The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald

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ON THE ENGINE.

RUNNING A LOCOMOTIVE WHILE DEATHLY SICK.

TAUNTON, MASS.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—I am an engineer on the Old Colony Railroad, and run the Fall River boat train between Fall River and Lowell, residing in Taunton. For ten years I suffered everything but death from dyspepsia. Often I had such blinding sick headaches that I could hardly see. I think this was due partly to irregular habits of eating and partly to the jar of the engine.

Remember that I had tried every medicine I heard of, and had been treated by some of the best physicians in Taunton and Lowell. At this critical time DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended to me. It was new to me, and with my experience with medicines, you can easily forgive me for saying that I had not a particle of faith in it.

I had taken it but a few days when I began to get better. The raw and sore feeling left my stomach, and the snapping pains left my head, and soon I was all right, and have been ever since. It is the only thing that ever did me the least good, and it drove every ache, pain and discomfort completely out of my body. Now I keep KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY with me on my engine, and it goes wherever I go. Why, I believe FAVORITE REMEDY will cure anything. One night a while ago John Layton, an engineer who runs the mails (the boat train from Boston, came on my engine sick as death. He was worn out with work, had a high fever, and was so nervous he almost broke down crying. "Nonsense, John," I said; "cheer up; I've got something on my engine that will set you up in a jiffy." I took out my bottle of "Favorite Remedy," lifted his head and gave him a good dose. He went to bed. Two days after I saw him, looking hale as a butcher. "Dan," he said, "what was that stuff you gave me the other night?" "It was DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, Rondout, N. Y.," said I. "Well, I don't care whose remedy it is, it's the thing for a man on the railroad." So say we all. Yours,

DANIEL FYFE.

It is your own fault if you suffer from Headache, Indigestion or Dyspepsia. One Dollar will buy you a bottle of Favorite Remedy, and cure you.

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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.

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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,

T. 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.

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"SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR CURED me of a case of long standing BILIOUS COLIC after other medicines failed. I think it one of the most valuable family medicines I ever used.

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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.

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The Druggist,

MAMMOTH BLOCK, SOMERSET, PA.

AGENTS WANTED for one of the largest, oldest-established, best-known Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. Prices low. Geneva Nursery. Established 1866.

W. & T. Smith, Geneva, N. Y. apl1-4t.cow.

A FRAGMENT.

What if, while I sit here alone,
A voice I have not heard for years
Should greet me in the low, sweet tone
That once was music to my ears;
And I should start from memory's sway,
And, turning, find you sitting there
Unchanged, as though 'twere yesterday
Your feet went trippling down the stair.

Or, if, upon some summer day,
'Mid song of birds and hum of bees,
I should go down the woodland way
To our old tryst beneath the trees;
And starting back in glad surprise,
I should behold you waiting there,
The old light shining in your eyes—
The sunlight tangled in your hair.

In vain I shall not see the glow
Of wine-brown eyes or catch the smile
Of ruby lips; but yet I know
That you are near me all the while.
For I so loved you in that rage
Of sunny years that my poor heart
Would bleed afresh and count it strange
To think God help us far apart.

And so, when evening shadows creep
And night falls softly o'er the lea,
You touch my eyelids and I sleep,
And sleeping dreams of heaven and the.
And when some summer morn shall break
That finds me chilled by death's cold dew
You need but kiss me I shall wake,
And waking, be in heaven with you.

—*Jean Ingleside.*

A RUSTIC COMEDY.

