The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 48. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1817.

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

FRED. W. BIESECKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
[illegible] up stairs in Cook & Beerits' Block.

GEORGE R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
[illegible], Pa.

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

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

H. S. ENDSLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

E. TRENT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a.

[illegible] R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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

H. L. BAER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.,
[illegible] in Somerset and adjoining counties. [illegible] entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

[illegible] W. H. RUPPEL.
[illegible]FROTH & RUPPEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
[illegible] entrusted to their care will be [illegible] punctually attended to. [illegible] Main Cross street, opposite the [illegible] Block.

[illegible] L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
[illegible] entrusted to our care will be promptly [illegible] attended to. Collections made in [illegible], Bedford and adjoining Counties. Surveying and Conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

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

DENNIS MEYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a.
[illegible] business entrusted to his care will be [illegible] with promptness and fidelity. [illegible] Main Cross Street, next door to Snyder & [illegible].

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
[illegible] Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, [illegible] Cross street. Collections made, estates [illegible], titles examined, and all legal business [illegible] with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN O. KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
[illegible] attend to all business entrusted to his care [illegible] and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.

HENRY F. SCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
[illegible] and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. [illegible] Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
[illegible] Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, Pa. will [illegible] 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 [illegible]. 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,
[illegible] located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office 2 doors West of [illegible] Hotel, in rear of Drug Store. may21.

DR. E. W. BLOUGH,
HOMEOPATHIC 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 [illegible] corner of Diamond, over Knepper's [illegible] Store. apr28-86tf.

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 [illegible] 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 [illegible] store. Dec 8, '85.

DR. J. S. McMILLEN,
(Graduate in Dentistry,)
SOMERSET, PA.,
[illegible] special attention to the Preservation of [illegible] Natural Teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All [illegible] guaranteed satisfactory. Office in [illegible] Block, up stairs. Entrance one door west [illegible] 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 his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's [illegible]. apr. 22, '79-tf.

$200,000 in presents 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. jan23.

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

INTELLIGENT SOLICITORS Wanted to Introduce
MARSHALL'S MAGNIFICENT
LINE-ENGRAVED
PORTRAIT OF GEN. GRANT
[illegible]. A perfect triumph of art. Pronounced by Dr. Newman, Henry Ward Beecher, [illegible], George H. Stuart, Dr. Tiffany, [illegible], J. G. Whittier, and hosts of others [illegible] the best. It is the finest and [illegible] engraved portrait ever published. [illegible]. Value of plate, $2,500. For [illegible], address HUBBARD BROS., Pub's., Phila., Pa.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Jeremiah Lohr, of Central America, and [illegible], intermarried with Thomas E. Hite, of Cambria County, P., and Daniel Lohr, of [illegible], Cambria County, Pa.: You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset on Monday, the [illegible] day of May next to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Adaline Lohr, dec'd at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same [illegible] be sold.
Sheriff's Office, April 7, 1886. JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

John Brollier To Geo. Johnson and Peter Suder. No. 51, April Term, 1875. Assignment.

The undersigned, Assignees of John Brollier, having filed their final account of their trust, which was duly audited, hereby give notice that they will make application to the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, on Thursday, the 27th day of May, 1886, for their discharge from the said trust.

GEORGE JOHNSON,
PETER SUDER,
Assignees of John Brollier.
may5-4t.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Honorable WILLIAM J. BAER, 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 Justices 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 of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer, at Somerset, on

Monday, May 17, 1885.

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 offices 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.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

George H. Tayman vs. Elnora Tayman. In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa. Alias Subpœna for Divorce on ground of Adultery and Desertion.

To Elnora Tayman:

You are hereby notified to be and appear at the next Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., to be held in Somerset on the 3d Monday of May, 1886, to answer the complaint of your husband, George H. Tayman, the plaintiff above named, and show cause, if any you have, why your said husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, agreeably to the prayer of his petition and libel exhibited against you before said Court.

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 $300 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All legal holidays observed.

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

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.

THE LIFE LESSON

LEARNED BY A PROMINENT HUDSON ODD FELLOW.

