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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St., East of Diamond.

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(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
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Collections made in all parts of the United States.
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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 500 time lock.
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All Legal Holidays Observed.

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SOMERSET, PA.
BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
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My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.
Employ Only First Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind-Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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$1000 Guaranteed Animal Bone Fertilizers.
Insures Crops and improves the Land. Send for circular.
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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 10. SOMERSET, PA., AUGUST 18, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1831.

ON THE ENGINE.

Running an Engine 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 of 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's 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 awhile ago John Layton, an engineer who runs the main line 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 healthy 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 FITTS.

IT IS YOUR OWN FAULT if you suffer from Headache, Indigestion, or Dyspepsia. One Dollar will buy a bottle of Favorite Remedy and cure you.

JULY BARGAINS!

We want to reduce stock in all Departments during the month of July, and have made great reductions throughout our stores. Readers of this paper, no matter where they live, will find it greatly to their advantage to send for samples forthwith.

We keep Black Silks, Colored Silks, and Velvets; Wool Dress Goods, Summer weights; Cotton Wash Fabrics, Hosiery, Underware, Gloves, Embroideries, Collars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Thin White Goods, Linens, Lace Curtains, Millinery, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Ladies' and Childrens' Suits and Wraps, and Mens and Boys' Furnishing Goods.

Five big storerooms in one.

Our Mail order business extends over all the States and Territories—North, West and South.

Satisfactory dealings guaranteed, as all business is done on progressive ideas.

Silks and Dress Goods our great specialty.

JOS. HORNE & CO.'s
RETAIL STORES,
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SUCCESSORS TO
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NEW GOODS
EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES
—IN—
Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of all Kinds for FANCY WORK.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
Your Patronage Is Respectfully Solicited.
Orders by Mail attended to with Promptness and Dispatch.

AN OPEN LETTER.

LISTONBURG, PA.,
MAY 24, 1886.

MR. C. N. BOYD, SOMERSET, PA.

Dear Sir:—In testifying to the merits of your Mandrake Liver Pills, words fail me in expressing my just appreciation of their good and curative properties, as well as the unspeakable benefits I have received from their use. For a speedy and effective cure for liver disease, they are unrivaled. As a blood purifier they surpass all known remedies. It may truthfully be said that their action upon the liver is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. I heartily recommend your Mandrake Liver Pills to any one suffering from liver complaint.

Yours,
C. L. DELAUTER.

The above testimonial came unsolicited and is all the more appreciated. These pills are among the best made. They are not a patent remedy, as the formula is on every bottle. Try them. You will find just what you want. Call at my store, where you will see the finest stock of Drugs in the county. Goods the best and prices lowest.

Respectfully,
C. N. BOYD.
Mammoth Block, SOMERSET, PA.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Solomon J. Baer, late of Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa., deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Somerset County to examine exceptions, ascertain advancements, state an account and report a distribution thereon hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Somerset, Pa., on Friday, the 27th day of August, 1886, when and where all persons interested can attend.

HENRY F. SCHELL,
aug4. Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Jefferson Rhoads, deceased, late of Somerset Borough, 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 will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Thursday, August 19, 1886, at the office of F. W. Biesecker, Esq., in Somerset Borough.

JOHN P. RHOADS,
juli4. Administrator.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Heffley's Store.)
Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Somerset, Pa.

THE BABY ON THE PULLMAN.

BY CRICKET.

Hear the yelling, squalling baby,
On the train;
See its mother try to stop it,
All in vain.
See her scold and pet and spank it,
Coax it, pitch it round and yank it:
Hear its yelling and its squalling,
And its execrable jawling,
While we all feel just like mauling
Out its brain.
While its wild vociferations,
Long continued ululations,
As we stop at all the stations,
Makes us say,
Makes us pray
That its family would go settle
Down near Popocatapetl,
And would stay;
That some hungry crocodile
From the muddy river Nile
Would some morning come and eat it with
Its huge good-natured smile.
See the passengers all glare,
Hear them swear
At the pucker-faced young weeper,
Agitating the whole sleeper.
Won't its mother
Take and smother
It, or if not she some other
Kill the child?
Or we all will soon go wild.
We are all in such a fidget
At the loud-voiced little midget.
Never into sleep beguiled.
Why will not some person shake it,
Or just take its head and break it?
Why is it that the conductor
Has not long ago just chucked her
Off the train
With might and main?
For the awful infant's roar,
And its pa's unconscious snore,
Nearly drive us out the door,
While it bawls,
As it crawls
All around beneath the seat,
Getting mixed up with our feet.
Like a band of caterwauls,
Like Niag'ra's waterfalls,
Like a thousand trumpet calls;
Oh! the baby is no use
In a Pullman sleeping berth.
You can make no good excuse
For its presence on the earth.
It should just
Get up and dust,
It don't want to but it must.

MY FRIEND THE PROFESSOR.

