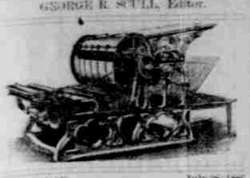
The Somerset Herald.

GEORGE R. SCULL, Editor.



WEDNESDAY.....July 28, 1886

Pure drugs at C. N. Boyd's.

July is on the home stretch.

The blood-sucking mosquitoes.

Don't allow the weeds to ripen.

About this time sow turnip seed.

The summer days are gliding by.

Buy insect powder of C. N. Boyd.

The corn is making up for lost time.

Pure insect powder at C. N. Boyd's.

The apple crop promises cheap cider.

The grape crop promises to be large.

The peach crop will be good this season.

The baggage master is in his glory now.

Paint brushes very cheap at C. N. Boyd's.

Palm leaf fans are coming into use again.

See the "Fry Truss" sold by C. N. Boyd.

The voice of the cricket is heard in the land.

The season for apple dumplings is near at hand.

Buy your drugs of C. N. Boyd, and be happy.

The recent rains have helped the corn greatly.

The wind will soon blow over the oats outside.

There is a growing demand for fruit cans and jars.

The best two-for-five cigars in town, at C. N. Boyd's.

Try "Black Flag" insect powder, sold by C. N. Boyd.

Our town is at present unquestionably dull and quiet.

The wheat has been garnered in most excellent condition.

Fruits and vegetables of all kinds are abundant and cheap.

Notwithstanding the ravages of the bugs, potatoes will be plentiful this fall.

The mortified of Bedford county will hold their nominating convention on the 3d prox.

FOR SALE.—One new violin, one second-hand violin, and one guitar. Inquire of C. N. Boyd.

Choice Berkshire Pigs of either sex, for stock purposes, for sale by Peter Heffley. Price $5.00.

The soldiers' orphans' who are wards of the State, are at their homes for the midsummer vacation.

Over three hundred of the Lancaster county tobacco growers have their crops insured against damage by hail.

For a safe investment, insure in the U. B. of Lebanon. E. Cover, Agent,
Stoyestown, Pa.

A Florida man made a wager that he could drink two quarts of whisky and won. The funeral was the largest ever seen in the place.

Parties coming to the factory for fertilizer during the month of July and to August 15th will please let us know by card, what day they will come.

SOMERSET FERTILIZER COMPANY.

The Philadelphia *Record* says: Almost every one of the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania has a distinct and different method of assessment and taxation.

FOR SALE.—One hundred bushels of Golden Mediterranean wheat, for seed. This wheat is in fine condition, and perfectly clean. Parties in want of some, please apply soon. SAMUEL FOX.

The present generation knows nothing of the sickle, and now scarcely ever uses the mowing scythe or grain cradle. The horse-rake, the hay fork, the reaper and the mower have greatly lightened the burdens of harvest time.

MEAT MARKET.—We have just added a large Refrigerator to our Meat Market, in which all meats can be kept cool and clean. Mutton, beef, pork, &c., kept constantly on hand. Open daily. Parties buying meat can have it kept in the refrigerator until wanted.

ROSS DAVIS & CO.

The man who places a ten-dollar advertisement in his local paper and flatters himself that he is a liberal advertiser will be surprised to learn that a yearly advertisement one column in length, in the Chicago *Tribune*, costs the advertiser $25,000. The New York *Herald* receives for its lowest column $33,000 and for the highest $84,000. And those papers are never at a loss for advertisements to fill their columns.

FOR SALE.—Three second-hand one-horse spring wagons.

Second-hand two-horse wagon, with pole and shafts.

One second-hand buckboard, with springs.

Terms to suit the purchaser. Inquire at my Hardware Store.

JAMES B. HOLDERBAUM.

LIME, PLASTER, CEMENT.—Our load in Stock and we quote as follows:

Best White Lime ℔ barrel	$1.25
Alcon Cement ℔ barrel	$1.75
Portland Cement ℔ barrel	$4.00
Calcined Plaster ℔ barrel	$2.50

Somerset, Pa., June 16, 1886. } Respectfully, COOK & BEERITS.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

To Dealers we quote as follows by the box:

Lorillard's "Climax"	42c
" "Army and Navy"	40c
" "Splendid"	38c
" "Canary"	33c
" "Tip Top"	31c
" "Magnie"	30c
Venable's "Vinco"	31c
Good Tobies, ℔ 100	90c
Good Cigars, ℔ 100	$1.10

Cash orders only (less 2 per cent.) Solicited.

Respectfully,
COOK & BEERITS.

Somerset, Pa., June 16, 1886.

The Summer term (8 weeks) of the Somerset Normal and Preparatory School opens Monday, August 2d.