[*From the Helena, [N. Y.] Register.*]

Mr. John Elting, a faithful Odd Fellow, (Past Grand, Lindenwald, No. 442) and a member of the Baptist Church, says: "I have been, as most of my acquaintances in Hudson know, a sufferer from dyspepsia for ten years. Beginning with indigestion, sour stomach and flatulence, I became so weak that my body became a burden too heavy to carry, and my mind was weighted down by a gloomy despondency. After eating I felt as if I had a ball of glowing iron in my stomach; my abdomen would bloat, and I was afflicted almost constantly with a sick headache. A lady, learning of my condition, advised me to use DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, telling me what an infinite deal of good it had done her, and others whom she knew. I began taking it in the latter part of August, and used altogether only three bottles, when it achieved in me the most wonderful improvement. I have now gained flesh and feel stronger, better and happier than I have in ten years. FAVORITE REMEDY cured my friend, R. F. Hermans, of Ghent, of the lingering remains of the malarial fever and of biliousness. Mr. Harvey Thomas, the grocer on Warren street, just below the Worth House, says that it has had wonderfully good effects upon him. Scores of my acquaintances say that, having once tried it, they would never again be without it. I have given it to my children and found it the best medicine I have ever known for regulating their bowels and purifying their blood. The knowledge of this medicine I deem the greatest lesson of physical life."

A BOTTLE AND ITS VICTORY.—"I carried the burden of dyspepsia about with me all my life," said Mrs. Pierce, a lady eighty years old, residing at Rochester, N. Y., "Until about three years ago I began taking Dr. David Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy'—of Rondout, you know—and it has given me more ambition and strength than I have had since I was young."

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. FILLMAN,
"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 BEST family medicines I ever used.

T. J. LANIER,
Petersburg, Va.

Prepared by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Sole Proprietors. Price $1.00.
[illegible]-'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 Stull.
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.
Districh Trimpey vs. William Sweltser.

SECOND WEEK.

Elizabeth Lohr vs. Horace Lenhart.
Julia Ann Heffley, et al., vs. Jos. Poorbaugh et al.
Harrison Snyder vs. Jacob Heinbaugh.
Elisha Moon vs. Somerset Co. Railroad Co.
A. J. Moon vs. Somerset Co. Railroad Co.
Jefferson Wells vs. Thomas Maxwell.
Daniel Weyand's heirs vs. H. B. Coughenour.
Christie Newcomer's right vs. the Howard Ins. Co. of New York.
Adam Arisman 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.

Proty's Office, Apr. 21, 1886. N. B. CRITCHFIELD, Prothonotary.

ALL READY
FOR
SPRING TRADE

Most Complete Stock We Have Ever Shown.

Colored Silks at 85c. and 95c.: unequaled value. Our 75c. Colored Surahs are the best. Printed India Silks, $2.00 to 75c. Checked and Striped Summer silks, 50c. to 75c.; not flimsy, worth buying. Checked Louisine Silks, at $1.00. Black Silks, absolutely best values, at $5 to 75c. Black Sarah Silks, special bargains. Rhadames, Armures, Silk Grenadines. Low prices for Brocade and plain Velvets.

ELEGANT NOVELTIES

in Imported Wool Dress Fabrics, from $1.00 up. Kachmyr Sublime, the best plain wool material at 50c. a yard. Cheviots, Homespuns, Boucles, Cloths, all in Spring colorings. Hosiery—Underwear, Muslin, Silk, Lysle and Cotton.

Ladies and Misses Wraps and Suits, Jerseys, coat backs, at $1.00.

Lace Curtains from $1.00 a pair to finest, Curtain Materials of all kinds, Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Seersuckers, Crazy Cloths, Satines, Percales, Lawns.

We make a specialty of best and finest Goods, NO TRASH.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT sends samples and information.

JOS. HORNE & CO.'S
Retail Stores,
Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Samuel W. Pletcher, dec'd, late of Middlecreek Twp., Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, May 29, 1886, at the residence of the decedent, in said township.

E. P. KING,
Administrator.
apr14.

THE FAREWELL.

O thou, whose cherished image seems
A portion of my heart,
Whose eyes of light make glad my dreams,
Farewell, for now we part,
The sail is swelling in the bay—
That bears me on my distant way,—
For years to rove the dreary sea—
For years—and think of only thee.

Yet will that beauteous image make
The dreary see less drear,
And they remembered smile will wake
The hope that tramples fear.
When I shall pace the tempest's wrath,
Or struggle through the dangerous path
Where the blue icebergs, vast and steep,
Drifting and dashing, crowd the deep.

Then, too, when Heaven with clouds is dark
And wild winds sweep the vale,
Wilt thou not think of him whose bark
Strives with the polar gale?
Wilt thou not think and softly pray
For the sea wanderer, far away,
That all his toils and perils o'er
His hand my clasp thy hand once more?

