The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 35. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1856.

J. J. O'CONNOR. J. J. O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR BROS., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., and on Franklin street, opposite the Postoffice, Johnstown, Pa.

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

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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

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

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

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

M. J. PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Somerset County Bank.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

W. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office on Main Cross Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

WM. H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street, next door to J. H. Snyder & [illegible].

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

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. H. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.

COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Bounty and Pension Agent. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block.

DR. F. A. RHOADS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cook & Beerits' Block, Second Floor.

DR. J. E. BIESECKER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Post Office building, East of Diamond.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, 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.

DR. H. BRUBAKER, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street West of Diamond.

DR. WM. RAUCH, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Post Office Building.

DR. E. W. BLOUGH, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town and country promptly attended to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. Office on Northeast corner of Diamond, over Knepper's Drug Store.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown.) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, in rear of Drug store.

DR. J. S. M'MILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry,) Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Baer Block, up stairs.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office up-stairs in Cook & Beerits Block.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

DR. J. K. MILLER, Has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Krissinger's Store.

Somerset County Bank.

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

C. J. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS, Cashier.

Collections made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale 1,000 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All Legal Holidays Observed.

CURTIS K. GROVE.

SOMERSET, PA.

BUGGIES, 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 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.

CURTIS K. GROVE.

(East of Court House)

SOMERSET, PA.

B. & B.

THE GREAT DRY GOODS SALE!

1887.

COMMENCES JAN'Y 10.

SACRIFICE PRICES BEFORE TAKING STOCK

$1 Striped Silk Velvets go at 50c. $1.50 Colored Silk Velvets at 75 cents. 44-in. All-wool Suitings, 30 cts. Don't pay 50c for same; 54-inch Striped Suitings, 65c—in the early season were $1 25. American Dress Goods Department has some give-aways. Good Twilled Plaids, 5c; Tycoon Reps, 8c and 12½c; [illegible] Printed Cashmeres for house dresses, &c; Large lot Fancy Brocade Silks, and [illegible] go at $1 a yard—not half price; special bargains in Black Silks, Colored Silks, Faille Francaises, Rhadames, Surahs; all the above in [illegible] shades; Jersey Striped or Eider Down Flannels at 30 and 35c; Flannels, Blankets, Skirts, Toboggan Caps, Toboggan Blankets, Hosiery, Gloves, Winter Underwear.

—IN CLOAK DEPARTMENT—

Prices cut deep; no regard to cost; no let up for quarter until the stock is cleaned out. This includes all and everything in the line, from cloth and plush to sealskin. Misses' Garments, Children's Wraps, Walking Coats and Newmarkets.

Plush wraps, $8 50 from $15; Plush jackets $18 from $25; Imported wraps for evening and street wear, $50 from $75 and $100. Fine Imported English—former price $25, now they are $10; Boucle Astrachan and "Frise" wraps half price and some less; Plush Sacques $20, $25 and $30, these are the best for these prices. 100 pieces 45-inch Chuda Serges or curtain material 75 cents a yard. Write to our Mail Order Department for samples of any of above mentioned bargains you may be interested in.

LOWEST PRICES AND BEST VALUES ALWAYS GUARANTEED.

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119 & 121 FEDERAL STREET,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

EXCELSIOR

COOK STOVES

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS

All Purchasers can be Suited!

MANUFACTURED BY

I. A. SHEPHERD & CO. BALTO. MD.,

AND FOR SALE BY

R. B. Schell & Co.,

SOMERSET, PA.

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.

HORNE & WARD

SUCCESSORS TO

Eaton & Bros.

NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPRING AND SUMMER 1886.

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.

A Street Remark.

It is rare that a pedestrian on the street does not hear passers by remark about the wonderful curative powers of Wei De Lovege Norman Balsam, the great French remedy for consumption, coughs, colds hoarseness, &c. By its speedy action on all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, it is establishing a reputation never equaled in the history of medicine. It always cures. It never fails. Sold and guaranteed by C. N. Boyd, sole agent.

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 examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates. Special opportunities 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. [illegible] students sent to college in 1883, [illegible] in 1884, [illegible] in 1885, and [illegible] 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 1883. 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. augt-'86-1yr.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Geo. Foust & wife to J. M. Topper. In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa. No. [illegible] May term, 1886. Voluntary Assignment.

And now to wit: 15th December '86, notice is hereby given that on this day the petition of the above named Assignee was filed in open court praying for a reconveyance of the property assigned to him by deed of assignment dated April 23, 1886, and that the prayer of the petitioner will be granted by the court on the 28th day of Feb'y, 1887, unless cause be shown to the contrary.

N. B. CRITCHFIELD, jan12-3t. Prothonotary.

SAW MILL PLANT

FOR SALE.

My entire outfit at Indian Creek Station, six miles from Connellsville, consisting of Saw Mill, 2-Horse Team, Lumber and Log Trucks, Wagon, Log Wheels, Chains, &c., together with 250,000 feet good oak timber, and 150,000 feet poplar timber, and more to be had in the same neighborhood. Will take lumber for part payment if desired. Address

E. O. GRENAMYER,

jan26-2m. Connellsville, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of N. B. Snyder, 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 to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 5th day of March, 1887, at the law office of John R. Scott, in the Borough of Somerset, Pa.