Special attention will be given the common branches to prepare teachers for the examination.

Boarding in town from $2.50 to $3.00 per week; in the country from $2.00 to $2.25 per week. Deductions from the above prices will be made for absence from Friday evening to Monday morning.

For further information, address

J. A. BERKEY,
Somerset.

It has been a mooted question as to whether a man, who sold out his business, and agreed "not to go into the same business" in the town or county, could be held without a money forfeiture. A case like this has been decided in Lancaster county. W. Hayes Grier sold his paper, the *Democrat*, and agreed not to engage in the newspaper business in that county for five years. Recently he did start a newspaper at Columbia, and now the courts have restrained him from continuing the publication within the county. Grier proposes to move to Harrisburg, and issue the paper from there.

An order has been issued from the post office department at Washington, which will greatly reduce the expense of people who frequently send small sums of money by mail. Except for very small amounts, the postal note is not safe because the money will be paid to any person who presents the note at the office where it was issued or is payable. The new order is to the effect that a money order will be issued for any sum of money not exceeding five dollars, on the payment of a fee of five cents. This is only two cents more than a postal note fee, and the money is absolutely safe, as it can only be obtained at a money order postoffice by the person to whom it is sent. The fees remain as formerly for $10 and over.

Sunday was the warmest day experienced this season.

Dr. J. K. Miller, and wife, of Berlin, spent Sunday in Somerset.

Rev. A. E. Truxal, and family, of Irwin, are visiting relatives in this place.

There are at present five prisoners in the county jail, awaiting trial at court.

Mr. G. D. Lichty, of Meyersdale was among our callers Tuesday morning.

The largest crop of oats ever grown in this section, will be harvested this year.

Mr. Charles H. Fisher left for Pittsburgh Sunday morning. He expects to return today.

Much needed repairs were made last week to the pavement in front of the Presbyterian church.

A Bedford county farmer had three horses killed by lightning during a thunder storm last week.

Mrs. J. A. Lambert, of Somerset is in the city, the guest of Mrs. Will Dibert.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

The County Commissioners were in session at their office in the Court House, Friday and Saturday.

The liquor dealers of this county were not represented at the meeting of the State League at Pittsburgh.

The Sons of Veterans propose holding a festival at the time of the G. A. R. reunion, September 17th.

The next argument court will be held on September 1st; instead of September 3rd, as stated last week.

Mr. Pierce Miller, of Stoyestown, passed through Somerset Monday morning, with a drove of fine young horses.

Mr. Leroy Elder, of Johnstown, stopped off over night at Somerset, Saturday, on his way home from Connellsville.

Mrs. John H. Benford and her son Will, who had been visiting in Somerset, returned to their home in Ursina Monday.

A. H. Coffroth, Esq., and Frederick Graf are the delegates from Somerset county to the Democratic State Convention.

Mr. S. J. Rowe, the venerable editor of the *Raftsman's Journal*, is visiting in Somerset, at the residence of Mr. George W. Pile.

Elsewhere in these columns will be found the advertisement of the Indiana State Normal, one of the leading schools of the State.

The heaviest rainfall in this section this season, occurred Monday. It was a regular old-fashioned rain, and came down like a blanket.

The members of the Disciple Sunday-school will hold a basket picnic in Koontz's grove Wednesday, weather clerk Boyd permitting.

Mrs. Daniel Baer, of Somerset township, while picking cherries, Saturday, fell from the tree and broke her leg. She is sixty-six years of age.

Miss Lucy Heffley, daughter of Mr. Peter Heffley, returned last week from Philadelphia, where she had been attending school for the past year.

It is generally understood that neither the Republican Congressional or Senatorial Conferees in this district will be held until after Congress adjourns.

A picnic party composed of young ladies and gentlemen from Somerset spent the day at White Horse Monday. It was rather a moist day for a picnic.

The weather of the past week has been exceedingly favorable for all growing crops, the plentiful rains insuring a good growth of corn, oats and pasture.

A party of gypsies were in camp in the woods beyond Coal Hill for several days last week. The fortune teller did a rushing business during their stay.

Mrs. Alex Ogle, wife of Lieutenant Ogle, U. S. A., with her son and daughter, are visiting relatives in Somerset. They are the guests of F. J. Kooser, Esq.

Rev. John O. Johnson spent Monday night in Somerset on his way home to Norristown. He had been spending several weeks with his father, Mr. George Johnson, at Berlin.

Mr. Samuel Fox has almost exclusively supplied the Somerset market with choice raspberries for the past two weeks, besides shipping large quantities to other markets.

Mrs. James H. Lindsey, and family, of Allegheny City, are at the Somerset House to spend several weeks. They have been summering in Somerset for quite a number of years.