But shouldst thou hear no more of me,
Or hear that I have died
And sleep within that icy sea,
Or on its desert side,
Will not a pang thy bosom press,
Even in thy pride of loveliness—
A tear in thy sweet eyelids shine
For him whose latest thought was thine?

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

IN THE DARK.

"It is the strangest, most unaccountable thing I ever knew! I don't think I am superstitious, but I can't help fancying that—"

Ethel left the sentence unfinished, wrinkling her brows in a thoughtful frown as she gazed into the depths of her empty tea-cup.

"What has happened?" I inquired, glancing up from the money article of *The Tribune* at my daughter's pretty, puzzled face. "Nothing uncanny, I hope! You haven't discovered that a ghost is included among the fixtures of our new house?"

This new house, The Cedars, was a pretty, old-fashioned riverside villa between Richmond and Kew, which I had taken furnished as a summer residence, and to which we had only just removed.

Let me state, in parenthesis, by way of introducing myself to the reader that I, John Dysart, am a widower with one child; the blue-eyed, fair-haired young lady who sat opposite to me at the breakfast table that bright June morning; and that I have been for many years the manager of an old established Life Insurance Company in the city.

"What is the mystery?" I repeated, as Ethel did not reply.

She came out of her brown study, and looked at me impressively.

"It really is a mystery, papa, and the more I think of it the more puzzled I am."

"I am in the dark at present as to what 'it' may be," I reminded her.

"Something that happened last night. You know that adjoining my bedroom there is a large, dark closet, which can be used as a box, or store-room."

"I had forgotten the fact, but I will take your word for it. Well, Ethel?"

"Well, last night I was restless, and it was some hours before I could sleep. When at last I did so, I had a strange dream about that closet. It seemed that as I lay in bed I heard a noise within, as if some one were knocking at the door, and a child's voice, broken by sobs, crying piteously, 'Let me out! Let me out!' I thought that I got out of bed and opened the door, and there, crouching all in a heap against the wall, was a little boy; a pretty, pale little fellow of six or seven, looking half wild with fright. At the same moment I woke."

"And lo, it was a dream," I finished. "If that is all, Ethel—"

"But it is not," she interposed. "The strangest part of the story is to come. The dream was so vivid that when I woke I sat up in bed, and looked toward the closet door, almost expecting to hear the sounds again. Papa, you may believe me or not, but it is a fact that I did hear them, the muffled knocking and the pitiful cry. As I listened it grew fainter and fainter, and at length ceased altogether. Then I summoned courage to get out of bed and open the door. There was no living creature in the place. Was it not mysterious?" she concluded. "What can it mean?"

I glanced at her with a smile, as I refolded the paper and rose from my chair.

"It means, my dear, that you had nightmare last night. Let me recommend you for the future not to eat cucumbers at dinner."

"No, papa," she interrupted. "I was broad awake, and I heard the child's voice as plainly as I ever heard a sound in my life."

"Why didn't you call me?"

"I was afraid to stir till the sound had ceased; but if I ever hear it again, I will let you know at once."

"Be sure you do. Meantime, suppose you come into the garden," I continued, throwing open the French windows; "the morning air will blow all these cobwebs from your brain."

Ethel complied, and for the present I heard no more of the subject.

Some days passed away, and we began to feel quite at home in our new quarters.

A more delightful summer retreat than The Cedars could hardly be imagined, with its cold, dusky rooms, from which the sunlight was excluded by the screen of foliage outside; its trelised veranda, overgrown with creepers, and its smooth lawn, shaded by the rare old cedar trees which gave the place its name.

Our friends soon discovered its attractions, and took care that we should not stagnate for want of society. We kept open house; lawn tennis, garden parties and boating excursions were the order of the day. It was glorious summer weather, the days warm and golden, the nights starlit and still.

One night, having important letters to finish, I sat up writing after all the household were in bed. The window was open, and at intervals I glanced up from my paper across the moonlit lawn, where the shadows of the cedars lay dark and motionless. Now and then a great downy moth would flutter in and hover round the shaded lamp; now and then the swallows under the eaves uttered a faint, sleepy chirp. For all other signs and sounds of life, I might have been the only watcher in all the sleeping world.