MY DEAR VANE:—A line in haste. If you can possibly manage it come down here by the four o'clock train. My mother's diamond has been stolen. Don't bring a detective; we'll try it ourselves first. Telegraph if you can come. Yours in haste, H. CARGILL.

I found this letter waiting for me at my club one morning toward the end of May. Go! of course I should; I had nothing particular to keep me in town; so by the four o'clock train I found myself traveling south in a much more lively frame of mind than I had experienced in the morning, endeavoring to while away the time with conjectures as to what could really have taken place. The diamond I knew well. It was truly a precious stone not only for its intrinsic worth, but also from the fact that it had been given by an Indian Rajah to Mrs. Cargill's father, and, further, it was the last gift of a parent whose memory was loved by all who had known him. Mrs. Cargill wore it plainly set in gold as a brooch, and wore it more frequently than perhaps most women would have thought it wise to air so valuable a treasure.

My friend lived with his mother and a little sister in a quaint old house with considerable grounds, in a very quiet and unpretending manner. The nearest village of any importance was at a distance of some four and a half miles. Often had I envied him the quiet peace of his home. His tastes were artistic, like mine, and, with such work as he might choose to do, and the occasional superintendence of his family acres, as might be necessary to divert his attention, life must have been very pleasant indeed.

My friend Harold was waiting for me when I reached the little station about seven in the evening, and on the drive home I learned a few more particulars.

The robbery had taken place, as far as could be judged, either during the night before last or on the preceding day. The house and the effects of the servants had been searched without avail, and Harold had only awaited my arrival before taking further steps. We talked the matter over at great length both on our way home and after dinner. That one of the servants was guilty seemed to me quite evident, but I could convince neither of the others on this point.

Mrs. Cargill left us soon to our wine, and I continued my endeavors without avail to prove to Harold that strict measures should at once be taken with all the servants. He contended that a thorough search had already been made.

"My dear fellow," I said at length, you should have allowed me to use my discretion in the matter, and I would have brought you down a French detective or two."

"And what would your detectives have done? Made up a nice story, implicating one or all of the servants, and probably the gardener as an outdoor agent, but not found the diamond. Now, where is the use of investigations unless we recover the diamond?"

A happy thought struck me as he spoke. "If your object, Harold, is entirely the recovery of the diamond and not the punishment of the thief, I have a suggestion to make; and it may be, after all, that if we discover the stone first we may learn more afterward. Let us have down this great mesmerist and thought reader who is making such a small commotion just now. We'll tax him (if he'll come) to conduct us to the stone. It is probably still in the house; the robbery was discovered so very quickly that even with an outside agency in the person of the gardener, whom I grant you I don't like, it is unlikely the stone can have got so far as the village yet."

On this suggestion, (made half in jest, half in earnest) we eventually decided to act. The robbery had been discovered the morning before, and the servants had since then been pretty closely watched, so that, after a further talk, which, it is needless to say, went over and over the same ground at least a score of times, each of us attempting to prove to himself and to the other that detective work was what providence had severally meant for us, we came to the determination that we would ask the great thought reader, Prof. Landley, to come to our assistance.

The greatest secrecy of course was necessary. Not even Mrs. Cargill should know at first who our visitor really was; for our only hope of success lay in the chance that if one of the servants was the thief the stone might still be hidden in the house, or perhaps buried in the ground outside, till it could with greater safety be removed when the matter had had time to be partly forgotten.

I went to town early next morning, and called at once upon the learned Professor. He was "out" but was to be in again very soon. I strolled about the neighborhood some time so as not to miss him, having a shrewd suspicion that he had not yet made his appearance at breakfast. Sure enough I found him a little before noon eating in a languid manner the remains of a fowl which had done duty before, and drinking small beer. Knowing a little of professional men, however, I recognized the exigencies of the case, and after the usual civilities explained the reasons of my call. He was a tall man, rather thin, with weak eyes, but sufficiently gentlemanly to pass muster both in dress and manner. Rather to my surprise he readily agreed to accompany me, and postpone for a few days the private engagements which he had on hand at the time; but in the course of our journey down (for we returned that night) the reason of his compliance came out. He wished to include the robbery in his advertisements, and all that I could say to the contrary would not convince him that my friend would scarcely care for his name to be mixed up in the matter After considerable discussion we thought it best to inform Mrs. Cargill later in the evening who and what our visitor really was.

The Professor explained to us that, as Mrs. Cargill knew the diamond and had worn it so long, she was the one who, with her hand in his, could best communicate to him where to head her. "If," said he, "the day is clear and bright, I shall lead you to-morrow to the spot, Mrs. Cargill, provided you have sufficient strength of mind to keep your ideas fixed entirely upon the stone. You must keep it vividly before your mind's eye, and I shall lead you to it if it is in the house or grounds."