JOHN N. SNYDER,

jan19. Administrator.

RUSHING TO DEATH

In the attempt to swim the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids is no more reckless or dangerous than to trifle with disease which each day secures a stronger hold and hastens the end of life. This is specially true of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and nervous headache, which though perhaps slight at first are extremely dangerous, and steadily secure a firmer grip until at last the agony is unendurable and sudden death brings relief. These diseases can be cured by the use of Athlophoros which, in connection with Athlophoros Pills, never fails when properly used. Read the following from those who have tested it.

C. A. Steward, Nelson, Pa., says: "Athlophoros has saved my mother's life. Last spring, two of the best physicians in the county, said she could not live two months. She had been helpless for a year, had to be lifted off and on the bed, limbs all drawn out of shape, cords contracted, flesh sore to the touch, could not be lifted or touched without screaming aloud. The soreness is all gone, the cords relaxed, appetite good, and gaining every day, and I think a few more bottles will cure her."

New-Haven, Conn.

I had the neuralgia for three months in my face. Went to the doctor; he gave me some medicine to take internally and a preparation of chloroform to put on the outside, but it did not do any good. Could not sleep night or day. Had suffered so much and so long that I was afraid it would drive me crazy. Was told to try Athlophoros by a party it had cured of the rheumatism. After taking part of a bottle the pain all left as by magic, and now I am well, with not a sign of neuralgia about me.

MAMIE DIETRICH, 16 Hodson St.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they can not be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

—OUR—

JANUARY SALE.

AND WHAT IT MEANS.

The Great stock in all Departments to be sold down to the Smallest Possible Point before February 1st, 1887.

SILKS, VELVETS, DRESS GOODS.

WINTER WRAPS, LACE CURTAINS, FUR TRIMMINGS, CLOAKINGS, AND SEAL PLUSHES.

Mark Downs,

In heavy things out especially in our Dress Goods Department. 50-inch WOOL SUITINGS at 50 cents. Double Width ALL-WOOL SUITINGS at 25 cents. Broken Assortments of IMPORTED WOOL DRESS FABRICS at 50 cents. This is the month our store is busy. Send for Samples now and make your selections at once, if you can't come. Best values we have ever offered.

JOS. HORNE & CO'S

RETAIL STORES,

609-621 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

It Will Be Glad Tidings to the

LADIES

TO KNOW THE

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS

MADE ON

SEWING MACHINES,

ESPECIALLY ON THE

WHITE

It has a HIGH ARM, BULKY GOODS CAN BE HANDLED WITH EASE. It is absolutely

SELF-THREADING

Except the eye of the needle. A perfect positive TAKE-UP WITHOUT A CHECK SPRING. A PERFECT

SELF-THREADING SHUTTLE.

Its tension can be regulated without removing from the race. A new and convenient

Stitch Regulator and Indicator,

By which any exact stitch can be made or duplicated without experimenting. An

AUTOMATIC BOBBIN-WINDER,

By which a bobbin can be wound as even as a spool of silk without the aid of the hand. It is THE MOST DURABLE and THOROUGHLY BUILT MACHINE IN THE WORLD. Its [illegible] are unequaled and its greatly admired [illegible].

LIGHT AND QUIET RUNNING

Qualities, and in the immense variety of practical and useful work that can be done on this Machine.

Ladies of taste and good judgment will not entertain the thought of buying any other Sewing Machine, after carefully examining the merits of the WHITE. Persons wishing to examine it, should at once address

JOSEPH CRIST, Ag't.,

Jenner X Roads,

Somerset Co., Pa.

A PROMINENT MINISTER.

Rev. S. P. Wolf, pastor M. E. Church, Irwin, Pa., says: "With pleasure I recommend to the public Wei De Lovege Norman Balsam. I have used it on several occasions and it acted like a charm. It is certainly a wonderful remedy for coughs colds hoarseness, &c. My family are using it with great satisfaction." Sold and guaranteed by C. N. Boyd, sole agent.

VALUABLE FARM

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers at PRIVATE SALE a FARM, situated in

JENNER TWP., SOMERSET CO.,

Containing 185 Acres and allowances. Twelve acres in timber, balance under a good state of cultivation. Good WATER in every field. Good BANK BARN, good HOUSE, splendid ORCHARD of choice FRUIT. Convenient to Church, School and Mills.

Terms Reasonable. For further particulars call on or address

J. W. STUFFT,

jan26-3t. Johnstown, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Fred'k Reininger, deceased, late of Paint Township Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of administration on 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 to the Administrators without delay.

JAMES B. REININGER,
FRED'K REININGER,

Spring Meadow P. O., Bedford Co., Pa.

jan19. Administrators.

Intelligent mothers give their children Wei De Lovege Norman Balsam for coughs and colds. Sold and guaranteed by C. N. Boyd.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

How little we know of each other,
We pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fear and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife.
We see things alone on the surface.
For few of us glory in sin;
And an unruffled face is no index
Of fires that rage widely within.