I had finished my task and was just closing my writing case when I heard a hurried movement in the room above—Ethel's. Footsteps descended the stairs, and the next moment the dining-room door opened, and Ethel appeared in a long, white dressing-gown, with a small night-lamp in her hand.

There was a look on her face which made me start up and exclaim: "What is the matter? What has happened?"

She set down the lamp and came toward me.

"I have heard it again," she breathed, laying her hand on my wrist.

"You have heard—what?"

"The noise in the box-room."

I stared at her a moment in bewilderment, and then half smiled.

"Oh, is that it?" I exclaimed in a tone of relief. "You have been dreaming again, it seems."

"I have not been asleep at all," she replied. "The sounds have kept me awake. They are louder than the first time; the child seems to be crying and sobbing as if its heart would break. It is miserable to hear it."

"Have you looked inside?" I asked, impressed in spite of myself by her manner.

"No, I dared not to-night. I was afraid of seeing—something," she returned, with a shiver.

"Come, we must get to the bottom of this mystery," I said cheerfully, and taking up the lamp I led the way up stairs to her room.

As the door of the mysterious closet was level with the wall, and papered like it, I did not perceive it till Ethel pointed it out. I listened with my ear close to it, but heard not the faintest sound, and after waiting a moment threw it open and looked in, holding the lamp so that every corner was lighted. It was a cramped, close, airless place; the ceiling, (which was immediately below the upper staircase) sloping at an acute angle to the floor. A glance showed me that it contained nothing but a broken chair and a couple of empty boxes.

Slightly shrugging my shoulders, I closed the door.

"Your ghost is 'vox et praeterea nihil,' it seems," I remarked dryly. "Don't you think, Ethel, you may have been—"

Ethel held up her hand, motioning me to silence.

"Hark!" she whispered, "there it is again! But it is dying away now. Listen—"

I complied, half infected by her excitement, but within and without the house all was profoundly still.

"There—it has ceased," she said at length, drawing a deep breath. "You heard it, did you not?"

I shook my head. "My dear Ethel, there was nothing to hear."

She opened her blue eyes to their widest.

"Papa—am I not to believe the evidence of my own senses?"

"Not when they are affected by nervous excitement. If you give way to this fancy, you will certainly make yourself ill. See how you tremble! Come, lie down again, and try to sleep."

"Not here," she returned, glancing round with a shudder. "I shall go to the spare chamber. Nothing would induce me to spend another night in this room."

I said no more, but I felt perplexed and uneasy. It was so unlike Ethel to indulge in superstitious fancies that I began to fear she must be seriously out of health, and I resolved for my own satisfaction to have a doctor's opinion regarding her.

It happened that our nearest neighbor was a physician, whom I knew by repute, though not personally acquainted with him. After breakfast, without mentioning my intention to my daughter, I sent a note to Dr. Cameron, requesting him to call at his earliest convenience.

He came without delay; a tall, gray-bearded man of middle age, with a grave, intelligent face, observant eyes, and sympathetic manner.

His patient received him with undisguised astonishment, and on learning that he had called at my request, she gave me look of mute reproach.

"I am sorry that papa troubled you, Dr. Cameron. There is really nothing the matter with me," she said.

And, indeed at that moment, with flushed cheeks, and eyes even brighter than usual, she looked as little like an invalid as could well be imagined.

"My dear Ethel," I interposed, "when people take to dreaming startling dreams, and hearing supernatural sounds, it is a sign of something wrong with either mind or body—as I am sure Dr. Cameron will tell you."

The doctor started perceptibly. "Ah, is that Miss Dysart's case?" he inquired, turning to her with a sudden look of interest.

"I have had a strange—experience, which papa considers a delusion. I dare say you will be of the same opinion."

"Suppose you tell me what it was," he suggested.

She was silent, trifling with one of her silver bangles.

"Pray excuse me," she said hurriedly, at length, "I don't care to speak of it; but papa will tell you." And before I could detain her she had hurriedly left the room.

When we were alone he turned to me inquiringly, and in a few words I related to him what the reader already knows. He listened without interruption, and when I had finished sat for some moments without speaking, thoughtfully stroking his beard.

He was evidently impressed by what he had heard, and I waited anxiously for his opinion. At length he looked up.

"Mr. Dysart," he said, gravely, "You will be surprised to learn that your daughter is not the first who has had this strange 'experience.' Previous tenants of The Cedars have heard exactly the sounds which she describes."

I pushed my chair back half a yard in my astonishment."

"Impossible!"