Nothing had occurred in the household since my departure in the morning, and the robber (whoever he was) must now, we judged, be beginning to feel somewhat easier in mind: so in case of his deeming it necessary to alter the probable hiding place of the stone, we determined upon immediate action, deciding to commence next morning at daybreak, before the world would be properly awake. The professor did not much appreciate the idea of such an early start, but we succeeded in overcoming his scruples, and it was arranged before we parted for bed that we should all meet in the dining room at three o'clock next morning.

Mrs. Cargill was down before me, and Harold shortly after. Of course, we were all before the time, and to wait in dumb silence (even with the prospect of a most interesting experiment) for twenty minutes in the cold dawn, was anything but lively. At length the Professor appeared, looking, we were glad to see, equal to his business. We had left the front door ajar in case of need, as it was our impression (so thorough a search having already been made inside) that the object of our quest must be without the house. It was rather eerie work for us all, except the Professor, who was equal to the occasion and seemed to scent the battle, so to speak in the shape of some far-off diamond which he had never seen.

At twelve minutes past three, then, Mrs. Cargill took the Professors hand, he having been previously blindfolded. "Not," he said, "that such a thing was necessary, but it calmed his power of thought to some extent." Harold and I retired a few steps, and the silence for several minutes was deathlike. At last the Professor made a step, another and then to us onlookers it seemed as if certainty had replaced doubt. He went straight to the door, Mrs. Cargill following (and we, too, discreetly) down the avenue to the first turning, and then bang against the fence in a most disturbing manner. This little incident seemed to have upset his train of thought, and it was some minutes before he seemed to grasp the situation.

It was a fortunate thing that the morning was fine, though the grass looked abominably wet. I inwardly shuddered at the idea that, had there been a gate we should have felt obliged to open it, and take to the grass; and catching Harold's eye, we both felt somewhat guilty, as though we might be shirking something. But the "something" was not to be shirked. The Professor calmly commenced to climb the paling, which, as his one hand was occupied, and as he was an exceedingly ungainly man, obviously never born for feats of agility, seemed rather an extraordinary proceeding. Over he would go, however, and aver Mrs. Cargill must go with him; when a man is in a trance he is very unreasonable; how Mrs. Cargill stood it I cannot tell, save that she herself was, perhaps a little affected.

We were helping them quietly over when the Professor got into a most unaccountable hurry, and had we not both devoted our attention to Mrs. Cargill she and her leader must have fallen, and the train of thought been probably broken. We had been asked to maintain a discreet silence, but I could almost have sworn I caught a smothered exclamation from Harold as Mrs. Cargill's foot was brought smartly round upon the side of his head owing to the Professor's unreasonable haste.

Once over the paling the scent seemed to have grown weaker. Of course, there was no hesitation in the avenue, and a very evident absence of such feeling when palings had been surmounted; but once on the dewy grass things might be taken more easily. I went back to the paling to join Harold, and we left the pair to themselves till they got fairly across the field. Then the Professor seemed to recognize the proximity of another paling, and we had to run to be in time to help them over. We were getting more used to it now, and Mrs. Cargill was bearing up wonderfully. We handed them over without any mishap, save that the Professor's foot got twisted in the fence, and his boot (one of these elastic-sided monstrosities, and very old,) came off in the struggle to extricate him.

Harold and I had, up till now been feeling not a little skeptical about the proceedings, but the fact that we were in the wood by this time, and that the Professor seemed totally unconscious of the absence of his boot, began to impress us. It seemed, too, a little extraordinary that he should be able to go calmly on now without knocking against or wishing to surmount the trees.

It was by this time thoroughly light; we must have been out for nearly half an hour, and as yet had done nothing but climb palings and get our feet very wet. Still, it certainly seemed that there might be some method in this madness, and so on we went, more slowly now, owing to the brushwood, which happily was not very thick. Suddenly the Professor stopped, in so decided a manner that I could not but think it possible that we were near the object of our search. He was at the moment just opposite a thick laurel bush. I looked hastily at Harold, who appeared as confident as myself that we must have come to something to cause such a decided and prolonged stop. A few minutes of silence and suspense passed like hours; then, a step forward, and the Professor commenced to stoop slowly downward, when we heard a rustling among the laurel leaves and a fox slunk out from the other side of the bush and made off through the wood. This distracted my attention for a moment, and when I looked round the Professor had resumed his usual stiff-backed attitude. We waited for full five minutes. What had gone wrong? Where was the Professor's promise? Was there nothing in the bush after all?

He slowly relaxed Mrs. Cargill's hand: "It is no use, gentlemen; I can do nothing more just now!" But why? What was the reason? Why stop himself just as discovery appeared certain? The Professor could understand it no more than we. "I came here," he said, guided by Mrs. Cargill's thought. I don't know where I am. I had the diamond, or the clue to it, five minutes ago; now it is lost. Whether Mrs. Cargill ceased to assist me or not, I cannot tell. But I know I can do nothing more just now."