In the straggling, forlorn, unbeautiful Northumbrian village of Blackford there was, half a century ago, only one comfortable looking building. It was not one of the dwellings of the coal and lime carters, the hedger and ditchers, or the drainers, who formed the bulk of the population, for their low drooping roofs, mended here and there with tarpaulin, spoke too eloquently of damp, draught and over pressure; it was not the red-tiled croft-house inhabited by William Allen, the clever, lazy, kindly, cock-fighting, dog fancying, boxing, wrestling, swimming, beekeeping tenant of the little farm, for bee keeping and neglect had combined with Willie's devotion to hobbies of one kind and another to create of it and its surroundings an embodiment of picturesque disorder; it was not the great austere looking, square built Presbyterian meeting house, with its prison like walls and narrow windows; far less was it the slated, shabby genteel manse, for in cold weather the effect of the whitewash upon it was to threaten the spectator with a fit of the ague. No; no any gusty day in November, when the very trees on the hilltops seemed to have turned their shivering backs to the breeze that whistled through their branches and whirled away their red-tinted leaves in a madcap dance, and the diminutive cot house looked almost as though crouching to escape the blast, which the gaunt old mans faced in haggard despair, the Red Lion Inn alone, with its comfortable overcoat of impervious thatch, retained its aspect of quiet comfort, and toward evening the ruddy glare of its kitchen fire pressingly invited the toil-worn cotters to forsake their scolding wives and brawling children, their scanty fires and draughty houses, and enjoy its comfortable warmth. And often at the same time, there would be a light at one of two attic windows that peered out from the roof like a pair of open gray eyes from under lids of thatch. For one of these attic rooms was the favorite resort of Adam Black, the thriving publican of Blackford. Hither to at night did he often resort, if business was dull below, to smoke his pipe, to think over his plans and to calculate his ingoings and outgoings; for, as he would sometimes remark: "It took a deal of worry for a man as could neither read nor write to keep a true reckoning," and Adam's natural abilities had not been brightened up by education.

That did not hinder him from being greatly liked and respected in Blackford. The wost that could be said about him was that he was rather hard, and as a matter of fact there was little softness in his nature, though he never failed to greet his customers with a smile and a jest, and if the smile was a little mechanical and the jest the worst for wear, it mattered little to quiet country folks, who were not ashamed to laugh at the twentieth repetition of a witticism. And it was everywhere agreed that he kept a model public house—never, for instance, allowing any fighting to go on in a conspicuous place, but forcing the combatants to have it out, if they really meant business, in a secluded back yard, where they could black each other's eyes with the most perfect safety and comfort. Any man might go to the Red Lion with the assurance that he would not be made a fool of. Adam knew the drinking capacity of every full-grown male in the neighborhood of Blackford, and would let none transgress his limit, or, if an accident did happen, generally managed to avoid anything in the nature of a public exhibition. And besides the villagers all knew him to be, in their own language, as game as a bantam. At times Adam might in bargain-making show himself not very scrupulously above board, and generally speaking, what he could get he took, but nevertheless he steered notably clear of paltry meanness, and he was known to be stubbornly faithful to all his friends—a man, on the whole, with a conscience not too troublesome, but far from dead.

In domestic life Adam was a martinet. He ruled his son Aleck, his red haired servant Bet, and even his niece Kitty with a rod of iron. Prompt obedience was the unwritten law of the household. Only Kitty, besides being the smartest, prettiest and cleverest girl in Blackford, was so wayward and spirited that not even her uncle, who liked her better than he liked anybody else in the world, was able to keep her entirely under control.

It was a great grief to Adam when he found out that Kitty was in a mood to throw herself away upon Willie Allen Not that he disliked Willie—nobody could do that—but he thought him unlikely to be a good husband, that is a thriving one, able to keep his family comfortable, for he never gave his mind to his business, but wasted his time over what Adam sometimes called his menagerie, for the croft-house was almost a Noah's ark in its way. The chance visitor was certain to find at every season of the year a litter of pups before the kitchen fire, and an old owl and still more ancient magpie carried on an unceasing struggle for the favorite perch above the kitchen clock. What had once been the best bed-room was converted into a flight for canaries, and there were always hanging about cages containing finches, linnets, thrushes, blackbirds, and even sparrows, for Willie was a noted experimentalist in the art of crossing, and could show an assortment of the most strangely marked hybrids. The garden was stocked with bees and the barn with Russian rabbits. Twenty different kinds of fancy poultry were allowed to spoil the crops, and the dovecote was inhabited by as many varieties of pigeons. In the pig-sty he had a tame badger, and there was a litter of foxes in one out-house and an otter in another. Whatever had life had a deep interest for Willie, as it had a deep interest for his father before him, for, as well may be imagined, these tastes were inherited. But he gratified them at the expense of agriculture. Everybody said the croft would pay splendidly to a man who knew how to work it, but the Allens were not likely to make a fortune there or anywhere else.