He nodded emphatically.

"It is a fact, though I don't pretend to explain it. These manifestations have been noticed at intervals for the last three or four years, ever since the house was occupied by a Captain Vandeleur, whose nephew—"

"Vandeleur!" I interrupted; "why, he was a client of ours. He insured his nephew's life in our office for a large amount, and—"

"And a few months afterward the child suddenly and mysteriously died?" my companion put in. "A singular coincidence, to say the least of it."

"So singular," I acquiesced, "that we thought it a case for inquiry, particularly as the ex-captain did not bear the best of characters, and was known to be over head and ears in debt. But I am bound to say that after the closest investigation nothing was discovered to suggest a suspicion of foul play."

"Nevertheless, there had been foul play," was the doctor's reply.

"You don't mean that he murdered the boy! that pretty, fragile-looking little fellow—"

"No, he did not murder him, but he let him die," Dr. Cameron rejoined. "Perhaps you are not aware," he continued, "that the little lad was somewhat feeble in mind as well as body? I attended him more than once, at Vandeleur's request, and I found that among other strange fears and antipathies he had a morbid dread of darkness. To be left alone in a dark room for only a few minutes was enough to throw him into a paroxysm of nervous excitement. His uncle—who, by the way, professed more affection for the little fellow than I could quite believe in, when I noticed how the child shrank from him—consulted me as to the best means of overcoming this weakness. I strongly advised him to humor it for the present, warning him that any mental shock might endanger the boy's reason, or even his life. I little thought those words of mine would prove his death-warrant."

"What do you mean?"

"Only a few days afterward, Vandeleur locked him up all night in a dark closet, where he was found the next morning, crouching against the wall, his hands clenched, his eyes fixed and staring—dead."

"Good Heavens, how horrible! But no work of this was mentioned at the inquest?"

"No; and I did not hear of it myself until long afterward, from a woman who had been Vandeleur's housekeeper, but was too much afraid of him to betray him at the time. From her, too, I learned with what refined cruelty the lad's nerves had been shaken and his health undermined. If 'the intention makes the deed,' James Vandeleur was a murderer."

I was silent for a moment, thinking, with an uncomfortable thrill, of Ethel's dream.

"I wish I had never entered this ill-omened house," I exclaimed at length. "I dread the effect of this revelation on my daughter's mind."

"Why need you tell her?" he questioned. "My advice is to say nothing more about it. The sooner she forgets the subject the better. Send her away to the seaside; a change of air and scene will soon efface it from her memory."

"What has become of Vandeleur?" I inquired. "I have heard nothing of him since we paid the policy."

"He has been living abroad, I believe—going to the dogs, no doubt. But he is in England now," the doctor added; "or else it was his 'fetch' which I saw at your gate the other night."

"At our gate!" I echoed in astonishment. "What the deuce was he doing there?"

"He seemed to be watching the house. It was last Sunday evening. I had been dining with friends at Richmond, and on my way back, between 11 and 12 o'clock, I noticed a man leaning over the gate of The Cedars. On hearing footsteps he turned and walked away, but not before I had caught a glimpse of his face in the moonlight."

"And you are sure it was he?"

"Almost certain—though he was greatly altered for the worse. I have a presentiment, do you know, that you will see him or hear of him yourself before long," he added thoughtfully, as he shook hands and walked away.

I lost no time in following his advice with regard to Ethel, whom I dispatched to Scarborough in charge of my married sister, a few days later.

I had taken a hearty dislike to The Cedars, and resolved to get it off my hands as soon as might be.

Until another tenant could be found, however, I continued to occupy it, going to and from town as before.

One evening I was sitting on the lawn, smoking an after-dinner cigar, and reading Ethel's last letter, which quite reassured me as to her health and spirits, when our sedate old housekeeper presented herself with the informantion that a "party" had called to see the house.

"A gentleman or lady?" I inquired.

"A gentleman, sir; but he didn't give his name."

I found the visitor standing near the open window of the drawing-room; a tall, gaunt man, of thirty-five or thereabouts, with handsome but haggard features, and restless dark eyes. His lips were covered by a thick mustache, which he was nervously twisting as he stood looking out at the lawn.

"This house is to let, I believe: will you allow me to look over it?" he asked as I entered the room.

His voice seemed familiar; I looked at him more closely, and then, in spite of the change in his appearance, I recognized Captain Vandeleur.

