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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

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(ESTABLISHED 1871.)
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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 in one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Burglar Alarm $100 time lock.

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All Legal Holidays Observed.

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SOMERSET, PA.
HEARSES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the best from 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. Fair Warm-work, and furnish Selves for Winter. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA.

Highest Reward for the man, woman or child who has a cough or cold that Wolf De Lessegs' Norman Balsam will not cure. C. N. Boyd, Sole Agent.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 17. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1838.

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite—and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

EXCELSIOR
COOK STOVES
ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.
EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.
All Purchasers can be Suited!
MANUFACTURED BY
L. A. SHEPHERD & CO. BALTO. MD.,
AND FOR SALE BY
R. B. Schell & Co.,
may14-'86-1yr. SOMERSET, PA.

The Strongest Guarantee

Ever given with a medicine is that which is now given with Dr. Lesseigne's Norman Balsam. The great French Remedy for coughs, colds, consumption, and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs. Every bottle is positively guaranteed; use two-thirds of the bottle, then if you are not perfectly satisfied you may return it and the money will be refunded. It is not a new preparation but an old French remedy whose virtues have been tested for years and has cured its thousands in France and performed almost miracles since its introduction in this country. Try it. It never fails. De Lesseigne Chemical Company, Sole Proprietors.
C. N. Boyd, Sole Agent.

September 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,
613-621 PENN AVE.,
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When afflicted with a cough or cold, buy a bottle of Wei De Lessegs' Norman Balsam. C. N. Boyd, Sole Agent.

PURE RYE WHISKEY
FOR SALE
BY THE
Gallon and Larger Quantity.

I have accepted the agency for the celebrated R. C. Landis Distillery and will have constantly on hand a large supply of this famous PURE RYE
Copper Distilled Whiskey,
which I will retail by the gallon, or in larger quantities.
ORDERS FILLED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED.
Store room at my house on West Main Street, Somerset, Pa.
GEORGE AUMAN.

AN OPEN LETTER.

LEWISBURG, 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.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY, FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS, MEDIA, PA., 12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examinations for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates. Special opportunity for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies, or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to College in 1883, 15 in 1884, 19 in 1885, and 19 in 1886. A graduating class every year in the commercial department. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1500 volumes added to Library in 1885. Media has seven churches, and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new Illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Harvard Graduate; Media, Pa. aug1-86-1yr.

UPON THE HILLS.

Along their heights on peaks of stone
The bird of prey alights;
He rears his young and dwells alone
Along the heights!
A sentinel whose sound invites
The lurid clouds that shriek and groan
With frenzy on tempestuous flights.
O come! O come! for years have shown
The storm but vainly assails
The walls that create Freedom's throne
Along their heights.

Upon these walls doth ocean beat
With clamor that appals;
But wrecks at length his billowy fleet
Upon these walls!
Then writhes with pain, and backward falls,
And moans within his safe retreat
Until again some cyclone calls.
O, come from the city's heart,
From where decay enthralls,
For ruin cannot plant his feet
Upon these walls!

On crests so high, mid rocks and bars
There is wealth for all who sigh,
No fitful fever scathes and scars
On crests so high.
The calm and cool and open sky,
With all its hosts of changeless stars,
Seems spread so very close and nigh!
O, come above the cloud that wars
Where tranquil souls lie!
Nor settle from sorrow's howland jar
On crests so high.

The spirit fills with joy sublime
On these enduring hills;
With sheen from heaven's unclouded clime,
The spirit fills.
The breath like balm of living rills
From fountains flowing through all time
Into the suffering soul instills,
O, come from out the rueful grime
Which soon corrodes and kills;
The hills sing and their deathless chime
The spirit fills.

—Rufus J. Chaffee.

ROMANCE OF A HAT-MARK.