If something does not intervene, the plum crop in Somerset county will be larger this season than it has been for years. The trees are fairly bending down in many localities with their burden of green fruit.

A young man advertised for a wife; his sister answered the advertisement, and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, while the old folks think it's hard to have two fools in the family.

The board of examiners, composed of Drs. Brubaker, Patterson and Kimmell, had thirteen applicants for pensions before them at their meeting Wednesday. They meet at Dr. Brubaker's office every second Wednesday.

Put a tablespoonful of brown sugar into a quart of paste, and it will fasten labels as securely to tin cans as to wood. Housekeepers may save themselves much annoyance in the loss of labels from their fruit cans when putting up their own fruit by remembering this.

The Secretary of the South Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Mr. Gratevent, of Harrisburg, states that there is no foundation for the report of the early completion of that road. He says that under the most favorable circumstances work could not be resumed under six months.

Mr. Amos E. Finnegan, of Meyersdale, while in Somerset on business, Friday, paid the HERALD office a pleasant call. He is a veteran of the late war, an intense Grand Army man, and expressed great regret that the Somerset county Posts had not sent a representative to the California encampment.

Mr. Jacob Lenhart last week purchased from Mr. George Coblingh the lot of ground immediately south of the Methodist church, on the corner of Patriot and Turkeyfoot streets. Mr. Lenhart will commence the erection of a large frame dwelling house on the corner, at once. It is one of the most desirable building lots in the town.

At the meeting of the County Commissioners Saturday, the day advertised for awarding the contract for putting a tin roof on the Court House, painting the cupola, etc., it was decided to withhold the bids for the present, and ascertain whether the building cannot be strengthened sufficiently to hold a slate roof. If this can be done, slate instead of tin will be used.

A colored camp meeting will be held in the Hugus Grove, South of town, commencing August 12th, and continuing to August 23rd. Rev. J. J. Jones, of Monongahela City, who preached several very able sermons here last summer, will be on hand again and will be assisted by a lady evangelist. A troupe of jubilee singers will furnish music for the entire meeting.

During the sixteen months of the present Democratic Administration there have been not less than 904 removals of postmasters in Pennsylvania. In Somerset County, with seventy-three post-offices there have been twenty removals, ten resignations, two deaths, four changes from other causes, three new offices created, and a total of thirty-nine changes.

Plum Trees' Enemies.

The black knot on plums is caused by a vegetable parasite. It develops from spores that are wafted about by the wind. The disease is therefore contagious, and if it attacks one tree the others may also be affected. The best remedy is to cut off the diseased branches and burn them, as nothing short of fire will answer. The ground should also be sprinkled with a solution of copperas.

A Dangerous Season.

This is the season of the year for cholera morbus, and people cannot be too careful of their diet, and especially of what they drink. Many are very careless about drinking ice water, which is one of the most dangerous beverages. It will alleviate thirst to take not over a tablespoonful of water and gurgle it well in the throat. It will be found to quench thirst as thoroughly as a quart of water hastily swallowed, and will leave no evil effect.

Somerset County Oil and Gas.

Several parties have been prospecting for oil in this vicinity during the past week. We are reliably informed that a party from Philadelphia will commence putting down a test well within a few miles of town, within the next ten days. Another party, said to be from New York, have leased about ten thousand acres of land between Berlin and Rockwood, and it is said they have discovered strong indications of gas and oil in this territory. Still another party is engaged in sinking a test well on White's creek, a few miles from Confluence, in Addison Township.

Persons Overcome by Heat.

As we are now in the midst of the heated term of the year, it may be interesting to know how to treat persons who may be prostrated by the heat. If one is overcome by the heat, is pale, weak and pulseless, he wants a teaspoonful of brandy, in water, to stimulate him. If he is florid in the face, and his heart is running like a windmill, he wants an application of cold water, with ice on the temples and wrists. The first is "overcome by the heat" the second genuine sunstroke, and a good deal more dangerous. The former is preceded by nausea and dizziness; the latter, if there are any premonitions at all, with a sudden dimness of sight, everything turning green.

Husband Items.

The wheat has been put away in splendid condition.

The oats crop will be an unusually large one this season.

Nearly all our farmers are through making hay and the crop was a fairly average one.

There was preaching at this place on Sunday last. Rev. Barlett the pastor delivered an able discourse.

Mr. H. L. Young will open a Normal School here beginning on the 2d of August for a term of 8 weeks. Mr. Young's ability as a teacher is fully recognized.

Mr. Wm. Bowman is at present engaged in the huckstering business and we hope that he may have success in this enterprise. Mr. Bowman invested largely at this place and owing to the failure of the new railroad he has been at a great loss.

OCCASIONAL.

A Temperance Ticket.