How little we know of each other.
The man who walks quietly by
With wealth and with honor and title,
And holds his head proudly on high,
Oft carries dread secrets within him
That render existence a curse;
Dread secrets that sear his soul over,
Of crime, or misfortune, or worse.

How little we know of each other.
The woman of fashion who sneers
At her sister who fate has abandoned
To poverty, misery, tears,
May prove ere the sun rise to-morrow
More deeply immersed in disgrace,
And the sadness sneered at in another,
Be pictured upon her own face.

How little we know of each other.
Of our own hearts how little we know,
We are feeble under temptation,
Be our station in life high or low.
Ah! then let sweet charity rule us,
And help one another to win
The crown that awaits those who strive for
Avoidance of shame and of sin.

AN OLD MAID.

BY MARGARET BRECKINRIDGE WREN.

On the veranda at one of the summer watering places, one clear, bright evening stood a group of merry young girls, laughing and chatting, as girls will do, seemingly as happy as the days were long. Just then, through a door near them, a tall, slight figure passed—the figure of a woman, out of whose face the bloom of youth had faded, but in its place there lived such a sad sweet, soft expression, that the want of bloom was almost forgotten when gazing upon it.

"Oh, look, girls," exclaimed one of the party, "look! there goes the old maid; she come last night, and has not been out of her room since."

"Well, as for me," said another, "I would be glad enough for her to stay in altogether, for I do detest an old maid."

"So do I," said a third.

And the gay party laughed on, little dreaming of the thoughts which filled that "old maid's" mind (as they so lightly called her,) while she stood leaning there against the balustrade, so motionless and pale, with her sad eyes never leaving one place in the distance, on which they had fixed themselves since the moment she had stopped there. The one place was a pretty white villa, nestling way off among a tall grove of trees, hiding there, as it were, away from the noisy, bustling world.

Her soft, blue eyes grew sadder as she stood there, and one bright tear rolled down the marble-like cheek and fell on her delicate white hand; which firmly clasped a trailing vine swinging near.

The laughing group saw no tears, but only a sad-faced woman, so after a short time she turned and walked slowly back toward the door. Or, as they would have it, saw only "an old maid." One tall, boisterous girl said it so loud this time that the words were distinctly heard by all on the veranda.

A slight flush crept into the pale cheeks and then the dark robed figure passed on through the door.

"What a sweet face," whispered one of the party.

"And a sweet temper too, I expect," chimed in another; "for old maids are always cross."

"Girls," said a kind, gentle voice behind them, and a lady approached from the other side of the veranda; "girls, I have unintentionally heard the remarks you have just made about that lady. Yes I heard the laughing, jesting manner in which you called Miss Raymond an old maid, and perhaps what you call her may be correct, counting the years, as people generally do; but did you stop to think one moment why so sweet and lovely a person as Miss Raymond is, should be an old maid?"

The girls looked abashed at this gentle reproof, but gave no answer.

"So Mrs. Gray continues: "I know it is more thoughtless then want of feeling girls; but still, I cannot bear to hear you speak so lightly of one who deserves only praise and loving words from all lips.

"Now, if you will bear with me long enough and would like to hear, I will tell you why Miss Raymond is an old maid."

The laughing faces grow more serious, and all beg at once that she will tell them. So taking a seat in their midst, Mrs. Gray begins:

"Ten years ago this summer I was here with as gay and merry a party present then as now. Young men and maidens, husbands, wives and children—some dear old people—and also some old maids—but Miss Raymond did not come under that head then.

"Well, among this pleasant company, was often a fine, handsome youth, who lived at that pretty villa over there, half hidden by the trees;" and her finger pointed to the same place on which Miss Raymond was just now so silently gazing.

"His father was a man of wealth, and that was their summer resort, living in New York during the winter.

"Walter was always a great addition to our party, and this summer I am speaking of, he was the 'lion of the day,' for no one could dance half so well, nor ride half so gracefully, nor row so divinely, as Mr. Lacy, all the girls would say. And then he was so noble and generous; always ready to do a kindness for the old as well as the young—always ready with a pleasant word and smile.

"How we did love the boy! Coming and going every day; riding walking and dancing with the 'fairest of the fair.' Often we wondered why he should so long remain heart free, for many a sweet maiden would have been glad to have captivated this gay, handsome youth. But to all he was just the same. Until about this time in August, there came in our midst one of the loveliest young girls it had ever been my good fortune to meet. More beautiful faces I had seen—but about this girl was such an irresistable charm of such genuine simplicity, that she drew all hearts toward her at once. The softest blue eyes she had, the sunniest hair, and the sweetest smile.

"She came with an aunt from the South her father owning large plantations there. 'Twas late one summer evening, so well I remember, that a number of us were sitting out here as we are now, when first we saw them. They had arrived with others the day before, but we had not seen them, until on this evening they came out on the veranda.