Philip Northam, coming hastily out of Exchange building one morning in January, slipped on some ice at the top of the marble steps and slid rapidly to the bottom. On his way, however, he encountered a gentleman who was descending leisurely before him, whipped him briskly from his feet, and brought him down by his side to the pavement below. This unexpected introduction was accompanied by a prompt removal of their respective hats. Philip's rolled down to the curbstone, and the stranger's whirled along the pavement to be stopped and returned by an opportune bootblack. Fortunately no bodily damage was done to either of the embarrassed young men, who instantly picked themselves up, with mutually unnecessary apologies. Philip, perhaps, had some raison d'etre, as he had been the aggressive party, but the same haste to catch a train that had occasioned the tendering of the apology made it naturally very brief. He barely took time to assure himself that his fellow-voyager to the sidewalk was not hurt, then clapped his hat on his head and rushed onward with the same speed that defeated itself a few seconds previous.

We state that Philip clapped his hat upon his head, but the truth is, he clapped a hat in every way resembling it, yet as unlike it as a hat that we have never worn is unlike the hat of our everyday wear. Philip had not gone a block when he realized that he had made a mistake, and exchanged hats with the stranger, whom he had otherwise incommoded by hurling him down stairs. It would seem that Destiny had been gratuitously unkind through Philip's unmeant agency to this unoffensive wayfarer, and for no apparent reason but her own wilful fancy. However it would probably be useless to return to the scene of their rencountre even if Philip had had time. So he contented himself by examining the hat as he sped up by the Elevated to his train at Forty-Second street, and was glad to find in it a hat mark, the initials "W. W. C.," neatly embroidered on a band of dark garnet silk and ornamented with sprays of floss-silk vine. No one had ever embroidered a hat mark for Philip, and the rightful owner became at once invested with a sort of romance in Philip's mind. The hat of itself was anything but romantic, being one of those hard, stiff Derbies, that seem to have been invented for no other purpose than to counteract any possible good looks on the part of the owner. "W. W. C." Philip pondered not a little over these cabalistic signs of feminine care and interest; but he examined them so closely indeed, that after the manner of ardent explorers, he made an unlooked-for discovery. Under the little silken band was tucked firmly a slip of folded paper. Thinking it might contain perhaps the full complement of the initials, Philip opened and read it. A great flush passed over his face, and his heart quickened with sympathy. On the paper were written these words, in a delicately feminine hand:

"WILL—If you care to preserve this little souvenir, you will some time know that I love you; too late, perhaps, for happiness, but not too late for truth. God grant that you may safely cross the ocean, and cross back again to me."

That was all. Philip's ardent soul thrilled with tenderness as he reverently replaced the little scrap of paper in its hiding place, and continued to look down at it, like one in a dream. How could he put it on again, with this sad secret hovering above his brain? It seemed a sacrilege that he, a stranger, should be crowned even temporarily with this "burden of an honor unto which he was not born." Of course necessity compelled him to wear it until he could procure one of his own, but the pathos of those few yearning words gave him no peace. Even when he had ceased to be conscious of their actual proximity to his curly dark locks, and was again his own man, at least to the extent of a new Derby, he was not rid of their haunting spell. The advertisements he paid for in behalf of "W. W. C." would have purchased half a dozen hats, but they brought him no sign nor token from the missing owner; and, as time wore on, the strange hat with its pathetic secret lay hidden in a box in Philip's wardrobe, and became a thing of the past.

Meanwhile Fate, spinning her web of many tissues, spun for Philip a hat mark of his own. It was very very pretty, and very very precious, and Philip felt like a king who is for the first time crowned with his royal inheritance, when he knew that he was adjudged worthy to wear the favor of slender lily fingers whose lightest touch had thrilled him like a concentration of electric batteries. Fate's name on this occasion was Myra Brown. She was fair and light-haired, with pretty gray eyes and a soft independence of mind and manner. Philip had fallen in love with her at first sight, but she had only grown by slow degrees from indifference to interest, from interest to friendship, from friendship to—well that next step is scarcely perceptible, but her progress resulted in a glorious attainment for Philip. He could scarcely trust himself to the contemplation of his own bliss when he realized that the happiness of this strong yet delicate and impassioned soul was given into his keeping.