It was, therefore not without reason that Adam was set against his niece taking up with Willie. He considered it would be throwing herself away. And he believed that he possessed a powerful instrument for enforcing his own view for he had full command of Kitty's little fortune, something like £100, left her by her father, Adam's elder brother, who had preceded him in the occupation of the Red Lion. Whatever it amounted it was all in the big box that stood in Adam's favorite attic room, who like many other country folks of that time, held that his saving could not be safer than under his own lock and key.

"If you marry Allen," he said to Kitty, and she new that no nice scruples about right and wrong would hinder him from keeping his word, "not a penny will you get from me!"

The truth is that he had quite another scheme in his head. Why should Kitty look beyond his son Aleck? True, they were cousins, but the prejudice against cousins marrying was not strong in the neighborhood and then what advantages there were! Kate was a splendid manager, and Aleck, though he had not his father's spirit and cleverness, was a hard worker and very careful—too careful, some people said, for whereas his father was only keen and saving, he was as mean and hard as a miser. But in match-making these are not defects to make a party ineligible and best of all, thought Adam. "there'll be no need to divide the money." And according he he spared no effort to enforce his will, so that poor Kitty had a hard time of it, what with her uncle's threats and the no more agreeable, persuasions of her money grubbing suitor. Yet she was too spirited to yield, and in her inmost mind was resolved to have both the sweetheart and the money, for who needed it if not careless, squandering Willie?

It was no fault in her eyes that her lover cared nothing whatever for her fortune, though she would scold and rate him well for his indifference. One winter night, as she was returning from a neighboring village about three miles off, to which she had been sent by her uncle, Willie quite accidentally met her, and they had a happy walk homeward along a lane, on the snow covering of which the moonlight fell fair and softly, making the hard wheel tracks glitter and silvering the half-block, half-whitened hedgerows. Willie never before had seemed so true and earnest and loyal as Kitty poured into his ear the story of her persecution.

"Never mind, lass," he said; "let him keep the money. I've little, but I'm not in debt, and if you'll but promise to come to the croft I'll—yes, Kitty—I'll sell every live thing I have and work day and night for you."

"No, no, Willie, there's no use for that; but do you think I'll give up my rights to please that wretched Aleck? It's just what he wants, for me to marry you and leave everything to him. He would be pleased to see me quarrel with uncle, for it's not me but the money he wants. But if he proposes again, do you know, I've a good mind to take him at his word, just out of spite. That's the worst I could do to him—"

"Whist! whist!" Willie interrupted her with; "you're jokin', lass; but I dinna like it. Say anything but that. You would never leave me for a bit of dirty gold."

"Would I not?" queried Kitty, who was an incorrigible tease, "you'll mayhe see me make a runaway match of it—aye and glad you would be after a while to get quit of me. But here's the door. If I am not away, I'll maybe be in the wood on Sunday night," and she was off, leaving Willie to go home so thoughtful that he quite forgot to feed his tame fox until awakened in the night by his yelping, a thing that had never happened in his life before.

Business was very dull in the Red Lion next afternoon, and Adam retired to his attic room, where Kitty had a cheerful fire, before which she sat knitting. Meg, the celebrated black and gray hound, of which Adam was very proud, stretched its aristocratic body out on the rug, while besides it reclined a very different looking dog. The rough, short, curly hair of the latter was that of a terrier, but its long face and limbs and slender contour demonstrated its relation to the breed of which Meg was a pure and beautiful specimen. Jake as he was called, was the very mongrel for a poacher.

Adam's conversation did not relate to his hounds however, but to his son. He referred to Willie Allan with a moderation and impressiveness his niece had not expected to find.

"Bairn," he said, "ye'll rue a lifetime if ye marry a man like that. It might be fine a twelvemonth, but after he'll get worse than ever, and the work and anxiety'll all fall on you. Better take a man like Aleck, that you can depend on to keep you comfortable than one like Allan, that'll expect you to take care o' him."

"Ah!" replied Kitty, "had Aleck been the man his father is I would never have looked to another, but I cannot trust him."