What could have brought him here, I wondered. Surely he would not care to return to the house, even were he in a position to do so—which, judging from the shabbiness of his appearance, seemed rather doubtful.

Half a dozen vague conjectures flashed through my mind, as I glanced at his face, and noticed the restless, hunted look, which told of some wearying dread or anxiety.

After a moment's hesitation I assented, and resolved to conduct him myself on his tour of inspection.

"I think I have met you before," I said, feeling curious to know whether he recollected me.

He glanced at me absently.

"Possibly—but not of late years; for I have been living abroad," was his reply.

Having shown him the apartments on the ground floor, I led the way up-stairs. He followed me from room to room in an absent, listless fashion, till we came to the chamber which Ethel had occupied. Then his interest seemed to revive all at once.

He glanced quickly around the walls, his eyes resting on the door of the box closet.

"That is a bath or dressing room, I suppose," he said, nodding toward it.

"No, only a place for lumber. Perhaps I ought to tell you that it is said to be haunted," I added, affecting to speak carelessly, while I kept my eyes on his face.

He started and turned towards me.

"Haunted—by what?" he inquired with a faint sneer. "Nothing worse than rats and mice I expect."

"There is a tragical story connected with that place," I answered deliberately. "It is said that an unfortunate child was shut up there to die of fear, in the dark."

The color rushed to his face, then receded, leaving it deadly pale.

"Indeed!" he faltered. "And do you mean to say that he—the child has been seen?"

"No, but he has been heard knocking within, and crying to be let out. The fact has been confirmed by every tenant who has occupied the house since—"

I stopped short, startled by the effect of my revelation.

My companion was gazing at me with a blank stare of horror which banished all other expressions from his face.

"Good Heavens!" I heard him mutter, "can this be true? Can this be the reason why I am drawn back to the place in spite of myself?"

"A mysterious story," he commented dryly. "I do not believe a word of it myself, but I should hardly care to take a house with such an uncanny reputation. I think I need not trouble you any further."

As he turned toward the door I saw his figure sway as if he were falling. He put his hand to his side, with a gasp of pain, a bluish shade gathering over his countenance.

"Are you ill?" I exclaimed in alarm.

"I—it is nothing. I have a weakness of the heart, and am subject to these attacks. May I ask you for a glass of water?"

I left the room to procure it, and when I returned I found that he had fallen upon the bed in a dead swoon.

I hastily despatched a servant for Dr. Cameron, who happened to be at home, and he came immediately.

He recognized my visitor at once, and glanced at me significantly. I rapidly explained what had happened, while he bent over the unconscious man, and bared his chest to listen to his heart-beats.

When he raised himself his face was grave.

"Is he in danger?" I asked quickly.

"Not in immediate danger, but the next attack will probably be his last. His heart, I fear, is mortally diseased.'

It was nearly an hour before Vandeleur awoke, and then only to partial consciousness. he lay in a sort of stupor, his limbs nerveless, his hands damp and cold.

"It is impossible to remove him in this condition," the doctor said; "I fear he must stay here for the night. I will send you some one to watch him."

"Dont trouble—I intend to sit up with him myself," I replied, speaking with an impulse I could hardly explain.

He looked at me keenly over his spectacles.

"Should you like me to share your watch?" he inquired after a moment.

"I should be only be too glad of your company, if you can come without inconvenience."

He nodded.

"I must leave you now, but I will return in an hour," he then said.

Three hours had passed away; it was nearly midnight. The night was oppressively close and profoundly still. The bedroom window stood wide open, but not a breath stirred the curtains. Outside all was vague and dark, for neither moon nor stars were visible.

Vandeleur still lay, half dressed, on the bed, but now asleep. His deep, regular breathing sounded distinctly in the silence. Dr. Cameron sat near the dressing table, reading by the light of a shaded lamp. I, too, had a book, but found it impossible to keep my attention fixed upon it. My mind was possessed by an uneasy feeling, half dread, half expectation. I found myself listening nervously to expected sounds, and starting when the doctor turned a leaf.

At length, overcome by the heat and stillness, I closed my eyes, and unconsciously sank into a doze. How long it lasted I cannot tell, but I awoke abruptly, and looked round with a sense of vague alarm. I glanced at the doctor. He had laid down his book, and was leaning forward with one arm on the dressing table, looking intently toward the door of the box-room. Instinctively I held my breath and listened.