"I bring you the first real love of my heart" she said, looking him through and through with her clear, sincere gray eyes. Always remember this, Philip—the first real love of my heart."

Philip had been two years in possession of the secret-laden Derby, and five months married, before these circumstances found any relation to each other. He was looking through his wardrobe one day, and came out to Myra one day with the hat in his hand, and, sitting down beside her, began to tell its romantic history. Myra listened with her needle suspended and her lips apart, her face paling and flushing with warm, womanly sympathy, her eyes filled with tears as she read the little scrap of paper Philip handed her. She went over it silently two or three times, with a very sad, compassionate glance; then to Philip's amazement, tore the paper into shreads and threw them from her out of the window. The wind lost no time in scattering and carrying them away.

"Myra!" he looked almost wildly after the flying pieces. "What in the world indueed you to do that?"

"It was the right thing to do, dear," she answered with quivering lips. "No woman should betray her heart in that way. If I ever could be tempted to forget pride and dignity so foolishly, I would be obliged to any one who would destroy the evidence of my folly."

"But supposing I should find the owner—the person to whom that paper was addressed?"

"That isn't likely now, Philip; of course, if you do find him, you could tell him. But, Philip, "if I were you I would never tell any one else. Such things seem pretty and interesting; but they are more than that. They belong to the heart's deep experience and we should not hold them lightly to talk of and smile at. No, I think the poor girl who wrote these impulsive words would be glad to know they are destroyed. Believe me, Philip, smiling gently, "women can judge for women. I have done what is right."

Philip's answer was his usual one when Myra looked particularly pretty, as she did just now.

"You are an angel," he said, afterward, "and of course, you are right; but I am thinking of the man's side, don't you see? That message belonged to him, whoever, wherever he is, and I would never think of stopping it on its way. To my masculine view it seems, don't you know, a little like robbing the mails."

"It isn't like that at all," said Myra, in a mildly argumentative tone. "I wouldn't do that myself. And, beside, if the mails are going to bring trouble to people, they ought to be robbed—the sooner the better."

"Oh, my dear girl," said Philip, laughing.

"Well, of course!" rejoined Myra, decidedly. "But it is so hard to make men understand things as they really are.—Philip!"

"Yes, my love."

"I want you to promise me that you won't tell any one—any one—about that scrap of writing, unless you find the—the person for whom it was intended. I want you to promise this for the foolish woman's sake. Won't you, dearest?"

"I promise—for this poor foolish woman's sake," said Philip, looking down with rapture at her lifted eyes; and he was nearer to the truth than he knew.

"One bright Sunday morning not long after this, when there was a cradle in their house, and in it a little golden head, worth all the rest of the gold in the world, a card was brought to Mrs. Northam. It bore the name of Walker W. Carroll. She passed it to her husband with a shade of annoyance on her face."

"Ah this is your old friend, Carroll, I suppose—the one you have spoken of so often?" he remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes. I hadn't heard that he was back from England, though." Myra was running a brush over her hair, and looking at her face as she spoke. "I wonder if his wife is with him? But what an hour to call! It can't be half-past nine."

"Lucky we are up," said Philip, with a laugh; "or, rather, thanks to that brigand and pirate in the cradle there. He never seems to enjoy his sleep until he has robbed us of ours. She'n't I go down and receive your friend, if you don't feel quite ready, Myra."

"I am quite ready now, thanks," said Myra promptly; "and don't leave the baby, please, till Maggie comes up."

"She guessed Philip in crossing to the door, turned back and kissed him, and went down stairs."

"A tall brown and bearded stranger was standing in the parlor, looking at the door expectantly as she entered both hands outheld in friendly welcome."

"Will!"

"Myra!"

"I am so glad——"

"Such a lovely surprise——"

"And how have you been?"

"I heard you were married."

"And you never wrote."