"That's where you're wrong, lass. Sandy's a well-bred lad, both on the mother's side and the father's. There's not a better bred lad in Blackford, and blood is sure to tell. He may be quiet, but he's game, I warrant you. I could trust him with all I had."

"You'd better not, uncle; and as to the breeding, do you mind Meg's last pups that you expected to be so good, and still had to drown, for, says you, she's bred back? Well, I think Sandy's been bred back, and that's why I want nothing to do with him."

"No, no, Kitty. If Aleck was what you say, I would have kicked him to the door sooner than let you marry him. But he's a true lad, for all his backwardness, and has a strong notion for you—a strong notion for you," Adam repeated.

"But if Aleck was a bad, treacherous man, aud didn't care a bit for me, would you leave me free to take anybody I like?" queried Kitty.

"Sartainly, sartainly," answered her uncle.

"Well, if I thought his blood as good as his breeding I would take him to-morrow," began Kitty; "but she stopped, for Adam was not listening. Something had caught his eye outside, and a stranger to his habits might have thought him wrapped in contemplation of the winter sunset's reddened clouds, or the snowy landscape. The window commanded a view of a forty acre field which stretched away from the village gardens to a great thick wood from which it was separated by a brook. In the very middle of it stood a solitary tree, the boughs of which shone like dark tracery in the evening light. "Look yonder," said Adam, pointing to the foot of this tree.

A timid, limping, hungry hare, probably tempted by the remembrance of the vegetables it had sometimes on moonlight nights found in the gardens, was making toward them in little starts and runs, followed by stoppages, during which it would listen with its long ears pricked up to listen to or scent danger. Could any Blackford man look on that sight unmoved? It might have turned the old minister himself into a poacher, and the temptation was quite too strong for Adam. The very dogs, by the eager way in which they started up to follow him, seemed to see a chance of sport in his looks.

He was no sooner gone than Kitty did a very curious thing. Returning to her own apartment, she hurridly produced a big bunch of old keys and began trying the lock of Adam's chest until she got one to fit. Then she opened it and looked in.

But no pile of gold met her eye. Adam had a second box within the big one, and it too was locked. Kitty did not seem at all disappointed. Without touching anything in the box, she left the lid fall, carefully locked it, and put her keys back where she had found them.

Had Willie Allen been there to watch her next proceedings he would have been hurt and surprised, for the little flirt, after smartening herself up before the mirror, proceeded to the kitchen, where Aleck was busy polishing the harness for the Doctor's horse, which happened to be kept at the Red Lion. Ensconcing herself snugly in the armchair in the corner, she plainly said, by look and movement: "Come, woo me." Though Aleck, her clumsy lover, did not lack the inclination to respond, he possessed none of that spirit of gallantry which ought to have made him quick to take the hint. Kitty's eyes were beginning to twinkle with amusement at her and his own embarrassment, when luckily Adam looked in with the hare, but he forgot all about Jack's performance in his pleasure at seeing the cousins so friendly. "Aha!" he cried, "but you are too sly ones—courtin' like that whenever the old man's back's turned," and in great glee he went away and left them.

"What do you think of that, now?" said Kitty, laughing.

"I wish it was true," said Aleck.

"That is because you're a fool," said Kitty. "What on earth should we be sweethearting for? What kind o' life would you live here if you were married, Sandy? As long as Adam Black's here—and that may be twenty years yet—Adam Black will be master. And as for you, you'll toil and moil and mourn till the gray hairs come, and you'll get his money when you're past enjoying it. That's the look out for a woman with a notion to you, my lad."

"I'll not deny you've hit it, Kitty. It's a poor spec at the best keeping a country public-house; the hinds haven't the money to spend. If I had father's savings now I wouldn't bide here past the term. I'd get a place nearer the pits—them's the lads to spend.,'

"If I were a man like you, Aleck, do you know what I'd do? I would make a big try to get these same savings and bolt. If you were quick and clever enough they'd never catch you, and you could change you name and get a new start."

"An! I've thought o' that, but the old one's ower cunnin'. I believe he wears the key of the big chest always around his neck."

"If that's all your trouble, I know where to get a key. But would you not be frightened, Aleck? Folk might call it robbery."