"'Miss Gilman and her niece from the South,' somebody said, and all eyes were turned to where they stood, a little apart from us. Lillie was next to us, and like a lilly she did look that night as she stood right there, leaning against the balustrade (just as you saw Miss Raymond a few minutes ago), with her large dreamy eyes wandering in the distance. Dressed all in the purest, softest white from head to foot. With not one ray of color, save a little spray of delicate blossoms which were pinned at her throat.

"Walter was near me, and I noticed how often his eyes were turned towards that slight, graceful figure.

"Later on I went over to them, and from that night friendship sprang up which the years have only strengthened. Not many days after that were they strangers, for Miss Gilman's pleasant manners, and Lillie's winning ways soon gained them many friends. And among that number was Walter Lacy. Even more often than ever he was with us, and generally during those visits most of his time was spent by Lillie's side. His finest horse was ever at her disposal, his strong arms were ever ready to row her across yonder stream, he it was who stood next her in the dance, and his hands turned her music, when she would sit and sing for us in the twilight. Thus days and weeks went by, and we all saw that a strong, deep love had sprung up in the hearts of these two young peeple for each other. We looked on and only smiled, for all were pleased, and all agreed that they were just suited.

"'Twas one sweet, soft September evening, that a large party were out rowing."

"I stood right here and watched them as they started off, and it seemed to me I can see Walter's bright face now, as he turned and waved his hat at us.

"They told me after, that just as they were thinking of returning home, a little child in one of the boats reached out to catch some flowers, and was thrown over the side into the water. Walter quickly jumped in after her, and with great difficulty saved the little one's life, getting thoroughly wet himself. 'Twas almost dark when they got home, and as the nights were growing cool, he got terribly chilled, and a spell of sickness followed, from which he never quite recovered.

"When the winter came, he traveled through the South, grew much stronger, and great hopes were entertained of his speedy recovery. In his tour he visited Lillie at her lovely Southern home and there troth was plighted, with the promise from Mr. Raymond of his daughter's hand as soon as Walter's health was restored.

"And so the winter passed, and with the spring Walter went back to his home in New York, full of the hopes of returning for his 'Southern lily.'

"After his return home, the weather grew very damp and cool, his cough came back, and strength began to fail again.—Almost before any visitors arrived here that summer, Mr. Lacy's family came to their pretty home over yonder hoping the change would do Walter good.

"I came, as I have done for years, in July, about the middle, I think. Often then Walter would come over, and many pleasant talks we would have about Lillie.

"'I must get strong by August,' he would say, 'or Lillie, when she comes, will have no one to ride, dance, nor walk with her.'

"Always after such speeches a sad look would pass over his face, which every day now was growing paler. My heart misgave me at times, and I grew impatient for Lillie to come, for I feared he had not told her how ailing he was.

"At last August came, and with it Miss Gilman and her niece.

"The next day Walter was here, and I happened to be in the room when Lillie first saw him. I fancied I saw her start and her face grew a shade paler, when her eyes rested on his thin form. Afterward, she told me, she could hardly keep back a cry of surprise, so changed he was.

"And then those were sweet sad days which followed—sweet, because they spent so much of their time together,—sad, because fears grew each day now, that Walter Lacy never would be well again.

"How we did miss our gay, laughing boy, for in his place was a pale, quiet man. Lillie was the same, save a shade sadder but always keeping cheerfull when with Walter, always thinking of something to amuse and interest him.

"August went by, and near the middle of sweet September, when one day on his way to the hotel, a sudden shower came up, and before he reached us he had gotten very wet. I remember now what a painful sad expression came over Lillie's face when she saw him so, all hope seemed to die out right then, and well it might, for that night he was taken ill and never rallied. Often I accompanied Lillie and her aunt when they went over to see him. We always found him on the lounge in the library, and often Lillie would sit on a low stool and read in her soft sweet voice from his favorite books—never would she falter then—but on our way back the pent up tears would often find their way down her fair cheeks.

"Sweet flowers she always kept by him a pure white lilly ever among the number, for of all flowers he loved it best.

"'So like my own Lillie he would say, while his eyes would lovingly rest upon it. September was now drawing near its close. Many of our visitors had left, but still a pleasant little party remained, I among the number, for Miss Gilman would not hear of my leaving them.

"'Twas just about twilight, on one of these September days, when a messenger came from the villa, saying Mr. Lacy was much worse. As soon as possible we were by his bedside. He welcomed us with as sweet a smile as usual, but was too weak to talk.

"The weary hours of night wore on, and as each passed he grew weaker and weaker. Lillie never moved from her place near his pillow, and ever and anon her soft fingers would brush back the hai from his damp forehead. His eyes would answer each gentle caress—but he spoke not.

"Towards morning the pulse grew more feeble, and just as the sun was rising over yon high hill, his young spirit took its flight. One of his hands was resting in Lillie's, and her head was bowed upon it.

"I have never forgotten the face she lifted to ours when we told her all was over, never forgotten the silent agony of those sweet eyes.

"They laid him to rest over there under the trees, as he requested.

"Since then Lillie has devoted all of her time to doing good for others. During the yellow fever down South, some years ago, she was called a 'ministering angel.' For many a throbbing head did she pillow on her bosom, and many an aching heart did she soothe with her sweet gentle voice.