Who can produce the first hurried words of greeting after a long separation?

Speech and smiles, and blushes, and eager looks mingle inextricably, at once. After a moment or two the mists of feeling clear a little; it is easier to speak, but not so imperative.

Myra sat down by her friend on a little sofa. The welcoming look had not quite gone out of her face when she said impressively:

"Will, I must ask you something now. Do you remember the little hat-mark I made you, before you went away? I put it in your hat myself the night before you sailed."

"Do I remember? I should think so! But imagine what happened. The very next morning I lost my hat. It was knocked off my head and picked up by another man."

"Yes, I know," said Myra, quickly; "by my husband—by Philip Northam."

"You don't say so! Your husband? And I got his hat in exchange. Ha! ha! The long lost hat! It's about time we should return them, now."

But Myra was not smiling; she sat clasping and unclasping her hands nervously.

"Will, did you notice—did you examine my little gift very closely?" she asked with strange hesitancy. "You know I fastened it in myself."

"Yes, I know. It was awfully kind of you too. I felt so sorry to think I couldn't have kept it!"

"And—and you are sure you didn't see anything else with it?—anything except the hat-mark?"

She spoke slowly, searching his face with her eyes.

"Anything else?" he repeated, wonderingly. "What kind of a thing for instance? I don't understand."

She looked at him, now, with the brightest smile he had ever seen her wear.

"Oh, isn't fate strange, Will? isn't it strange and good? It won't let us have our own way; it snatches from us what we covet, but only to give us something so much better—I am glad for everything though—everything!"

"What a remarkable state of mind! Do you think you could explain your meaning a little?"

"No," she said joyously; I never can; I never will! I am too thankful! And then," she added deprecatingly, "a woman must always be mysterious, you know."

"She always is, I know."

"She must be," insisted Myra, gently. "The conditions of her life are such. And, Will, I am going to ask you to be a little mysterious, too."

"But wherefore shouldst thou?" He gave her a comical look of dismay.

"That I can't tell you either; only, if Philip—if my husband should ever show you—should ever tell you his romance of a hat, it has nothing to do with you! You never had a like experience! No girl ever gave you a hat-mark, or, if she did, you never lost it. Do you understand?"

"I don't in the least; but I can follow instructions. Will that answer?"

"It is all I could ask," she answered, smiling on him graciously. "And one thing. You will not mind if I call you Walker, instead of Will, as I used to?"

"Walker is a frightful name!" he said, resignedly. "My wife calls me that when she wants to tease me. I suppose I can bear it, if I must."

"Oh, tell me about your wife, Walker," was Myra's reply. "And to think you married an English girl! She must be charming. And you will like my dear, lovely Philip. He is so splendid and so good."

"Of course. Well, do you know, Myra, I often used to wonder what sort of a man you ever would really care for. You seemed so hard to suit."

"Did I? asked Myra, with a deep, deep blush. "Philip suits me."

It was rather strange when the time came for Mr. Carroll to examine his long lost and oft regretted Derby, to do so with an air of ignorance, to try it on at the mirror, and become aware that it fitted him, and to further discover that the embroidered initials were the same as his own. And still more strange was it, in view of that coincidence, to receive from the hand of Mr. Northam his own property as a gift.

"I am pretty sure never to find the real owner now," Philip said, thoughtfully. "The hat's an excellent hat, and enough in style. And as the initials belong to you, why, I really think you ought to wear it out, hat-mark and all. And especially as it fits you so well."

"It does fit me," said Mr. Carroll, looking down confidentially at the hat as the sharer of a secret. But for the matter of that, the hat had a secret of its own.

How to Cool a Cellar.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and percipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool, but as it fills the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp, and soon becomes moldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful—it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air of the cellar is damp it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of freshlime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or a milk room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather.

Catarrh

Is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease, liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh in even its most severe forms. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A gang of swindlers have been operating extensively in Missouri and Illinois with a gold brick, having swindled different persons out of sums aggregating $12,000. Their modus operandi was to exhibit for test a genuine brick and while the attention of the victim was averted after the test had been made substitute a brass brick.

