to call him—his full name is Terence V.—is a man of middle stature, well knit, compact figure, regular features, clear, keen eyes, that can look soft and persuasive, a good broad forehead, silky, drooping mustache, and a general air of refinement and capabiltity. He is the son of Irish peasants, was working for his bread at 13 years of age, has been collier boy, switch tender, blacksmith, practical machinist, private soldier, mechanical engineer, mayor of a turbulent city, and has organized and led the greatest labor movement the world has ever witnessed. In speech he shows a certain lack of early and well ordered training, but he is a writer of power and ability. His mind is of a naturally judicious cast, and he carefully weighs his words and opinions. He is a devout Catholic, absolutely temperate and undeniably incorruptible and true to his cause. He struck me as being of rather too fine a texture for the work cut out for him to do; but he was feeling nervous and somewhat irritable at the time. "A model man!" exclaimed the mutual friend who had brought us together, as we left the room. I am inclined to think that he is right.

A political expounder is the chap who nails campaign lies.

A CUB PRINTER.

Mark Twain Delights the Typothetæ With Composing-Room Memories.

Typothetæ, an association of New Yorker's having more or less to do with types, commemorated the birthday of Franklin by a dinner at Delmonico's. After the spread, President Martin, one of New York's oldest printers, led off with reminiscences of the historic marvels of typography, and Isaac H. Bailey, once a printer's devil, spoke for Ben. Franklin. He said that if Franklin were alive he would no doubt enjoy the extravaganzas of Mark Twain anp enjoy his economies of the truth.

Mark Twain was there, and his text was "The Compositor." This is what he said:

"I am staggered by the compliments which have been lavished and poured out on me by my friend on my right (My. Baily). I am so proud of this compliment as I am staggered. It is uncommon in my experience. It is the first time that anybody in my experience has stood up in the presence of a large and respectable audience that I have told the truth once. If I could return the compliment I would do it. [Laughter at the expense of Mr. Bailey.]

"The Chairman's historical reminiscences of Gutenbug have caused me to fall into the reminiscences, for I myself am something of an antiquity. All things change in the procession of years, and it may be that I am among strangers. It may be that the printer of to-day is not the printer of thirty-five years ago. I knew him well. I built his fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept out his office; I picked up his type from under his stand; and, if he was there to see, I put the good type in his case and the broken ones among the 'hell matter;' and if he wasn't there to see, I dumped it all with the 'pi' on the imposing stone—for that was the furtive fashion of the cub, and I was a cub. I wetted down the paper Saturdays, I turned it Sundays—for this was a country weekly; I rolled, I washed the rollers. I washed the forms, I folded the papers, I carried them around at dawn Thursday mornings. I enveloped the papers that went for the mail—we had one hundred town subscribers and three hundred and fifty country ones; the town subscribers paid in groceries and the country in cabbage and cord-wood—when they paid at all, which was merely sometimes, and then we always stated the fact in the paper, and gave them a puff; and if we forgot it they stopped the paper. Every man on the town list helped to edit the thing; that is, he gave orders how it was to be edited; dictated its opinions, marked out its course for it, and every time the boss failed to connect he stopped his paper. We were just infested with critics, and we tried to satisfy them all over. We had one subscriber who paid cash, and he was more trouble to us than all the rest. He bought us once a year, body and soul, for two dollars. He used to modify our politics every which way and he made us change our religion four times in five years. If we ever tried to reason with him he would threaten to stop his paper, and, of course, that meant bankruptcy and destruction. That man used to write articles a column and a half long, leaded long primer, and sign them 'Junius' or 'Veritas' or 'Vox Populi,' or some other high-sounding rot; and then, after it was set up he would come in, say he had changed his mind—which was a gilded figure of epeech, because he hadn't any—and order it to be left out. We couldn't stand such a waste as that; we couldn't afford 'bogus' in that office, so we always took the leads out, altered the signature and credited the article to the rival paper in the next village, and put it in. Well, we did have one or two kinds of 'bogus.' Whenever there was a barbecue, or a circus, or a baptising, we knocked off for half a day; and then to make up for short time we would 'turn our ads'—turn over the whole page and duplicate it. The other bogus was deep philosophical stuff, which we judged nobody ever read; so we kept a galley of it standing, and kept on slapping the same old batches of it in, every now and then, until it became dangerous.

Also, in the early days of the telegraph we used to economize on the news. We picked out the items that were pointless and barren of information and stood them on a galley and changed the dates and localities and used them over and over again till the public interest in them was worn to the bone. We marked the ads. but we seldom paid any attention to the marks afterward; so the life of a 'td.' ad and a 'tf' was equally eternal. I have seen a 'td.' notice of a Sheriff's sale still booming serenely along two years after the sale was over, the Sheriff dead, and the whole circumstance become ancient history. Most of the yearly ads were patent medicines stereotypes, and we used to fence with them. Life was easy with us; if we pied a form we suspended till next week, and we always suspended every now and then when the fishing was good, and explained it by the illness of the editor, a paltry excuse, because that kind of a paper was just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead one than with either of them. He was full of blessed egotism and placid self importance, but he didn't know as much as a 3-em quad. He never set any type except in the rush of the last day, and then he would smouch all the poetry, and leave the rest to "jeff" for the solid takes: He wrote with impressive flatulence and soaring confidence upon the vastest subjects; but puffing alms gifts of wedding cake, salty ice cream, abnormal watermelons, and sweet potatoes the size of your leg was his best hold. He was always a poet—a kind of poet of the carrier's address breed—and whenever his intellect supporated, and he read the result to the printers, and asked for their opinion, they were very frank and straightforward about it. They generally scraped their rules on the boxes all the time he was reading, and called it 'hog wash' when he got through. All this was thirty-five years ago, when the man who could set 700 an hour could put on just as many airs as he wanted to.

"I can see that pre-historic times yet, with its horse bills on the walls, its 'd' boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights, its towl, which was not considered soiled until it could stand alone, and other signs and symbols that marked the establishment of that kind in the Mississippi Valley; and I can see also the tramping 'jour' who flitted by in the summer and tarried a day with his wallet stuffed with one shirt and a batful of handbills; for if he couldn't get any type to set he would do a temperance lecture. His way of life was simple, his needs not complex; all he wanted was plate and bed and money enough to get drunk on and he was satisfied. But it may be, as I have said, that I am among strangers, and sing the glories of a forgotten age to unfamiliar ears, so I will 'make even' and stop."

The Knights of Labor.

The organization known as the Knights of Labor was organized on Thanksgiving Day, 1869, in Philadelphia, by Uriah S. Stevens, a garment cutter, who had six other garment cutters associated with him. They formed what was afterwards known as Local Assembly No. 1, of the Knights of