"Each summer since then, she spends about a week here, and during that week, every day about sunset, you can see a lone, sad figure kneeling by the little green mound over yonder, and at each visit a fresh white lily is left there—half hidden in the long grass.

"Now," said Mrs. Gray rising, "I have told you all, why Miss Raymond is an old maid."

And then she leaves them, for her voice had grown tremulous, and her kind eyes were dimmed with unshed tears.

Not one word was spoken by any of the party for some time after Mrs. Gray left them. Then they looked at each other, and the girl who had detested old maids only a short time before was now the first to speak.

"Well, I declare, girls," she said. "I feel quite ashamed of myself, and hereafter I will try to like old maids better."

That evening when a silent figure again passes them, and goes out the little gate, and across the field with a pure white lily in her hand, they only look at each other with a sad light in their eyes, and say nothing.

And during the days that Miss Raymond remained among them, they each one learned to love and prize—as all others did—who knew her.

And when the stage drove off at the end of the week, and a sad sweet face smiled a farewell from the window, they felt an inward regret that she should so soon leave them. In the years which followed, not one of these girls ever saw what the world called an old maid, without the face of Miss Raymond coming before them, with its big, soft, sad eyes, and a feeling of sympathy and respect was theirs, in place of disgust. And not one of the merry party which stood upon the veranda that soft summer evening, was ever after heard to speak in a disrespectful manner of an old maid.

Mr. Tilden's Wardrobe.

An inventory of Samuel J. Tilden's estate has been finished, and when printed in catalogue form will fill 150 pages.—Everything on the farm and in the house is set down in this interesting record. Mr. Tilden's personal wardrobe is recorded in items, and it makes an interesting catalogue. The aged statesman was the proud possessor of ninety-five pairs of bifurcated undergarments and a solitary pair of suspenders, which the catalogue describes as old. He owned fifty-four linen handkerchiefs and one of silk. The catalogue mentions twenty-seven pairs of silk stockings, eight pair of woolen and 1 pair of 'old' socks. Mr. Tilden believed in keeping warm. He owned five overcoats—three for autumn and two for winter—and a linen duster in case of emergency. He had seven undershirts, eighteen linen shirts and one lovely flannel shirt. The last was probably used for yatching. Mr. Tilden possessed two hats of the breed commonly described as 'slicers.' One was fair and one was dark; both were tall, and neither was young. Mr. Tilden had five shoes, one of which was alone in the world and had fallen into a condition of innocuous desuetude. He also had one pair of canvas waterproof boots.

In outer clothing Mr. Tilden's taste was not unlike his taste in undergarments. He had twice as many pairs of trousers as coats and vests. He had two coats and two vests. He had one coat of nankeen, two suits of flannel and one pair of old dun-colored trousers. Mr. Tilden owned fourteen black silk neckties, but only three linen collars and a box of paper collars to put them around. There are also among his effects an ivory-backed hair-brush, an ivory comb, hand-mirror, an old razor and a warming-pan.

MR. TILDEN'S BLOODED PETS.

The executors of the estate of the late Samuel J. Tilden have ordered a sale of his Jersey and Guernsey cattle, horses, Shorpshire sheep, dogs, thoroughbred poultry, carriages and farm utensils, and the sale will take place at the American Horse Exchange, in this city. Among Jersey cattle in the catalogue, in which Mr. Tilden took an especial interest, are the Belle of Jersey IV, Belle of Graystone, Cellina of Graystone, Roberta, Beauty, Buttercup, Leona, Dido, Gem, Patty, Marie, Celeste, Rioter of Graystone, Queen of the North, and Patience's Rioter. The prize Guernsey bull, Anumackassin, is included in the stock to be sold. There are also a number of Shorpshire ewes and ewe lambs. Mr. Tilden's smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, Berine, the winner of half a dozen prizes, will also go under the hammer. The poultry includes Toulouse geese, bronze turkeys, Rouen ducks, Andalusian fowls and a pea hen.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Fear Does Not Reason.

In fact the feeling of fear cannot be subdued. It is an irresistible emotion that depends on our organization, and one which all the most logical reasonings cannot change. Nothing is more true than the common saying fear does not reason, and it is remarkable how little efficacy intelligences and its efforts have to arrest its effects. I know a highly intelligent person with a strong and clear mind, who believes he would be lost if he had to go into a boat. Yet the sea is smooth, course is short and the boat is staunch. Excellent reasoning, but it does not take hold of him. His emotion is stronger than all the arguments you can invent, however irreproachable they may be, and no matter how fully the poltroon may recognize their force. How many children there are who do not dare to cross in the night the garden where they have played all day, where they know there is no danger, and where they will not lose sight of the lights in the house.—*Science Monthly.*

It is said that many tobacco chewers in St. Louis have given up the weed, and have taken to chewing gum instead.

MISS PECKHAM'S MONEY.

"That's right," said Miss Peckham, "pile no the wood! It's a mortal cold night, and I never was a believer in pinchin' and scrapin.' If you hain't no objection, Mrs. Travers, I'd like that 'ere corner of the fireplace—I always set on the left hand corner, and I don't s'pose it makes any difference to you."