The highest birth rate in the United States is in the South. In Louisiana there are 147 children born each year to every 1,000 women of child bearing age, 156 in Georgia and 187 in Texas. In New England the rate is 82, in the West about 122.

Struck it Rich.

The phenominal success of the Granite Mountain Mine, and the extraordinary dividends realized by the stockholders, most of whom are residents of St. Louis, has given an impetus to local operations in mines and mining stock which bids fair to establish here a market of considerable note. That it is a pleasant sensation to awaken in the morning to the fact that one is the unexpected owner of millions, goes without saying, and yet it is not so very uncommon as one might suppose. Many have been there, and where is the dealer in mining stocks or the poor prospector in whom good fortune may not repeat the story of Mackay, Stanford, O'Brien, Flood, Jones, and hundreds of others? among them in this city Gus Ewing, A. B. Colt, John Field and others, not to mention R. C. Kerens, who is interested with Steve Elkins, Blaine's old henchman, in several paying mines in Colorado and New Mexico. The late Jerome B. Chaffee was also a partner with Kerens in several mining enterprises which panned out well.

Chaffee, by the way, was one of the noblest characters that graced the western mining districts in the flush days when all men were brothers; all were on "the square divide," and to be known as the "whitest man in camp"—which was Chaffee's reputation—was an enviable distinction. More than one poor miner in the olden days owes his subsequent success to Chaffee's kindness in giving his foot a secure resting place on the ladder of fortune. Among those who were blessed with his protecting friendship was ex-Senator Tom Bowen, of Colorado. It was in the poker and prospecting period of Bowen's career, when he was rich one day and went supperless to bed the next. Tom on that particular occasion was experiencing an unusually

HARD STREAK OF LUCK.

He wandered around the streets of Denver without any shirt on. Clutching a threadbare, buttonless, swallow-tail coat with his half-frozen hands to keep the cold wind out, and wondering where and how he was going to catch on next, when he was met by Chaffee. Bowen tried to dodge around a corner—he had known Chaffee a short time before when he was flush—but Chaffee darted after and captured him. After a brief conversation Chaffee presented Bowen with $100 in cash; told him to strike out for the mines and when the money was all to come back for more. Bowen went as directed. He pottered around awhile on the Del Norte river, and finally struck ore in the Little Aimee, which was the foundation of a large fortune.

Ed Smith was another old miner who benefitted from Chaffee's generosity. Smith was a pioneer. He had been all over Colorado when the gold fever first broke out, but when he met Chaffee he was nearly "broke." In exchange for practical information concerning "surface indications," and other points on mining, Chaffee gave Smith the money to start out afresh, and the result was the discovery of a silver mine which for a long time paid Smith over $25,000 per annum.

A very successful Eastern operator in mines is Colonel Leiter, late of the big Chicago dry goods firm of Marshall Field & Co. Leiter took Ed Stevens under his wing along in the early days of Leadville and by Stevens' advice got hold of a share in nine claims which netted him close to $8,000,000. Leiter's interest in these mines stood him about $40,000 all told. Stevens, his partner in the enterprise was the first man to discover that the ore at Leadville was silver and not iron, as the miners in the neighborhood had originally thought it. He was in reality the founder of Leadville, and in addition was one of the best posted, practical miners in the West.