It is not definitely settled yet whether the exclusive friends of Prohibition will place a straight Temperance ticket in the field or not. They are just as likely to do so as not. The nine-tenths of the friends of temperance are entirely satisfied with the position taken by the Republican State Convention in favor of the passage of an act by the legislature submitting the question to a vote of the people for decision. This was made in all sincerity as the best possible movement that is practicable for the advancement of the cause, and meets the wishes of the great majority of the friends of temperance. But there is an exclusive temperance party that controls about fifteen thousand votes, whose zeal outruns their prudence, and who will agree to nothing that does not meet their own wild notions in dealing with the question. There is no telling what wild and impracticable notion they may suggest, but it is not probable it will amount to much.—*Chambersburg Repository.*

Berkley's Mills Items.

Our enterprising miller, C. C., is still fat and sassy, as well he may be, for he makes the best flour in the market.

Mr. John Bonheimer, the boss shoemaker, sits at his work and smiles all over. It's a girl, and he so very young. But good for you, John.

John J. Brant is rushing work lively. He is about through haying, and has his grain all cut. He has just placed a new roof on his barn, and says he is now ready to go at the oats.

Mr. John Wilhelm is preparing to build a stable, which is to be the boss in this part of the county. He is the man that can do it. He also wears a great big smile, but it is a boy, and a bouncer at that.

Wilson E. Walker is through hay making and harvesting. He knows how to take advantage of the time. He is now hauling in wheat, and thinks he must thresh to make room for all the grain. He has two large barns, and both crowded.

Mr. Justus Walker was the first man to pay his county, state and school tax to the newly-elected collector, Wm. N. Moser, of Summit township. Now, that looks like good times, because he has plenty of money left, after paying heavy taxes.

SNEW.

Confluence Items.

The M. E. Church has been treated to a new coat of paint which adds much to its general appearance.

The corn crop promises to be the best ever known in this part of the county.

The banks of the Youghiogheny river are dotted with the crops of fishing and hunting clubs. Fish are plenty, but game is scarce. If there should be a squirrel left this fall it won't be the hunter's fault; those that are not captured are generally so badly wounded that they will not survive the winter.

The party that is in the habit of buying whiskey for the boys to make them drunk is likely to be placed on the ragged edge of remorse before very long. The boys that were seen spewing over the school house lot, on last Saturday night, and keeping the citizens of that end of the town from sleeping by the noise and confusion they occasioned, had also better look just a little out. Their names are enrolled among those who are to be rewarded according to their deeds.

Hon. Fred Graf opens a Normal school this morning. It promises to be a large school. Mr. Graf's reputation as a teacher is enough to secure him a good school wherever he is known. X.

Confluence, July 26, 1886.

Select Excursion to Atlantic City, Cape May, and Sea Isle City.

The third select excursion to points on the New Jersey coast will leave Pittsburgh, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, on Thursday, August 5th, and will embrace in the points of destination Atlantic City, Sea Isle City and Cape May—three of the most popular resorts on the Atlantic coast. Atlantic City is so well known and its many attractions are so thoroughly recognized that it is needless to say a word in it praise. Everybody who has been there will go again and those who have thus far failed to enjoy the pleasures of life at Atlantic City should not allow this opportunity to pass. Cape May, noted for the magnificence of its surf, the excellence of its beach and the variety of its miscellaneous attractions, is at its best in August, and the visitor could select no better time to spend a few days at the Cape. Sea Isle City, though younger than either of the others, is a very charming point. The bathing is excellent, and the fishing and boating ranks with the best on the coast.

Excursion tickets will be good for ten days, and will be sold from Johnstown at $9.25; train leaves Johnstown at 11:11 A. M., and arrives in Philadelphia at 7:50 P. M.

Excursionists will spend the night in Philadelphia and proceed to the shore by any regular train of the next day.

Judge Hazen, of Butler county, serves notice that it will go hard with the druggist who sells liquor on prescriptions, unless it can be shown as having been done for purely medicinal purposes.

An Additional Law Judge.

The Uniontown *Standard* says: "It is understood that among the first bills to be introduced at the next session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, will be one to establish an additional law judge for the Fourteenth Judicial District, comprising the counties of Fayette and Greene. The work of the two counties is too much for one judge, the business now being three years behind."

A Transaction in Silver.

One farmer on Saturday morning at market sold eight hundred quarts of huckleberries at ten cents a quart, or three quarts for twenty-five cents. He sold the most of them for the latter figure. While raking in the proceeds—about $64—he changed but one five dollar bill. All the money handled by him was in silver—mostly quarters and halves—and his pockets were bulged out like small balloons with the specie—*Johnstown Tribune.*

"Dog Days."