It seemed best if we wished to preserve any secrecy in the matter, to make our way home as quick as we could. I gave the Professor his boot, and Mrs. Cargill (who was something exhausted) my arm; and we returned gloomily, almost as we had come—that is to say, by the shortest and most direct way. We were all too disgusted with the Professor to be able to discuss the matter amicably with him at the moment, so we parted quietly and like guilty creatures in the hall to court the sleep which we all began to feel would be beneficial. My position I could not but think was rather an unpleasant one. Old friend of the family as I was, I could not but blame myself for bringing so fraudulent a Professor to the house. However, I decided before falling asleep that it would not be quite fair upon our visitor to condemn him right off on the failure of a single experiment.

His explanations later in the day made the matter no clearer. He was certain that he had been on the track, and it certainly looked like it, but the reason for the sudden stop he could not tell. Still, in the end he managed to talk us over, and Mrs. Cargill was induced to go through the experiment again, but this time we were to start where we had left off. One thing alone the Professor would swear to—the diamond could not be in the house, else he would never have gone outside. Also, he informed us that his foot, notwithstanding his thick stocking was considerably the worse for wear.

The hour at length came again. Harold and I had decided to dispense with sleep; Mrs. Cargill and the Professor turned up very punctually within a few seconds of one another.

The morning was clear and frosty. We walked to the laurel bush, where, having blindfolded the Professor as before, Mrs. Cargill took his hand. He soon started off, taking no notice of the laurel bush, but away through the wood. We must have been walking for several minutes, and at a pretty quick pace, when, like an evil omen, a fox (probably the one we had seen on the previous night) sprang out of a clump of underwood and vanished among the trees.

It was the same story over again. Our leader's pace slackened; then he stopped. Could it be that a fox was, as it were, a non-conducting agent? I put the question to the Professor; nay, I further hinted that perhaps when in a mesmeric state the sense of smell might be so heightened that he had been following like a foxhound for two nights in succession this evil denizen of the woods. He put the suggestion aside with scorn, but the more I thought the more I felt there might be something in it, and Herold so far agreed with me as to question the learned Professor next day as to whether he had ever been fond of hunting.

We had gone home as before nonplussed; we had retired to our rooms, slumbered late, and met for fresh discussion all to no purpose. Mrs. Cargill wished to give up the attempt and call in the detectives. Herold and I were inclined somewhat ignominiously to agree. But we had forgotten the Professor. His blood was up; our taunts on the subject of fox hunting had aggravated him more than we had fancied. Prove himself right he would; his honor, he insisted, was at stake; he must be successful in the end. He appealed to Mrs. Cargill to stand by him, and the long and short of it was that she agreed to make a third and last trial, the Professor on his side promising that it should be the very last.

It rained hard all the evening, and at daybreak when we met it was so damp, dreary, and misty that we all felt relieved when the Professor asked us to leave matters alone for a day and give his last attempt every possible chance.

All this time things in the household had been going on quietly enough, and it seemed as though the servants had quite made up their minds that no furth er search was intended. The only fresh circumstance that came to light was that the gardener's kennel, formerly occupied by a tame fox for which he had a great affection, was observed to be empty. The man affirmed that the animal had slipped its color the day before. We could only question him casually on the subject, but it seemed likely that the animal, whose scent had proven too strong for the Professor, was the one which the gardener affirmed only to have escaped on the previous day. The animal, he said, was bound to come back for its meals sooner or later, but we did not altogether agree with him on that point.

Daybreak next morning saw us again assembled in the dining room, and we left the house to recommence business in the wood where we had last stopped. It was a fine, clear morning, and gave promise of a glorious day. The Professor was on his mettle. He had said to us, "I will succeed to-morrow." and to succeed he evidently intended.

He stood for a few minutes blindfolded, as usual, before he took Mrs. Cargill's hand, and then commenced to move forward, but in an opposite direction to that we had been taking when he had lost the clue before. On he went, and on, right through the wood, till the affair began to grow tiresome. He was going well, today certainly; he had kept us at it a good long time; but if we were only going to get a few hundred yards every night and perhaps not find the stone after all, we might as well give the matter up entirely. Harold appeared, from the frown upon his face, to have begun to consider matters in this light too, when the Professor, who had been going at a fair pace, suddenly stopped. It seemed to me only natural that, as he had gone further than he had ever gone before, he should stop. His imbecile mind could stand the strain no longer. After considerable hesitation, however, he turned slowly to the left, bent over some thick brushwood and gradually stretched out his hand. "It's that fox again to a certainty," whispered Harold to me; "the Professor's as mad as a March hare." No signs of the fox though and the Professor was well into the bush; if the diamond was there, surely a sudden flash of thought would assist him; but it was not likely to be there any more than our friend the fox, who would certainly have made off long before now.

Ere my ideas were completed the flash of thought did come. A sudden dart downward on the part of the Professor was instantaneously succeeded by a frightful yell that rang through the wood Mrs. Cargill's hand was dropped in a second, and it seemed as though the Professor was engaging blindfolded in some awful struggle with a foe whom none of us had as yet seen.