'That wouldn't be true. The money is mine as much as his, for I've worked hardest for it, and there's a lot of it yours, Kitty, and he wouldn't make much noise about it. He wouldn't disgrace the name by making it a by-word. and he likes you so much that he wouldn't seek to get you into bad trouble. There would be murder, though, if he got hold of us himself."

That was the way in which the elopement was planned. During the next few days the cousins were in almost constant conversation, and even shrewd Adam was deceived, and thought, poor man, that his niece had forsaken Willie Allan, not from any mercenary motives, but because of the weighty advice he had given her. Never had he felt more serenely happy than on the next Sunday afternoon. The hare had been cooked exactly to his liking—the fore parts in soup, the hind parts in pie; and after a dinner that might have pleased an Emperor, followed by a taste of his fine old brandy—brandy kept for the exclusive use of the fox-hunting Squires who would sometimes lunch at the Red Lion when their meet was in the neighborhood—he sallied forth for his usual Sunday afternoon walk, pipe in mouth, and Jack and Meg at his heels.

"If you want a bit of sport," said Kitty to him as he was going out, "take a turn in the forty-acre about dark." He had no chance of asking her meaning, for there were others about, but he said to himself: "Ah! she's a sharp one, is Kit. That means another good dinner, or I'm cheated," and he went his way.

No sooner was he gone than a tremendous bustle began in the public house, although it was shut on Sunday. Aleck did not know what to take and what to leave.

"It's four weary miles we have to walk into Scotland," said Kitty, "so the less we have to carry the better, Aleck. That box'll be a weight to take in itself, lad."

"We'll have plenty of time, though. Bet can say we've gone for a walk, and he'll be as pleased as Punch. Have you opened the chest?"

"Yes," said Kitty, "it's all right. The only pity is I could not open the little box, and you'll have to take it with us."

Darkness was just falling when the two fugitives emerged from the Red Lion. The peaceful villagers were all within doors, for it was bitterly cold, and the sharp north wind had begun to drive stray flakes of snow in front of it. Which way should they take? There could be no doubt of that; down the hill by the foot road, across the brook by the single plank bridge, through the wood until the highway was reached, and then a bold push to get across the border. Many a Northumberland lad and lass in the old time had trudged to the altar in that style, but few of the gallants carried a treasure with them such as was under Aleck's arm. Many a sharp look the runaways cast on every side, lest there should be any suspicious witness of their flight, but not a soul did they see, and the friendly snow dropped softly on their treacherous footprints. Neither said a word till they reached the old willow, near which the brook was crossed by the trembling plank. Then Kitty grew nervous.

"I'm frightened to cross the burn," she said; "go you first."

"Be quick, then," he answered; "I'll hold it"; and, getting swiftly to the other side, he seized the end of the unsteady bit of wood.

But, instead of following at once, Kitty screamed: "There's Jack! your father must be chasing us!"

Aleck stood undecided a moment, then dashed the frail bridge into the water. "Hide where you can," he shouted; "he can't jump the burn, and I'll make off with the money."

"Oh! he'll kill me," pleaded the girl. "Don't run away from me, Aleck."

"You shouldn't have been so slow," he retorted, with the box already under his arm.

"Stop, you blackguardly thief! Stop, I say!" hoarsely shouted his father, running up from where he had been looking after some rabbits. But the son turned in terror and fled—not far, however, for a newcomer appeared on the scene. Willie Allan, true to his appointment with Kittie, though he hardly expected to see her, emerged from the wood. "Halloa," he said, placing himself in front of the runaway, "what's up?"

"Fell him dead!" yelled Adam.

"Let him go," said Kitty, but so softly that her lover chould not make out what she said.

"You'd better turn back," he said to Aleck, but the fugitive, brought to bay, was desperate.

"Let me be," he said, "or by —— I'll stab you," drawing a clasp-knife from his pocket.

"You scoundrel!" cried the other, in a white heat, "would you commit murder?"