The season known as "Dog Days" opened Wednesday, and will end on the 21st of September. The characteristics of the "dog day" season is that it is usually the warmest time in the year, and sickness is more prevalent. This is the idea originating the peculiar name for the season: Sirius, the dog star, rose with the sun during this period and the ancient Egyptian astronomers thought that thus uniting its influence with that of old Sol, caused the extra heat and sickness.

Abraham Lincoln.

Among recent facts of literary and popular interest, is the announcement or a new illustrated biography, "The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln," written by "Those who knew him." The plan of the work is that of an exhaustive biogrrphy, giving not only the general facts of his life in chronological order, but incidents, anecdotes and *every day* facts *minutely personal*, such as could only be given by those in closest intimate and confidential relations, during the various periods of his life. These were in pursuance of the plan, enlisted for the work, embracing those who knew him as a boy, as a flat-boatman, a rail splitter, a clerk in a country store, a law student, a lawyer, a politician, President—every period of his eventful and most interesting life. Each author writes of the facts of his life during the period in which he knew him—facts and incidents that came under his own observation and within his own knowledge. A book thus written, and so exhaustive in fact concerning one of so enduring a place in the hearts and admiration of his people, is assured of an enthusiastic welcome and a lasting place in popular esteem. We are told that the last literary work performed by the late Judge David Davis, Lincoln's lifetime friend, was one of the many contributions to this volume, in which he took a deep personal interest.

It is a grand career and character that is thus so minutely delineated. What lover of simple worth and homely virtues is not touched by the story of Lincolns pure and manly life? In what other country could it have been possible to produce a character and career like his?

The work is rendered further attractive by nearly 100 superb engravings from original designs made especially for this book, illustrating scenes and incidents in his life. It is sold at popular prices within the reach of all.

The canvassing agent for such a work will find the latch-string out, a welcome and patronage that will make his business both pleasant and profitable. N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo., and New York City, are the enterprising publishers.

FACE TO FACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the South has produced, lends peculiar interest to his lofty strain of final triumph which appeared in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Hayne early devoted himself to literature, and his name is associated with nearly all the best American magazines, especially the Southern ones, several of which, though short-lived, rose to eminence under his editorship. When the war deprived him of his fortune he still continued true to his standard. His picturesque little home near Augusta, furnished with what ancestral goods he managed to save in the destruction of Charleston, has been the scene of his labors for twenty years. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumption made him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in this poem, which, though written two years ago, by a strange coincidence was published just before the writer was permitted to verify its truth. We repeat it for those who may not have seen it in *Harper's Magazine.*

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from Pyrrhonist schools
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of truth be born;
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night;
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest;
And still, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars imparled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat;
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of Sound acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals;
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with hateless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

Removal.

I have moved my marble yard to the building formerly occupied by Ed. B. Coffroth, on Patriot street, near the depot, where I will be pleased to have all in need of anything in my line give me a call.

W. F. SHAFFER.

Tickets for California.

Tickets to California and return at a very low rate, and good to return until October 31, 1886. Tickets on sale until July 26, 1886. Call on or address

J. W. PATTON,
T. P. Ag't B. & R. R., Somerset, Pa.

AWAY DOWN SOUTH.

BY S. A. DAVIS.

Zoe Wilbur had always imagined Florida was an enchanted land peopled by quaint foreign folk, and wrapped about with a misty cloud of romantic legends and interesting traditions. "I would rather see old St. Augustine than Rome," she said, while opening a letter bearing that city's post-mark. "I have not forgotten how Florida always seemed to you to be a nineteenth century fairy land, and when Madame Murbiaz asked me if I could tell her where to get a governess for her two motherless little granddaughters I told her of you; she wants you to come at once. Carlos, her son, will write you, but I wished to prepare the way for him. They live in a picturesque old Spanish house five miles up the St. John's river, on gem-like Wild Rose Island; the house is two centuries old, and well worth seeing. *You must come.*"

Zoe was eager to go at once, but her parents demurred; she was their only daughter, and they thought she could not be spared; however, being an American girl, she soon gained her point, and started for the South. She had never traveled alone, and her journey from her Ohio home to our oldest city, seemed long, indeed, to think of. But you know how more than willing our traveling public is to give all aid to pretty young girls, and the trip was delightful. "How like a veritable city in Spain St. Augustine is," she said, as Lou and Fred took her to their picturesque old home in narrow, old-timed Treasury street.

"A walk through some parts of it is very like looking at so many pictured pages of Spanish-American history," Fred Forest said. "But the picturesque old houses, with their scraggy verandas and latticed windows, are nicer to sketch than to live in," Lou said. She hated disorder. "How very narrow this street is," Zoe said, as several foot-passengers received a shower both of mud and water from their carriage wheels; "the second story porticoes almost meet; I really think two persons might clasp hands over it."