It was the fox after all. The Professor had tracked him down this time, if not to his den, at least to the trap in which the animal was struggling.

Certes, he was pretty severely punished for his fox-hunting propensities! Foxes don't usually attack until driven to the last extremity, and the Professor must have forced the animal to the furthest point it could go with the trap on its fore paw ere he made that sudden dive which was so disastrous for him. Had it not been that the learned man's hand was most terribly bitten we should have been struck with the absurdity of the scene. Mrs. Cargill had had a great fright; the Professor was in a towering rage, not merely at the injury done to his hand, but that he should after all have again tracked down his fox; so Harold and I alone were in any condition for action. The Professor swore he must kill the fox that had so bitten him, and so great was his wrath and haste that he would scarcely wait till we had stanched his wound with a handkerchief.

I took Mrs. Cargill to some little distance, and when I returned the fox was wellnigh demolished by the aid of a stout stick, with which the Professor had promptly avenged himself.

He was calmer now, and as we were talking over the little excitement of the moment, he gave it as his decided opinion that either Mrs. Cargill must, unknown to herself, have been wearing the diamond all the time, or the fox must have swallowed it. The last idea seemed to have something in it, and he was so impressed with it that the only course to convince him (for we had begun to doubt his sanity) seemed to be to dissect the animal there and then. I left them to inform Mrs. Cargill of our last resolve, when a shout of joy from the Professor and of surprise from Harold, made me hastily turn to rejoin them. Mrs. Cargill, hearing the shout, was with us in a moment.

The diamond had been found! The fox had not swallowed it; but tied tightly round its neck, roughly sewn up in a bit of brown leather, was the missing diamond.

The Professor was exultant; his wound was forgotten; he had been right after all!

But who was the thief? Some one one must have committed the diamond to the fox's care. Was it true that the animal had slipped its collar, or had the culprit freed it for greater safety in the belief that it would return for its meals? Only the gardener could tell us, and he would probably not miss his fox till we saw him in the morning.

Excited as we were we talked it all over in the wood, and were considerably later than usual in getting home, where we parted at once silently, retiring to our several chambers to take the rest we so well earned, after mutual compliments all around.

We had decided that the gardener alone could be the thief, and that we would confront him with the charge in the morning—but we had reckoned without our host! When we had assembled for breakfast, the Professor with his hand wrapped up in most ungainly fashion, Mrs. Gardill met us with a blank face. A note, which the servant had found in the silver chest some minutes since, explained all. It was a filthy piece of workmanship, but still legible, and the contents, alas! too plainly spoke the truth. It ran as follows:

Missis—i seen you and the gintlemen too nites waukin about the woods lookin for mi fox. You kant find him eny more than me so ime off. i hop you may ketch my fox i kant so me and my pals tuk a few spunes insted.

Your obedian sirvent,
TOM BLAK.

ps—thenks for levin the door opin.

The Professor was the only one who made a hearty breakfast. He had proved the power of thought reading; it was our fault, not his, the gardener had been too sharp for us. Now, of course, we had the detectives down, but we never caught Mr. Black. "Tuk a few spunes insted!" I should rather think he had; there was not a piece of plate left in the house!—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Of a Convivial Californian.

Senator McDougall, of California, was convivial and witty to a degree. Returning from the Capitol one night slightly excited by tea, he mistook Maryland for Pennsylvania avenue, and in the darkness fell into a muddy sewer, from which he was trying to crawl, when a policeman came up and inquired: "Who in the name of all that's holy are you?" "Gently, my friend, gently," came the labored response; "when I left the Senate chamber I was McDougall, but now it seems that I am Seward."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Venezuela has been favored with blue and rose-colored hailstones.

Lesson in an Egg-Shell.

From the Chicago Times.

Five hundred million dozen eggs, says an English paper, are annually consumed in the United States; their value, at 8 pence per dozen being considerably more than £16,000,000. These figures are to some extent accounted for by the national fondness for pastry, of which Ude declared eggs to be "the great original." One of the best signs of a thriving industry is the little public fuss made about it; The American poultry farmers have for a long time been naturally and profitably silent. But a cause of disquietude has at length arisen. No duty is imposed on foreign eggs, and some sixteen million dozen of these are annually imported into the United States. The competition is not so very severe at present, the foreign supply being less than one-thirtieth of the entire consumption. Still, forewarned is forearmed; and an American "trade" journal presumably expresses the sentiments of its subscribers when it indignantly asks whether the native egg industry is to be crushed out by the rivalry of the "cheap pauper fowls of the old world."