Willie was credited with possessessing more science than any other man in Blackford, and where will you find good boxing if not in North Northumberland? He made a feint, and the vengeful blade of his adversary glittered in a momentary streak of moonlight, but to no purpose, for a side leap carried its object out of reach, and Willie landed a left-hander like a horse's kick just above the right eye of his opponent, who fell all his length on the snow, and in a trice was divested of his knife, which the conquerer threw contemptuously into the brook.

"Get up and fight like a man," he said, but Aleck was beaten.

Adam was in ecstacies. "Bring the box round, lad; never mind that villain."

Willie lifted it, but on feeling the weight, said:

"No, no, he can take it back himself. Lift it up and wade, and if you drop it, or try any tricks, I'll break your head into putty."

"Let me carry it around by the big bridge," besought the now thoroughly cowed Sandy.

"No, by heaven!" said the other, "through the burn you go;" and, willing or not, he forced him to ford the current, which a moment after he himself cleared in a running leap.

"What is it all about?" he then found time to ask.

"You've stopped a bit of ugly work, I'm thinking," said Adam, on whom the full extent of the crime began to dawn, as he dimly recognized the shape, weight and and size of his money box in the cloudy, uncertain light. "These two have been trying to rob me."

"Never!" said Willie. "Kitty, you wouldn't do that?"

"Come up and make sure," said Adam.

With that they all began silently to retrace their steps, only Kitty slipped in front, as if to avoid embarrassing questions. Willie was very thoughtful. Just as they were coming to the door he said to Adam in a low, troubled voice, which he tried hard to make indifferent:

"Look here, Adam, you haven't lost anything by this row, and there isn't any use in exposing her, is there?"

"No," was the reply; "but since they're so fond I'll make them marry and set up house by themselves." With that they entered the kitchen, where Aleck, all shivering with his bath, deposited the box on the floor. A cheerful fire-light showed Kitty, not, as might have been expected, with abashed countenance and the demeanor of a culprit awaiting justice, but with heightened color and sparkling eyes—far bonnier than ever, as her old lover could not help thinking.

"There's your true blood," she said to Adam, pointing to his son, "and this has been a fine night's work for him. It began with robbing you that's done so much for him; then the sweetheart that liked him so well as to run away with him he left on the wrong side of the burn, and then to draw his knife on an honest man! You'll never seek to make me wed him now?"

"That you shall, you shameless hussy," broke out her uncle. "You're not fit for Allan, and I'm sure, from what I've seen this night, he would not look at a thief."

"No, I couldn't do that, said Willie; "but there's no need for me here." And with a sad and regretful countenance he was about to go, when he was stopped by a burst of mischievous laughter from the impenitent but bewitching culprit.

"It's Bet's box," she said.

"Bet's box!" said Aleck; and "Bet's box!" echoed Adam and Willie.

"Ay, Bet's box," said Kitty.

"Sure enough, it is not my box," said the uncle, dragging it into the light; "it's the same size, but not the lock. But whatever makes it so heavy?"

That was soon discovered. The red headed servant girl came forward with a smile on her gasping mouth that suggested the part she had taken in the trick. "There's a stone of shot," she said, "and there's the horseshoes from the back yard, and there's the rusty keys that used to lie in the stable, and there's my old petticoats stuffed in to keep them from jingling, and the weights and the flat-irons!"

"By George," said Willie, "he must have meant to start a pack. Would you have stabbed me to save that dirt?"

"He didn't know what it was," Kitty answered for him, "I just wanted to try his mettle, so I put this box in the room of the other one, and it's back in its place now, neither touched nor opened."

"I'm glad o' that, lass," said the old publican, and though there was not much in the words there was something in the voice that made them sink deep. "It would have been a bad day for me when I found you turning against me. But Willie, lad, if you want to catch this skittish filly you'd better be quick. Down to the minister's you go to-morrow and get your names asked; and as for you, you lubberly sumph, after making a fool of yourself like that, what's to come of you?"

"Marry him to Bet," suggested Kitty.

"The very ticket," returned her uncle. "Will you have him, Bet?"

"Ay, that I will," said the loconic maid.

"You'll go down to the minister's as well, then. And now, lass, bring us a drop o' that brandy, and put the kettle on and bring the sugar, and we'll christen the bargain."