Mrs. Travers rose, in meek obedience, to the spectacled autocrat who ruled the household with a rod of gold.

"And, Abiah Travers, you'd obleege me by not smoking while I'm in the house," went on the remorseless old tyrant. "If there's anything that sends the blood straight into the end o' my nose, its tobaccy somke!"

Abiah cast a glance at his beloved meerschaum, but he laid it down, nevertheless, with the air of a martyr.

"And now I'm goin' up stairs to reticule, and I hope you'll hev tea ready by the time I get down stairs, 'cause I always was a great stickler for early hours. I know tain't your reg'lar custom to hev it afore six, but I couldn't wait so long, no ways!"

And as Miss Peckham slowly climbed the creaking chamber stairs, with her ebony cane tapping at every step, Mary Travers spoke boldly out:

"Mother, how can you let that arbitrary old witch of Endor order you round in that sort of way? Father take up your pipe and smoke it out. She is neither queen nor empress; and, if I were you, I'd have tea just when I wanted it."

"Hush, my dear child!" said Abiah Travers, looking apprehensively at his daughter's kindling cheek and sparkling eye. "You know it won't do to offend her; she's got money to leave."

"Money! and what if she has? Does that give her the right to order us, and domineer over us, and turn all the habits of our lives upside down, I wonder?"

"Mary, my dear, don't speak so loud," put in her mother. "You know, child, it's for the family advantage to humor all her little ways."

"Mother, I would rather work for a living than to be so tyrannized over in our own house!"

"Hush, Mary! Papa and I understand these matters much better than you can possibly do. I am afraid, Abiah," said Mrs. Travers, turning to her husband, "that we shall have to send Richard away."

"Why?"

"Aunt Peckham says she can't bear the noise of a boy round the house."

"Well then," said Abiah, regretfully, "he'll have to go, I s'pose."

"Father!" ejaculated Mary, with a rising color; "do you mean to say that you would send little Dick away—my uncle's orphan boy—just because Miss Peckham is a whimsical old maid?"

"My dear," said Abiah turning hot, and looking inexpresibly mean and cringing under his daughter's indignant glance, "you know we really must humor her prejudices."

At this intant the "tap, tap" of Miss Peckham's crutch sounded once more on the stairs, and the discussion was of course interrupted, while Mary went on setting the table, clinking the cups and saucers together with unnecessary energy, and rattling down the knives and forks like a young hail storm.

"This is a mighty inconvenient house o' yourn, Abiah," said Miss Peckham gloomily. "Chimblies in the wrong corners, windys jest where they hadn't ort to be and ceilin's to low I feel as if I bein' flattened down the hull mortal time."

"I am sorry," apologized Abiah; but—"

"Sorry!" echoed the spinster. "Sorry don't butter parsnips! I tell you what you'll have to do, if you calculate on my stayin' here along with you—build a two story wing, with a chimbly right in the middle."

"Yes—but—it will be so very expensive."

"Expensive! Of course wings cost money; but Luke Storrs' folks would ha' built anything I said, and Jeminy was dretful anxious for me to stay there with 'em."

"Well, well, don't say a word," said the daunted Abiah. "I'll build to suit you Aunt Peckham."

"Mother, said Mary Travers, at the end of a fortnight, "I'm going to marry Turman Lilly to-night."

"Mary!"

"I am, Mother. I'm tired of this despotic rule. Father is building an addition to suit Miss Peckham; you have prepared all the rooms for her taste; Dick has been sent to the poor house, and poor, half blind Sally Jones has been turned out of the kitchen because Miss Peckham thinks that she costs too much. Mother, no blessing will come off this, though Miss Peckham had all the gold of Ophir to back it. And now I can't endure it any longer, so I shall marry Turman—partly because he is a dear, good fellow, and I love him, and partly because he says I shall have Dicky to live with me, and a corner for poor blind Sally in my kitchen. And, mother, you may come and sit on your own side of the fire place, and father shall smoke all over the house, if he likes, and if Miss Peckham shows her wrinkled old face within a quarter of a mile of the place, we'll set the dogs on her, Turman and I."

"Mary! Mary!" ejaculated her mother; but it was not without a singular sense of relief that she heard her daughter's independent plans.

"For you see, father," she said to her helpmate, when Mary was safely married and out of the way, "Mary was too spirited like—she never would do as Aunt Peckham wanted—and to tell the truth, she told me last week that unless Mary could be disposed of some way, she should go back to Lake Storrs' house."

"I—I'm very glad Mary concluded to have Truman Lilly," said Abiah, cringingly. "It's all important not to disoblige Aunt Peckham, especially now that I'm mortgagin' the farm to get money to pay for the new wing, and paper hanging, and things."

The Czar of all the Russia's was not half so autocratic as Miss Peckham in her more limited domains. If there was a momentary cessation of homage, she had only to say, "I guess I'll see Lawyer Johnson about altering my will," and they were figuratively speaking—prostrate before her.