"Indeed they can! It was meant for people, not horses. When it was first made no horse's foot was allowed to step inside the city streets."

Fred saw Zoe was charmed with their quaint, low, much-porticoed little house. Around it was an old walled garden, well shaded by orange, lemon, and palmetto trees, and fragrant with flowers. They were all sitting here that evening when a tall, dark, handsome young man came down the long, wood walk. He was Deturtroy; after exchanging greetings, he asked when Miss Wilbur was expected. "She set no definite time when she wrote me."

"I am Miss Wilbur," Zoe said.

He looked at her pretty, *very* young looking face, and gasped, "Impossible."

"Allow me to contradict you, I am Miss Wilbur," she said, the pretty wild rose bloom coming and going in the dimpled cheek.

"Pardon me," he said, humbly, "I thought you looked too young to be the person Fred has been telling me about."

Zoe was eighteen, but her life had been one long summer time of play and pleasure, and the years that had brought her no pain or trouble, left her no worry or care. She seemed a child.

"You shall not leave here for several days yet," Lou said; "she must see a little of the city first."

"You can keep her if you like us, too," he said, with his grave smile; "the girls and mother are sleeping; I will bring them here, if I may."

"Do," said Lou; "nothing could be nicer." Fred added his invitation, and Deturtroy went to hunt his family.

The Forests and Deturtroy often made such informal visits.

"Why did her forefat hers build so far away from their old city's walls and watch towers? Here would have been a safer place in those times."

"The man who built Wild Rose plantation house was married to a little Hougomot; his haughty kinspeople hated the pretty little French heroic, and made her so miserable her husband went to Wild Rose Island, that she might have some peace. This man's son married a pretty Indian maiden, but two or three years afterwards she was found dead, where Madame's rose garden now is. Over the almost two centuries that have gone by since then, only three Spanish brides have entered the old house."

"Then there is a chance for one," Zoe said, laughingly.

"No, there is not; though Carlos is not married, he is not free; you must not think twice about the handsome dark-eyed Spaniard."

"Is he engaged?" Zoe asked.

"Yes, and has been for twenty years."

"Twenty years? If he is old enough for that, the unknown is welcome to him; I have no wish to marry my great grandfather's elder brother," said Zoe.

"He is thirty," said Lou.

"Then he was engaged when he was ten!"

"Yes; you see there were two families of Deturtroy in St. Augustine when Florida became U. S. property, fifty years ago; one family went to Cuba when the stars and stripes came into the city. They still live there and are very poor, and also very proud of their pure Spanish blood—the Wild Rose Island folks are wealthy, but in their veins is a mixture of French, English and Indian blood. Then, when Inez was two and Cortesten, the Deturtroy father's met and betrothed them. You see Inez has the blue blood, and Deturtroy the money." "Why does he not marry? Inez is twenty-two, and you know a Spaniard says a woman ought to die at 25," Zoe said.

"He is far more interested in the development of the South's vast mineral wealth than he is in matrimony, though Inez is superbly handsome," said Lou.

"Hush! There are the Deturtroy," said Fred. "Speak of his Satanic majesty, and you are sure to smell brimstone."

Zoe's winning ways and unaffected manner pleased Madame very much. Then her habit of blushing so pretty when spoken to, was charming; Madame had always thought blushing was a lost art with girl's at the North.

"To-morrow we will show Miss Wilbur the city, and then we must go home," gentle and dignified Madame said.

Zoe begged to hear about some of the places they were going to visit.

"Well, you must have a walk along the winding, curving sea wall to old Fort San Morocco, now called Fort Marion," said Lou, "and you must come home past St. Frowrier Barracks—it used to be an old convent; the Indians were converted in great numbers, and were only a little worse than white people, until the old fathers told them they must put away all but one of their many wives. Then the young chief, Tolmoto, led his people in a revolt, and they killed the men who had left their native country to serve them."

"Tolmoto street, close by the old convent, is where the Indian village was," Lou said; "I will tell you no more."

The next day way was a delightful one to Zoe; the old barrier gateway, with its sentry boxes and look-out towers, was the city's crowning beauty, she thought, had it not been for the iron grating that was needed to keep vandals from carrying it off for relics! Fort San Morocco, too, was well worth seeing.

"It is the only medieval ruin in our country, and picturesque enough it is," Fred said.

"I wish I could have seen it before the draw bridges and port-cullis was useless," Zoe said.

"A wooden bridge now spans the grass-grown moat.

"Here is where poor Osceola was held captive until taken to Fort Moutine, where he died of grief and close confinement.