Never shall I forget the thrill that ran through my nerves when I heard from within a muffled knocking sound, and a child's voice, distinct, though faint and broken by sobs, crying piteously, "Let me out, let me out!"

"Do you hear it?" I whispered, bending forward toward my companion.

He inclined his head in assent and motioned me to keep silent, pointing toward the bed. Its occupant moved uneasily, as if disturbed, muttering some incoherent phrases. Suddenly he pushed back his covering and sat upright, gazing around with a wild, bewildered stare.

The pitiful entreaty was repeated more violently, more passionately than before. "Let me out, let me out!"

With a cry that rang through the room, Vandeleur sprang from the bed, reached the closet door in two strides and tore it open.

It was empty. Empty at least to our eyes, but it was evident that our companion beheld what we could not.

For a few moments he stood as if half frozen, his eyes fixed with the fascination of terror on something just within the threshold; then, as if retreating before it, he recoiled step by step across the room, till he was stopped by the opposite wall, where he crouched in an attidude of abject fear.

The sight was so horrible that I could bear it no longer.

"Are you dreaming? wake up!" I exclaimed, and shook his shoulder.

He raised his eyes and looked at me vacantly. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. A convulsive shudder ran through him and he fell heavily at my feet.

"He has swooned again," I said, turning to my companion, who stooped and lifted the drooping head on to his knee.

After one glance he laid it down again.

"He is dead," was the grave reply.

And with Vandeleur's death my story ends, for after that night the sounds were heard no more.

The forlorn little gost was at rest.—*Argosy.*

"Their Places."

What right have strikers to the places they have vacated? Here is touched the root of nine-tenths of the difficulty between employers and employed. Questions of wages and rules can be arbitrated. But the claim often made by men on a strike that the places vacated still belong to them, and cannot justly be filled by anybody else, and must be restored to them as a body before there can be any settlement, is one which never can be arbitrated. In the nature of things there is nothing to arbitrate. If this claim of such workers has any foundation at all no owner has any control over his property, nor have unemployed laborers any rights as freemen.

When men cease to work they exercise an indisputable right as citizens. But they do so at their own risk. They vacate certain positions, which it becomes not only the right but the duty of employers to fill at once, if they can. Public interest requires that work shall not be interrupted. If persons can be found to do the work, it is a duty to employ them. It would always be impossible to fill places under such circumstances if employers could not promise permanent engagements. Hence it is indispensable to public interest, and an essential part of the ownership of property and the right to manage it at all, that an employer should be entirely free to hire a free workman instead of any man who vacates a place. It is no longer "his place." By his own act he has deliberately put from him all claim whatever to it. From that instant he has exactly the same right to be employed in that place that any other unemployed worker has, and not a bit more.

If men comprehended this fact they would not so often be guilty of injustice and cruelty to other workers who fill places voluntarily vacated. But there is a strange idea prevalent among workingmen that they can vacate a place and still retain it. They seem to fancy that they can refuse to be employed, and yet retain a right to play dog in the manger, and require that no one else shall be employed in their stead. Nothing can be more unreasonable or more unjust to all unemployed laborers. Strikers who assert this thing are simply putting their hands on what does not belong to them. These same men would not stoop to claim as their own another man's watch or tools. But after forsaking a place and refusing to fill it they assert that another free workingman who offers to fill it has no right to do so. That is wrongfully claiming a part of his property. Yet this mistaken notion is at the bottom of most of the acts of violence with which strikes are disgraced, and of most of the difficulties in adjusting strikes.

The rules of common sense suffices for this case. He who refuses to fill a place knows that an emyloyer has from that instant a right to fill it if he can, and that an employer's first duty will then be to stand by those who come forward to do the work. This is the radical error of the strike as a mode of adjusting labor difficulties. The men abandon places and stop work, instead of submitting their claims to arbitration and continuing to fill their places and do their duty meanwhile. As long as men choose to strike instead of arbitrating they make it the first duty of employers to protect and defend the workingmen who are willing to fill the places vacated.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A correspondent wants to know if it is proper to urge a young lady to sing at an evening gathering after she has refused once. It is proper to urge a little, but not too much, lest she should change her mind.

The reason Eve was not created before Adam was, the Lord knew if he made the woman first and then tried to make a man to suit her he might as well quit the business and go fishing.

Conspirators in the Cabinet of President Buchanan.

From Logan's new book, The Great Conspiracy.

We have seen how President Andrew Jackson, some thirty years before, had stamped out Nullification and Disunion in South Carolina, with an iron hand.