There is perhaps more pique than propriety in this expression, though it suggests obvious matter for reflection on our side of the Atlantic. If we may judge from the innumerable treatises founded upon the problem, "How to make poultry pay," poultry seldom does pay in England. In regard to this matter there is a singular if not a painful contrast between English indifference and American enthusiasm. American producers are excited by the fact that a quite insignificant proportion of foreign eggs finds its way into their markets. English should-be producers are in no way disturbed, although every retail shop in the kingdom has practically to rely upon the foreign supply. The statistics of these imports tell their own significant story. During the summer months from fifty to eighty tons of eggs are landed every twenty-four hours on the quays of Harwich. These come almost exclusively from North Italy by the way of St. Gothard tunnel. The daily cargoes occasionally amount to as much as 130 tons, representing about 2,000,000 of eggs, of which London is almost the sole destination. Besides these, from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 of eggs are sent into England every month from Denmark, Germany, Belgium and France. The last country does a thriving export trade after supplying the egg-loving Parisians with the 40,000,000 dozen which is their annual consumption. It may be instructive to note some of the points on our coast, at which this foreign produce is discharged. Weymouth receives from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 of eggs per month; Newhaven and Southampton over 8,000,000 each; London (port of,) 5,000,000; Harlepool, 8,000,000; Grimsby and Newcastle, 5,000,000 each; Leith, 2,000,000. The duty on imported eggs was repealed in 1860.

If there is any one thing on which poultry experts are agreed, it is that fowls thrive best in moderate companies. A stock of fifty head of fowls is likely to yield a greater proportionate profit than one of five hundred. Poultry keeping is, in fact the ideal of a poor man's industry. The enormous continental supply of eggs is not due to large establishments, but to a well-organized system of collecting the produce of small ones. The Italian peasant finds fowl-keeping one of his most profitable pursuits. He barters or sells his eggs to the local agents of the great dealers, who apportion the various circuits to traveling collectors. Thus, by innumerable small but fructifying channels, the prosperity of the countryside is connected with the maintenance of the central marts. Such facts as these might appeal to the general laborer, or at least to many who assume to be interested in his behalf.

THE GIRL AT THE GATE.

Heaven bless the girl at the front gate with peach-bloom on her cheeks and lovelight in her eyes. Some men would shut her out of our literature, but I am not one of them. The girl at the front gate can never grow old to those who have been there with her. Years may come and go, but the music of the low voice at the front gate will not be stilled, and the memory of the cherry lips we kissed at the front gate will hold out faithful to the end.

What if the old gate does sag and its hinges rattle and its latch refuse to hold it shut? What if the posts are shaky and some of its pickets gone? We love the dear old relic still. We love it for the sake of the girl who used to stand out there by it with roses on her cheeks and nectar on her lips.

We held the old gate up and counted the stars, and bid good-by and then counted the stars again. How many times of a night was good-by said? How many times did lips meet over the dear old gate? The old gate knows, but it will never tell. The old front gate may have counted the kisses, but I never did. And I am sure that the girl with the peach-bloom cheeks never did;

And what of the girl with the peach-bloom cheeks? Ah, me! She married another. She forgot her vows at the old front gate, as some girls will, and married a richer and handsomer man. And I? Well, I went off to another front gate where there were other peach-bloom cheeks and other lips as sweet, and just as many stars to count.

And now I have a front gate of my own and a girl of my own, with peach-bloom cheeks, who counts the stars with the boy of the girl whose vows made with me at the first front gate were broken. But he is a true, good boy, and my girl is a good, true girl, and heaven bless them both as they stand to-night at the old front gate.—*Bob Burdette.*

She Gets Enough Kisses.

A Coatesville, Chester County, girl has steady company in the person of a young man who is forever and forever a kissing her. She likes a share of this sort of sweetmeats, but quite frequently it palls on her taste. He invited her to ride the other moonlight night and she accepted, fully realizing that she would be made the target of no end of osculatory practice. Out on the road, in the moonlight, the young man handed her the reins, placed his arm about her waist, and then drew nearer to her. She said nothing. Handing back the lines, from somewhere beneath her wrap she drew out a base ball catcher's mask, strapped it to her face and reached out for the lines.—*Coatesville Times.*

A Beggar's Romance.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Did you ever notice the little old woman who turns the crank of a wheezy old hand organ on one of the railroad viaducts? Day after day, summer and winter, rain or shine, she is seated there on a little camp-stool, grinding out the same old distracting tunes. Hot or cold, she always wears the same faded gown, and the same threadbare shawl is always drawn tightly across her shoulders. A little black bonnet, rusty with age, is pulled well down over her forehead, so as to hide her pinched and careworn features. Perhaps you have caught a chance glimpse of her pale face and saw something in the pitiful expression that caused you to stop for an instant and drop a coin into the little tin cup. It probably never occurred to you that the life history of this street beggar is interlined with a choice bit of romance. You certainly never dreamed that the humble creature before you was once the belle of Salt Lake City, a leader of fashion, and the heiress to millions. Yet she was. She is the oldest daughter of of John Brigham Young, one of the wealthiest men in Utah, and a favorite niece of the once famous Mormon prophet. She was reared in luxury, and received a liberal education. Gifted with rare musical talents, she became celebrated among her people as an accomplished vocalist, and at one time was the principal contralto in the choir at the tabernacle. She was her father's joy, and just as she was budding into womanhood he pledged her hand to a rising young elder who had been active in proselyting for the Mormon Church. She remonstrated, but without avail.