Zoe was too afraid of spiders and lizzards to crawl into the secret chamber, which has been called "the chamber of tortures," though it is likely it was a store-house.

Two days later they started up a river of indescribable beauty; great, island-like beds of water lilies were in full bloom, the river was a picture of perfect repose. In the forest Zoe caught such glimpses of beauty that she was afraid to breathe, for fear of dispelling what seemed to her must be a lovely mirage. The great trees were wrapped in some fluttering, leafy gray stuff, that looked like veils of silver lace; it hung in festoons about their great branches, and twined around their giant like trunks.

Now a great white heron, and then a great pink curlew would slowly flap their large wings, and soar away in the deep, deep blue Florida sky.

Have the fairies been weaving lace here for countless ages to deck these old trees for some great festal day?" Zoe asked.

"I am sorry to disturb such a pretty fairy," Carlos said, "but that is only Spanish moss." Then they came to a tract of pine woods; here the white sand sparkled like diamonds; there was no grass, only a sea of white sand. When Zoe was close enough to the island to see it, she was surprised at its size, and the number of its houses. It contained at least ten miles of land; in the centre was the castle-like house; close by was a church and school-house.

"Our own carpenters, shoemakers and blacksmiths all live on the island," madame said, "but you will not have to teach their children. I thought Inez and Chrona could learn as much in fewer hours at home, with a teacher of their own."

"I wonder whether that idea will please teacher or pupil most?" asked Deturtroy.

"Longfellow liked both as well as one," replied Zoe.

Zoe went to the house with one of her pretty pupils on either side of her; she looked little older than dark-eyed, stately Chrona.

"How very *large* it is," she said.

"There is an open court in the center," Chrona said; it is an old-fashioned Spanish house."

"What kind of a hedge is that high, dark, glossy-leaved one that is spangled with white flowers?" she asked.

"That is the wild white rose of the South, the Cherokee rose and the hedge to crush my rose garden," madame said; "the girls must show you my rose garden. It is not as large as Wade Hampton's was before the war, "but Carlos has secured more varieties for me than he had."

"How large was his?" Zoe asked.

"It covered seven acres," Carlos said.

Zoe's room was a large, cool one, with inlaid floor, and a great plentitude of rugs; one of her windows opened out on to a tiny, bird-cage-like balcony, that was almost hidden by a large orange tree, loadened with golden fruit.

The furniture was made before our bald eagle had learned to fly, and was very marine and much carved. Chrona soon came to take her down to tea.

Deturtroy did not often know what any one wore, but he at once noticed Zoe's blue muslin dress, with its yoke and sleeves of dainty white embroidery. Several times she caught Deturtroy looking at her, and each time turned a pretty pink, peach blossom color.

"What color are her eyes?" he was wondering. "Sometimes they seem to be blue, then again they look brown, or grey."

She had been very much afraid of getting homesick, but Lou had told her there was no danger. "You know you never can be low in your spirits when there are plenty of admiring masculines about," she had said, "and some of these young officers are just that, not mentioning the other young men."

"I am not more proud of them than most girls are, but when they are nice they are very nice," Zoe said, and she soon found plenty of them were both nice, and admiring, too. As for Fred, it was wonderful to see what an interest he began to take in the development of the South's mineral wealth. Sometimes Zoe teased the blue-eyed, curly-headed blonde young giant, and at other, she quarreled with him.

"What a handsome couple they would make," madame said one day.

"She is not going to marry him, I can see that," Carlos said.

"Inez comes next week," she thought, "and I am very glad of it, for there is no telling what fancy a grave, quiet man like Carlos might take to such a pretty, good-natured, sunny little body as Zoe is. Not that she did not like Zoe; far from it. But Carlos must not bring his father's curse on him by breaking his engagement with Inez.

The little girl had conducted herself with such strict regard for the Spanish laws of rigid propriety that the northern girls had risen a great deal in Madame's estimation.

She had always nipped in the bud any propensity her admirers had to whisper low sweet nothings, but anon had to give up the long walks she had had at home.

Zoe had not yet found out why Deturtroy watched her so closely. Had she but known it, he was trying to see what color her eyes were with as much earnestness as he gave to other problems. He had never seen hazel eyes before.

Turn away your eyes, you who must marry a Spanish bride, else you will look your liberty away!

"Inez is coming next week," madame told her, watching closely the tell-tale face. It expressed only surprise and pleasure.

"I am glad; I have often heard how wonderfully beautiful she is, and I would like to see her," Zoe said.

Some few days later Zoe and her pupil returned from a walk to find a tall, queenly woman, handsome as a dream standing on the veranda. Her complexion was a pale, creamy olive, and her hair and eyes were like night; a rich damask glowed on the beautiful cheek. In the coronet of black hair a gold comb, set with pearls held in place the fascinating black lace mantilla, that adds so much to the Spanish beauty, as she well knows.