So a few weeks afterward there were two weddings in Blackford, and when the village lads "roped" Willie Allan he gave them a whole half sovereign to drink, and was therefor allowed to enter the croft-house with a thunder-storm of cheers; but when they did the same thing to Aleck he morosely cut the rope with a knife, and that is why he has been so unlucky ever since; for if you go to Blackford now you will find the croft-house to be one of the neatest, prettiest and nicest houses there, while ever ince old Adam's death, which happened many years ago, the Red Lion has been so squalid, and dirty and disreputable that the marquis has serious thoughts of taking away the license and turning it into a butcher shop.—*Longman's Magazine.*

Anecdote of Mayor Gaston.

A characteristic story is told of ex-Gov. Gaston when he occupied the mayoralty chair of Boston. A gentleman, whose sense of the dignity of a citizen was greater than his development of physique, applied at one of the departments of the city hall for some official information.

"It was a pretty dress she had on at the ball last night," said the young official, who was gossiping with a kindred spirit.

"I haven't a great deal of time to spare," interposed the citizen.

"Say, Cholly, I do wish you'd introduce me to that blond that waltzed with you."

And so the business went, the functionary showing no further consciousness of the existence of the citizen than implied by a deprecatory nod. All who had heard of this particular citizen through voice or pen would, however, aver that he was not the man to be trifled with. After an exasperating interval he he quietly stepped over to Mayor Gaston's office. His honor, who was perusing a document beside a blazing hearth, was asked to look up the information.

"Certainly," said the genial mayor, and he gave him the directions to the official just left.

"The trouble is," said the applicant, "that the young man there is too busy discussing society affairs to give time to the public."

"Ah," said the mayor, "perhaps it is better that I should go over," and he stepped into the office in company with the citizen.

"Please pass me that index," said the mayor to the young man, who, on seeing the pair enter, was apparently solicitous to be useful.

"Can I serve you in any way," he inquired.

"No, thank you," was the only response, as the mayor quickly scanned the index and furnished the needed information. Before passing out he remarked in a quiet but signifiant tone:

"Young man, hereafter when you are too much engrossed with your private affairs to attend to the public perhaps you would better step into the mayor's office for help."

"I never," observed the gratified citizen, "saw Lord Chesterfield's theory of the *sawviter in mode* with the *fortiter un re* applied with more crushing effect."

Bounce the Falling Tear.

They engaged a new porter at the Lahr House. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him. On last Tuesday Mr. J. B. Johnson, the vice-president of the Omaha Chilled Plow Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman, and extremely particular about his room and service. That evening a very extraordinary thing occured. Some say it was about 9 o'clock; others place it as late as 10:30. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"I am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig, and leaped suddenly upon the guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson. "Crazy man killing me!"

"Shut up, ye dhirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers and propelling him rapidly from the room, "it's none of the loikes of ye that's wanted in a dacent house."

"But, my good man," gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake. Let me explain."

"Nivir a ward, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas, rushing him toward the stairs; 'we're onto ye. The house has had ye spotted."

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one sputtering and kicking and the other grim and determined, shoot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby and disappear into the outer darkness. In a few moments Thomas returned panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What in the name of heaven were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

"I was firing that dhirty blackguard Johnson," replied Thomas.

"Firing him. Hold me, somebody! Who put such an infernal idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an injured air, holding the slate before the proprietor's eyes.

"By—the—great—horn—spoon!" gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned away.

This was what he read:

"No 40; fire at 10:30."—*Lafayette Comet.*

Following the Buffalo.

The herds of wild buffaloes were the first roadmakers of the far southwest. The instinct of these animals led them to select and keep open the best and easiest routes with reference to the topography of the country, and it is always found that these buffalo trails led to the best crossings of the streams.

The earliest native tribes of Indians and the later invading tribes, as well as the Spaniards, followed these trails, which, as civilation advanced, became the roadways. An exception in one particular is to be made as to the Apaches, who struck out peculiar trails, leading from one point to another, well suited for defense in warfare, and these trails assume often, for this reason, a serpentine course.

One of the oldest Spanish trails is of the date 1536, and it extends from New Mexico into the present State of Kansas. It thus appears that Europeans were upon the territ