A short time before the day set for the wedding she was secretly married to a young newspaper man. He was a Gentile. When her father got wind of the marriage he renounced his daughter and cast her out of his house. She fled with her husband to New York, where he obtained employment as a reporter on a morning newspaper. Shortly after his eyesight became affected and he was unable to retain his position. Then came the struggle for an existence. Their little savings were soon exhausted in trying to restore the husband's eyesight, and after three years' treatment he became totally blind. Though disinherited and reduced to poverty, the devoted wife remained true to her marriage vows. She wrote to her father begging him to aid her, but receiving no reply, sought for employment. Every one turned a deaf ear to her appeals for work, and as a last resort she accepted an engagement in a concert saloon. There her splendid voice attracted attention, and she was able to earn enough to give her blind husband a comfortable home. Their prosperity, however, was short-lived, for not long after she was prostrated by sickness and the fever robbed her of her voice and left her but a wreck of her former self. Disheartened in spirit and feeble in health, she began the life of a street beggar, wandering from place to place and finally locating in Chicago, the Mecca for poverty-stricken Bohemians. Although dragged down to the very depths of despair and degradation, she has steadfastly clung to the sightless old man who unwittingly caused her downfall. Recently a woman who knew the beggar many years ago saw and recognized her, and by close questioning elicited the sad story of her unfortunate career.

Kentucky Cattle Stealers.

A few years after the war, says the Louisville (Ky.) *Times*, Ed. Collins, a shiftless fellow of Mercer county, was indicted for stealing cattle. The case came up before Judge J. C. Wocliffe, now U. S. Attorney here, then Circuit Judge. The trial was in the Court House at Harrodsburg. Phil Thompson, Jr., was Prosecuting Attorney and Phil Thompson, Sr., and Col. Thomas C. Bell, now Assistant U. S. Attorney here, appeared for the defense. Collins had been a soldier in the Federal army, while every man on the jury, the Prosecuting Attorney, Circuit Clerk and the Judge himself had fought for the Confederacy. The witnesses were brought forward and a plain case of theft made out against Collins.

The only dependence of the defense was the testimony of Collins' daughter, Rose, who was to prove an alibi. She was a beautiful woman, and was made to tell her story for all it was worth. Col. Bell made a most touching plea, appealing to the sympathies of the jury for a beautiful woman in distress with all the power of language he could summon. But the veterans of Donelson and Shiloh were unmoved. Then old Phil Thompson laid himself out to mystify them and raise a doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and he, too, finally began to appeal to their gallantry. In the midst of a glowing sentence, however, he found the jury yawning, looking out of the window, and wholly inattentive. Breaking off his pathos the old lawyer leaned back on a table a moment, eyed the jury quizzically with a humorous twinkle in his eye, and said:

"Look here, gentlemen, this stealing was done during the war, and you can't do anything with a man for that. You, Tom Munday!" he continued, turning and pointing to the foreman of the jury, a strapping big Kentuckian, "don't you remember that sheep you stole in Powl's Valley? You can't convict Ed. Collins." There was a general waking up of the jury, and a smile went round. "And you, Dan Bond; you know that horse you stole from Lord Alexander in the spring of '62? You can't send a man to prison for stealing cattle."

The smile broke into an open guffaw in one or two places, and half a dozen men on the back seats stood up. As the old man took up the jury one by one and recalled his shortcomings, the laughter became general and continuous. Finally he said: "And there's my Phil. Wasn't he one of Morgan's greatest horse thieves? What can he say against Ed. Collins? And you, Ed. Butts; you remember that raid on that old Yankee sympathizer in East Tennessee? And can you raise your voice against him? And his Honor on the bench, if the truth were known—" but the rest of the sentence was drowned in a shout of laughter and uproar of applause that shook the building. The jury was out three minutes, and they brought in a verdict for acquittal.

The town of Verden, in Germany, has just celebrated the 1100th anniversary of the completion of its cathedran.

Letter Carrying in Savage Lands.

Three scientific men, Emin Bey, Dr. Junker and Sig. Casiti, have for two years been virtually prisoners in the depths of Africa, says a writer in the New York *Sun*. Hemmed in on one side by the followers of the mehdi, they retreated southward until they were stopped by hostile blacks not far from the sources of the Nile. There they now are in the Unyoro country, waiting for the succor which two parties sent out under Drs. Fischer and Lenn are trying amid great difficulties to carry to them. Though cut off from all hope of escaping by their own exertions, they have been able to send a letter to their friends. The fact has been frequently illustrated within the past year or two that the castaway in savage lands can often make his sad plight known to the friends whom it is utterly impossible for him to reach except by letter.