GOV. routt, of colorado,

who will be remembered as a delegate to the National Cattle Convention which was held in St. Louis last year, enjoys the distinction of being perhaps the only Governor of a State who ever actually handled the pick in a mine, during his term of office as Chief Executive. Routt went out to Leadville, took the mining fever, and started in prospecting. His luck was bad, and he was compelled several times to change his location. Of course it cost him considerable money to carry on his operations, and being a poor man, he was soon reduced to the necessity of mortgaging his household furniture in order to procure food for his family. He hauled brush with an old one-eyed mule and slapped up a temporary abode near his diggins, removed his coat and sailed in again, in a frantic effort to strike the silver. All this time he was Colorado's Governor, and his mining companions with the Free Masonry of the wild West "guyed" him unmercifully. Work as hard as he might, the Governor's affairs did not seem to improve any. On the contrary, they grew worse rabidly. Things continued in this way for some little time, until Routt was nearly destitute and on the verge of absolute starvation, when one bright evening the sun glinted across a piece of shining ore which his pick had turned up. The Governor dropped everything immediately and tramped into Leadville. He bought the best house and lot in the city in which he installed his family comfortably. He is to-day a free, open-hearted, generous gentleman, and deserves all his success.

THE STORY OF RISBY,

the drunken Denver shoemaker, who was grub-staked by Tabor and unexpectedly struck it rich near Leadville, is well known. Tabor's fortunate investment in salt horse and whisky for Risby netted him a fortune which is estimated at nearly $8,000,000. Risby also made a great deal of money, but he was a reckless character, and most of it slipped through his fingers. He has to-day about $20,000 left.

Senator Hill, of Colorado, was an ex-professor of chemistry at Brown's University when he went to Black Hawk. He was well posted on the values of ores and had previously spent a short time at the Swannee camp perfecting himself in the details of practical mining. At Black Hawk he found over 100,000 tons of "litter," discarded ore. Realizing the immense value of the pile if it could be properly separated, he devoted himself to the study of the problem, and the result was the erection of the great smelting works at Argo, Col., which are to-day the largest of their kind in the world. Hill has made an immense amount of money out of his enterprises, all of which are of a strictly legitimate business nature, in which the element luck does not enter as a factor.

Hill's partner in the smelting works is H. R. Wolcott, the descendant of one of President Washington's Cabinet Ministers. Wolcott is a very proud down-easter. He went to Colorado with a letter of introduction to Hill stored away carefully on his person. At Ogden his money gave out, and he walked fifty miles into camp. When he got there he went into Hill's office and without presenting his letter asked the old gentleman for a job. He was put to wheeling slag at first, but was subsequently given a place in the office. After demonstrating his ability to take care of himself, Wolcott one day handed Hill his letter and recommendations. Hill was very much surprised, but immediately took in Wolcott's character, and from that day out the boy's fortune was made. He is now estimated a millionaire.

Messrs. White and Parsons, who bought the famous Contention mine at Tombstone from Ed Schaefflin, paid only $9,000 for it. They have taken out over $5,000,000 in dividends.

THE FAMOUS JAY COOKE,

of New York, after his failure, got a lease on the Silver Horn Mine in Utah, for $500, which afterwards sold for over a million. Lee and Judd, who were so poor that they could afford nothing better than a bob-tailed ox as a motive power, on which account their mine was dubbed the bob-tail, after long toil and weary waiting managed to bull over half a million apiece out of the bowels of the earth. Louis Bighold owned what was called the mineral farm, near Ouray, Col. It was forty acres in extent, and the ore cropped out of the ground all over the place. A real estate agent at Denver received a commission of $25,000 from Lou for negotiating the sale of the farm for $800,000.

Among the lucky ones whose wealth, made in mining, is estimated at nearly a million, and over, and whose names, although comparatively unknown in the East are very familiar in the West, are Dennis Sullivan, William Hammil, Dave Moffat, Judge Elbert, and Senators Plumb and Hearst, who struck it in Colorado, but many of whom have since left that state. Expert miners say that there is yet plenty of undiscovered ore in the West, which only requires capital and work to develop it.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Gypsy Beauty.