To be sure, Abiah Travers sometimes contracted his brows over the numberless expenses into which the old woman's whims and humors led him; but he invariably consoled himself by mentally remarking:

"Never mind; she can't last very long and it'll all be right when I get her money."

And one day Mrs. Peckham, being very old and feeble, bethought herself to die, which was perhaps the best thing she could have done.

"Now for the money," chuckled Abiah. "It's been a long siege, but I guess it'll pay."

The will was produced, in full family conclave, Luke Storr's family being all present in deep morning—Truman Lilly, his young wife, and little Dick the orphan.

"How much?" shrieked Abiah, as the legal man sonorously read out the long phrases.

"To be equally divided between my nephew, Luke Storrs, and my nephew, Abiah Travers," shouted the lawyer, "the sum of fifty dollars."

"Is that all?" fairly shouted Abiah.

"Is that all?" echoed the infuriated Luke Storrs.

"That's all," said the lawyer, dryly, taking a pinch of snuff.

"But look here!" ejaculated Abiah, taking him by the sleeve, "where is Miss Peckham's money?"

"That's Miss Peckham's money?"

"All?"

"All?"

"And you knew it all along?"

"Why, yes, of course I knew it, but it wasn't my business to say anything," said the lawyer, intensely enjoying the discomfiture of the two fortune hunters.

"And while he is to pay for the new addition to my house—and the painting and papering—and the Franklin stove—and all the expense she has brought upon me."

"Ah—who, indeed?" remarked the lawyer. "That is certainly a subject for grave consideration."

And that was the end of all the golden dreams of Abiah Travers and his wife, while Mrs. Truman Lilly observed with great calmness:

"I told you how it would be."

The Dreams of The Blind.

Almost all dreams of normal persons are sight dreams, and a dream is often spoken of as a vision. The blind are deprived of this most important sense; but if they have not been born blind they may remember enough of what they have seen to enable them to imagine how things look, and when the imagination has free play in sleep to picture themselves as in full possession of all their senses. Physiologists would explain this by saying during the years in which they saw a certain part of the brain has become educated to receive an interpret all these messages which the eye sends, and that when this part of the brain acts spontaneously in sleep the person dreams of seeing. Such a portion of the brain would be called the sight centre.

If, now, we find out the latest age at which blindness may set in and yet the person keep on dreaming of seeing, we will find out the time it takes for this sight centre to develop, for of course it is not present in the new-born infant. For this purpose about 200 blind persons of both sexes were questioned at the institutions for the blind in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and it was found that those who became blind before their 5th year never dreamed of seeing; of those whose sight was lost between the 5th and the 7th year, some did and some did not see in their dreams; while all whose eyesight was destroyed after the 7th year is thus shown to be the critical period. This period corresponds with the age which authorities assign as the limit at which a child becoming deaf will also become dumb; and also with the age of one's earliest continuous memory of oneself.

It is interesting to note that blind persons dream quite as frequently as normal people, and that with those who do not see in their dreams, hearing plays the principal part. When dreaming of home for instance, they will hear their father's voice or their sister singing, and perhaps will feel familiar objects in the room and thus know they are at home. We in such a case would see it all.

Calm and Candid.

When General Sherman entered Goldsborough, North Carolina, after his memorable march to the sea, on his way to join Grant before Richmond, there dwelt in that town a certain Col. X., who was one of the most rabid secessionists that could be found. His house was situated in the north end of the city, and at the end of a street, so that any one coming into the town from the south would see his residence as soon as he would enter the south end of this same street. When General Sherman and staff came into the town they came up this street and stopped just in front of Colonel X.'s residence; the Colonel, who was out on the porch, greeted them, and an officer, saluting him, asked what his sentiments were in regard to the war.

"I am a strong Union man," answered the colonel, with a dry smile.

"Ah, indeed," said the officer, rather sarcastically; "and how long have you been a Union man?"

"I have been a Union man," said the colonel, and as if considering his words, "ever since I saw you and your staff come into the end of that street, about fifteen minutes ago."

The candor in the colonel's reply pleased General Sherman, and he ordered a guard placed around Colonel X.'s property, and during the entire stay of the army in Goldsborough not a thing was molested in or around his premises, although a great many of the fine private as well as public buildings were burned or pillaged.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Boss Liar.

The train had started off. A young man rushed breathlessly into the depot.

"Got left, did you?" said the ticket seller.

"Of course, I got left," he responded.

Some one said he could go across the bridge and catch the train, and another told him when the next train would go various suggestions were made. The chap looked at the disappearing train a few seconds, when some one asked:

"Where were you going?"

Then the wicked fellow said: "Oh, I wasn't going on that train. My wife's mother is on that train, and I wanted to kiss her before she left."

"Liar!" roared twenty-four married men in a chorus.

Rich Men's Habits.