The messenger who bore the missive of these unfortunates to Victor Nyanza was probably just like those who, until recently, were wont to travel over the same road from the Egyptian outposts to the great lake—an almost naked savage carrying his letter in a split stick, which he bore high above his head when walking through the tall, wet grass. Postmen like this have done a great deal of letter-carrying through the African jungles, and they have proved faithful and expeditious.

The missionaries of the north end of Victoria Nyanza for some months past have virtually been prisoners in Rubaga, and until recently none of them were permitted to set foot outside of the town. Yet in the dark days when no white man could possibly reach them, and they hardly dared to hope that their lives would be spared from hour to hour, they managed several times to communicate with their friends in England. Hidden in the garments of Arab traders, their letters safely reached the coast, and were read in England about three months after they were written. In the same way a number of white captives of the mehdi have contrived to send tidings from their prison huts in Khartoum to friends in Europe.

Six hundred years ago the man who wished to send a letter north from the south end of Cochin China placed it in the hands of a courier, who was relieved when about twelve to sixteen miles on his way by a second courier, and thus the letter was transferred from post to post, the couriers traveling at a sharp trot, carrying the letter as far in one day as the ordinary traveler could journey in three. Exactly the same method is still employed to carry the mails over this route. Along the royal road that skirts the sea from Saigon through Annam to Hue the couriers still hurry at an extraordinary pace with their mails snugly stowed away in bamboo tubes.

The method of carrying the mail in savage lands is here and there improving. It is now possible, for instance, a thousand miles up the Congo river, to affix to a letter a postage stamp bearing the portrait of the King of Belgium, and the words "Free Congo State," put it into a civilized mail bag, and send it on its journey to the sea. This is a decided improvement on the black native with the split stick.

An Incident of the War.

Captain McGrath, Clerk of the Supreme Court, tells a good story of his war experience, going to show that during the war, at least, the world sometimes seemed so small that you were continually knocking against somebody you didn't expect to meet. Just after the fall of Vicksburg the Captain's regiment, the Seventeenth Wisconsin, had charge of a lot of prisoners, most of whom had manned the works immediately in front of them during the siege. These prisoners were supplied with rations under General Grant's order, the same as their guards, but they didn't always, or even generally, eat alone. The Union soldiers fellowed with them, to a great extent, and, while guarding them as prisoners, really treated them as old friends, and discussed the incidents of the siege with them with great relish. Among the prisoners was a young officer named Saunders, belonging to an Arkansas regiment, who became a favorite in the camp of the Seventeenth, and spent a great deal of time for a few days among its officers. He had come of a good family, was well educated, and among gentlemen always a gentleman. When he was paroled, a few days later, he parted from his recent foes, now friends, with evident regret, taking with him a new Yankee uniform which his entertainers had made up for him to replace the tattered garb in which he had been captured. He went away expecting never to see his new found friends again, but a few weeks later, as the regiment was approaching Nachez, early one morning, a lone horseman, in blue uniform, mounted on a mule, was seen approaching from the direction of the city. He evidently did not see the blue-coats until they were nearly upon him, and then seemed anxious to avoid a meeting—a kind of conduct the soldiers couldn't understand at first, as he wore the blue. The soldiers thought they must have caught a spy, but the first officer who came up identified Saunders. Being among friends it was easy to prove his parole, and he was soon free again, and this time crossed the river and went home to Arkansas.

A year later the rebel and Union armies were confronting each other near Atlanta. There had been sharp firing on the picket line all day. Just as it was getting dark it let up a little, and pretty soon a voice called out from the Confederate rifle-pits:

"What regiment is that?"

The answer went back: "Seventeenth Wisconsin."

Then came the surprising inquiry: "Is McAuley there?"

"Yes."

"Is McGrath there?"

"Yes. Who the d—l are you?"

"Saunders, of Arkinsaw."

A shout greeted this announcement, and "Saunders, of Arkinsaw," was at once invited over. He came, and, on invitation brought a party of fellow-rebels with him. Then, as so often happened both in the East and the West during the war, men who had spent the day in active efforts to take each other's lives, gathered around the same camp-fire in the evening as closest friends, and then returned again each to his post of duty, to look upon each other as infidel dogs or hated enemies.

Dr. R. Butler, Master of Arts, Cambridge University, England, says: "St. Jacobs Oil acts like magic."

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

One night awhile ago John Layton, who runs the main line boat train from Boston, came on my engine sick as death. He was so feverish and nervous he almost cried. Cheer up, John," says I, "and I'll fix you in a jiffy, and I gave him a good dose of Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy." He went to bed. Two days after I saw him looking strong as a butcher. "That's the stuff for a railroad man,' he said."—Daniel Fitts, Engineer Old Colony Railroad.