But a weak and feeble old man—still suffering from the effects of the mysterious National Hotel poisoning—was now in the Executive Chair at the White House. Well-meaning, doubtless, and a Union man at heart, his enfeebled intellect was unable to see, and hold firm to, the only true course. He lacked clearness of perception, decision of character, and nerve. He knew Secession was wrong, but allowed himself to be persuaded that he had no Constitutional power to prevent it. He had surrounded himself in the Cabinet with such unbending adherents and tools of the Slave-Power, as Howell Cobb of Georgia his Secretary of the Treasury; John B. Floyd of Virginia as Secretary of War; Jacob Thompson of Missouri as Secretary of the Interior, and Isaac Toucy of Connectitut as Secretary of the Navy, before whose malign influence the counsels of Lewis Cass of Michigan, the Secretary of State and other Union men in and out of the Cabinet, were quite powerless.

When, therefore, the Congress met (December 3, 1860,) and he transmitted to it his last annual message, it was found that, instead of treating Secession from the Jacksonian standpoint, President Buchanan feebly wailed over the threatened destruction of the Union, weakly apologized for the contemplated Treason, garrulously scolded the North as being to blame for it, and while praying to God to "preferve the Constitution and the Union throughout all generations," wrung his nerveless hands in despair over his own powerlessness—as he construed the Constitution—to prevent the secession! Before writing his pitiful imbecile Message, President Buchanan had secured from his Attorney General (Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania) an opinion in which the latter, after touching upon certain cases in which he believed the President would be justified in using force to sustain the Federal Laws, supposes the case of a State where all the Federal Officers had resigned and where there were neither Federal Courts to issue, nor officers to execute judicial process, and continued: "*In that event, troops* would certainly be out of place, and *their use wholly illegal.* If they are sent to aid the Courts and Marshalls, there must *be Courts and Marshals to be aided.* Without the exercise of these functions, which belong exclusively to the civil service, the laws cannot be executed in any event, no matter what may be the physical strength which the Government has at its command. *Under such circumstances, to send a military force into any State, with orders to act against the people, would be simply making War upon them.*"

Resting upon that opinion of Attorney-General Black, President Buchanan, in his Message, after referring to the solemn oath taken by the Executive "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed," and stating that there were now no longer any Federal Officers in South Carolina, through whose agency he could keep that oath, took up the laws of February 28, 1795, and March 3, 1807, as "the only Acts of Congress on the Statute-book bearing upon the subject" which authorize the president, after he shall have ascertained that the Marshal, with his *posse comitatus*, is unable to execute civil or criminal process in any particular case, to call out the Militia and employ the Army and Navy to aid him in performing this service, having first, by Proclamation, commanded the insurgents 'to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, within a limited time,'" and thereupon held that "This duty cannot, by possibility, be performed in a State where no judicial authority exists to issue process, and where there is no Marshal to execute it; and where, even if there were such an officer, the entire population would constitute one solid combination to resist him."

* * * Thus, in President Buchanan's judgment, while, in another part of his Message, he had declared that no State had any right, Constitutional or otherwise, to Secede from that Union, which was designed for all time—yet, if any State concluded thus wrongfully to Secede, there existed no power in the Union, by the exercise of force to preserve itself from instant dissolution! How imbecile the reasoning, how impotent the conclusion, compared with that of President Jackson, thirty years before, in his proclamation against Nullification and Secession, wherein that sturdy patriot declared to the South Carolinians that "compared to Disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all," that "Disunion by armed force is *Treason*," and that he was determined "to execute the Laws," and to "preserve the Union!"

Wise Words.

A present good may be reasonably parted with upon a probable expectation of a furture good which is more excellent.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

If some people took half the interest in their own affairs that they do in their neighbors, they would be happier and richer.

If you go about telling people you have an inheritance worth a million of worlds, and yet get in a temper about the loss of a nickle, they will not believe you.

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang, even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half its bitterness when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh.

There are some persons who never succeed, from being too indolent to attempt anything; and others who regularly fail, because the instant they find success in their power they grow indifferent and give over the attempt.

The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in society, in business, in the church; but the first and chiefest need of it is at home, where it is the salt that keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes ever hour charming, and the divine light which shines starlike through all gloom and depression.

Astronomers predict that a bright comet will be visible just before sunrise during the latter part of May. It is the comet of "1886" recently discovered by Prof. Barnard.