Fifty or sixty years ago the gypsies in England were a much more remarkable race than at present. The railway had not come to break up their habits; there were hundreds of lonely places in dell and dingle where they could hatch the tan, pitch the tent, their blood had been little mixed with that of the gorgio or gentile; they spoke their language with greater purity than at present, and still kept their old characteristics unchanged. If they had the faults of Arabs, they also had many of their good qualities. If they stole horses and foraged on farmers, if their women told fortunes, lied, and sometimes cheated a man out of all his ready money, by pretending to find a treasure in his cellar, they were extremely grateful and honest to those who befriended them, and manifested in many ways a rough manliness which partially redeemed their petty vices. They were all, as are many of their sons at present, indomitable rough riders, of the horse horsey, and to a man boxers, so that many of them were distinguished in the prize ring, the last of them being Jem Mace. At this time there prevailed among the English Romany a strong, mutual faith, tribal honesty, which was limited, but all the stronger for that, even as the arms of a man grow stronger when he loses the use of his legs. They were a people of powerful frames, passions, and traditional principles. Their weak children soon died from the hardships of nomantic life, the remainder illustrated selection by suffering and the survival of the fittest—to fight.

With such characteristics there could not fail among the gypsies many striking instances of warm friendship, intense love, and the fidelity which endures even unto death. This was known of them when little else was known beyond their most apparent and repulsive traits. Walter Scott indulged in no romantic license when he depicted Hayraddin Maugrabin as devoted to Quentin Durward; even at present the incident of a thoughtful gift or any little act of kindness will be remembered with a gratitude out of all proportion to its value, and go the rounds of all the Romany in the United States. And therefore when men fell in love with women there often resulted those instances of intense passion and steady faith which at the present day are really becoming mythical. The gypsy in this, as in everything else, has been a continuation of the middle ages, or of the romance era.

Such a passion was inspired more than half a century ago by Jack Cooper, the Kurumengro Rom, or Fighting Gypsy, in a girl of his own tribe. Her name was Charlotte Lee, and it was about 1830 that Leslie, the royal academician, led by the fame of her beauty, painted the picture now in New York, in the possession of her sister, Miss Emma Leslie. The fame of her charms still survives among her people, and when a few days ago as I write I was talking of Charlotte to some of her kin near Philadelphia, I was asked if I meant the Rinkéni—that is, the Beautiful one.

Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, is a most remarkable woman, physically and mentally. She got out of a sick bed to go to the Chicago Convention, and was told by her doctor that it would endanger her life to do so. She said she was going and go she did. She bustled around just like the rest of the lady delegates, and the excitement seems to give her renewed life. She is in love with her son Charles' business methods. When a young girl, out in the Pacific Ocean in the cabin of his vessel, she used to pull her chair up along side the old Commodore, her father, and listen to the officers make their report. It nearly broke her father's and mother's heart when she plighted her troth to Parnell, who was then traveling in this country.

"There's very little change in men's trousers this year," remarked a tailor as he failed to collect a bill.

The Cigars We Smoke.

There are plenty of men who know a good thing when they see it, but few, very few, can tell a good cigar when they see one, or even when they smoke it. This fact is not generally known, and numbers of smokers will be loath to believe it, but it is nevertheless true. No expert dealer will dare to bet on a cigar as to whether it is a Havana or a domestic one. The imagination works extensively in the smoking of a cigar, and a person used to reveling in a five-center enjoys himself quite as much as the two-for-a-quarter individual, and if the former were given the latter's cigar he would turn his nose up in disgust at the aroma. The popularity of a certain cigar depends upon its flavor and upon the smoker's liking for that flavor. To obtain various flavors manufacturers have secret combinations of tobaccos, and these are as numerous as the combinations of colors. A sample combination is a Pennsylvania filler, a Wisconsin binder, and a Havana seed or Sumatra wrapper. The 10-cent cigar by an honest manufacturer is made up of a Connecticut, Pennsylvania, or Wisconsin binder, a Havana filler, and Sumatra or Havana seed wrapper. Havana seed is the seed of Havana tobacco brought to this country and grown here. A great many cigars, however, are sold as Havana filler when the filler is mixed with domestic tobacco. The manufacture of these cigars costs much less, but they suit as well and buyers seldom know the difference. The taste in cigars is most deceptive,