Zoe could admire beauty without serving it; a pretty face gave her the same pleasure as a beautiful picture or a lovely flower.

The days that followed were full of pleasure and merry-making, but Zoe, for the first time seemed a little home-sick. Carlos missed the clear bird-like music Zoe's sweet, but not very strong voice usually filled the house with, but he thought the many strange guests was the reason for that. He had never tired of listening to Zoe's singing. The sweet purity of her voice more than atones for the lack of volume, he thought. Every day she went down to the landing to wait until the darkey boatman brought the mail. "Her eyes are so hungry like when she ask if I done gone brought her no letters that it just hurts me," he said.

It was almost Christmas time, and Zoe often found herself thinking of the good times she knew the young people at home were having, skating on Deacon Hill's mill dam. Then she began to wish she was there too, and soon got heart-hungry to see home faces.

Deturtroy noticed Zoe was getting pale, thin and weary eyed. He and Madame did all they could to bring back Zoe's sunny, happy self. More than one young man would have given a great deal to have been able to help them. She had none of Inez's superb beauty but her hazel eyes, beautiful complexion and small sprightly upturned nose was just as charming in another way. While Inez held court at one end of the large old room, Zoe had just as large and as admiring a one at the other end. Then, you never in all your life saw as pretty a hand and arm as little Zoe had; the firm white flesh was moulded artifully formed than any sculptor could have done it. But the clear rippling laugh often ended in a sigh now and the hazel eyes had a pathetic look quite unlike their usual expression. Inez looked with indifferent contempt at Madame's and Carlo's efforts to win Zoe back to herself. She always treated her as an upper servant, though the rest regarded her as their equal in all things. "I must go home," she said at last, "I have often heard people say how dreadful home sickness was, but it is twice as bad as I thought it was." Still even the future in her own home did not seem worth having—She was taking a last walk in the rose garden when Deturtroy saw a blue dress and soft blue shawl that he knew Zoe wore. He went to her. "Zoe," he said, taking her hand, "Will you not come back after you have seen the home folks?" He had always called her Miss Wilbur before.

"No," she said, "I will never leave home again if I can help it."

He had taken her hand and was holding her an unwilling prisoner.

"To let you go is like tearing the heart out of my breast," he said with bitter earnestness.

Zoe was silent but why did her heart almost suffocate her with its wild, joyous beating?

"Of course I have known you were too young and pretty to care for me but I cannot let you go without telling you."

"You forget Inez," Zoe said, trying to get her hand away. "What of her? She is on the upper veranda watching us now."

"She is nothing to me, nor ever can be. I have known that ever since you came here, little Zoe," he said earnestly.

She knew it was true then.

"Why do you not ask if I hate you?" Zoe said, getting very red.

"*Hate me!* Do you, Zoe?" he asked in surprise.

"No," she said, with a smile.

"Do you love me, Zoe?"

Her only answer was a blushing silence but he seemed to understand her.

"Poor Inez," she said, as they were going to the house.

"It was the money and the land she cared for, not me," he said "and we can give them enough to live comfortably with if you are willing."

"Of course I am, it is you and not the money or land I want," Zoe said, looking in his eyes prettier than ever he had seen her.

"But will she take anything from you," Zoe asked, remembering Inez's pride.

"She will not take anything from us," he said, with a tender smile, "but if I can get my lawyer to make a certain Cuban think a distant relative has left him a snug legacy where is the harm?"

"A great deal unless you give the lawyer a legacy for that young Cuban, and if you do how will that help Inez and her mother?"

"Inez and the young Cuban can then marry; they would have done so five years ago, only they were too poor to break our father's will about our getting married."

"Then give it to him by all means. It will be a nice celebration for our engagement," she said.

Zoe went North at once and in a few weeks she received a letter telling her of Inez's marriage. As soon as the young Cuban heard of his good fortune he came to Wild Rose Island after dark to see Inez; some of the servants saw them row down the river and the same evening they were married in the old Cathedral at St. Augustine.

The next Spring Carlos, Madame and the girls went North taking with them orange blossoms enough for all the brides in Ohio. He had gathered them from the little balcony of Zoe's old room.

When they came back one of Zoe's girl friends came with them as governess, she "having to fill the position of daughter-in-law to Madame," she laughingly says.

MARRIED.

DEMPSEY—YOUNG.—At the residence of Mr. Josiah Keller, in Somerset, Pa., on Thursday, July 22, 1886, by Rev. W. A. Jackson, Mr. William W. Dempsey, of Johnstown, Cambria County, Pa., to Miss Bertha E. Young, of Stoyestown, Somerset Co., Pa.

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