Big cash balances are often controlled by people whom one would not expect to keep a great amount of ready money on hand. Around the Board of Trade it is the gossip that one of the biggest balances is kept by a young fellow who a couple of years ago was working in Armour's office for $60 a month. He saved enough to get a membership and began trading in the thousand-bushel lot crowd. He took the selling side and soon had enough to his credit to transfer his operations to the big pit. F. H. Hill, called familiarly "Effie" in the pit, is now the biggest scalper on the floor. He sells 1,000,000 bushels of wheat now as nonchalantly as he sold 1,000 bushels when he began. The gossip in the pit is that he has made about $200,000 and that he keeps all of it in the bank ready to be drawn at a moment's notice. Leopold Bloom, on the other hand, is a man who does not believe in big balances. When he gets $10,000 together, anywhere, whether at the Corn Exchange Bank, or in the hands of a broker, or anybody else, he gets the currency, buys property and puts it in his wife's name. Ten thousand is a sort of a unit with him. Any sum under that can lie undisturbed, but he no sooner gets his hand on that sum, or any multiple of it—twenty, thirty, or forty thousand—then he puts it safely away.

When old S. H. Thompson, the restaurateur, died, $134,000 in bills was found packed away in his safety deposit vault at the Illinois Trust and Safety Deposit Company's building. Thompson could not write, and it has always been supposed that it was the old gentleman's sensitiveness on this score that caused him to keep a great fortune like this in greenbacks. He could write a check for one, or two hundred, or any even sum like that; but when it came to writing out odd sums he was at a loss. If old Thompson had invested his money he would have left probably $500,000 instead of $150,000.

Andrew Cummings, who was for so many years in his employ, and who was only taken into partnership a few years before his death, is supposed to be worth $500,000. Thompson's restaurant has always had a charm for ladies, and has always been the headquarters for cold water advocates. The old gentleman did at one time serve English ale, but not regularly. He never sold but one case of wine in all his career as a restaurant-keeper. The very day that he put this wine on the bill, Cummings, a gambler, came in and ordered a bottle. He drank too much, got into a wrangle with the darkey serving him, whipped out his gun and shot the waiter. The wine came right off Thompson's list the very next day.

But to get back to the topic of big balances again. Armour each morning has a little ticket put on his desk which shows the funds on deposit at Chicago, Kansas City, New York and elsewhere. The writer has seen these figures when the balances exceeded $2,000,000. Armour's cash balances used to be larger than they are now. He invested in St. Paul, and became a director there mainly because he had so much funds that he could not keep them well employed. He is now using $5,000,000 in carrying wheat. Then there are the millions he has in St. Paul and in his business. Armour does not believe in keeping balances unemployed. Hutchinson bought and paid for 10,000 shares of Northwestern common about a year ago, and is now said to own about 15,000. He probably has $1,000,000 ready money all the time at his disposal. Eggleston, one of the Board of Trade grain carriers, could probably raise a great deal of cash in thirty minutes. Ed. Partridge must keep a very large cash balance. The amount kept on deposit by Marshall Field & Co. and J. V. Farwell & Co. must be something like $1,000,000 for the former, and $750,000 for the latter. In the winter the packers need big balances. The pay-roll of the big houses out there run from $50,000 to $100,000 per week, and Armour pays for cattle and hogs about $750,000 per week in the busy season. Just think of the balances that a business like that requires.

The Greatness of Garrett.

The part that Robert Garrett bears towards the social life of Baltimore is large. He is rich, sociable and generous. He is a constant contributor to private and public charities, and no worthy relief fund escapes without a large donation from him. Many Philadelphians know what his hospitality is. On unusual occasions his dinners are very splendid affairs, but it is when he entertains a half dozen friends, or more, at his country house, that he plays the host in his most genial and captivating way. No man is better known in Baltimore. It is a curiosity to see him walk up Charles street. He wears a beaming smile, and he seems to speak to every other person he meets. The other day when he arrived from Europe he started from the Stock Exchange to his office, two squares distant. It took him over two hours to reach his office, and when he did get there he had shaken two or three hundred hands and had talked to two or three hundred persons without giving them the slightest reason why Baltimore and Ohio stock had jumped up a dozen points the first day he arrived in Baltimore. As to Mr. Garrett's much-discussed clothes, it is sufficient to say that he is an eminently well-dressed man. He is given to the acquirement of the finest things that money can buy. He has a new $500,000 house. He has splendid horses and he has handsome and stylish clothes and plenty of them, but to call him a fop is to do him a great injustice. It may be added that he occasionally attempts speech-making, but the friends who know him best and have heard his speeches give him no encouragement in this direction, for he is a modest man, and modest men are not always good orators.—*Phila. Press.*

No Sinner.

Two children belonging to a family in Hartford were forbidden to visit the children of a clergyman because it was supposed that there were enough children in that family to make up a goodly quota for the playground. One afternoon one of the clergyman's boys, climbing upon the fence, shouted out:

"Come over here and play with me!"

"I can't," replied the younger of the invited two; "mother says there's enough children in your yard."

"Oh, pshaw! come along! I don't believe mother will care very much," said the older, and he began to scale the fence. He was interrupted by his younger brother with this bit of scripture:

"When sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"Don't call me a sinner," came from the other side of the fence; "I'm a minister's boy."—*Boston Post.*

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

A recent hailstorm in Paris destoryed glass and fruit to the value of about $1,000,000.

An Equestrian statue of George Washington is to be erected this year in Philadelphia.