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.

A. C. HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
Office with John H. Uhl.

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. ENISLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

S. C. 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. RUPPEL.
A. C. CUPPERT.

C. PROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
All business entrusted to their care will be quickly and faithfully 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. B. Snyder & Co's. Store.

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, above Fisher's Book Store.

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. J. 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. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Shanksville,) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, to 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,
Offers his services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times 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 Kreisinger'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 drafts on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by use of Herbold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $400 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All Legal Holidays Observed.

CURTIS K. GROVE.
SOMERSET, PA.
BUGGIES, SPEIGHS, 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 also do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA

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

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 13. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1886.

DYSPEPSIA.

IS that misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a diabolical arrangement called a stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which every fibre and tissue must be nourished, and any trouble with it is soon felt throughout the whole system. Among a dozen dyspeptics, no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Dyspeptics of active mental power and a bilious temperament are subject to SICK HEADACHES, those, fleshy and phlegmatic have CONSTIPATION, while the thin and nervous are abandoned to GLOOMY FOREBODINGS. Some dyspeptics are wonderfully forgetful; others have great irritability of temper.

Whatever form Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain.

The Underlying Cause is in the LIVER,

and one thing more is equally certain, no one will remain a dyspeptic who will

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

IT WILL CORRECT ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, EXPEL FOUL GASES, ALLAY IRRITATION, ASSIST DIGESTION, and, at the same time

Start the Liver to Working, when all Other Troubles Soon Disappear.

"My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Some three years ago by the advice of Dr. Stelner, of Augusta, she was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator. I feel grateful for the relief it has given her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise use Simmons Liver Regulator and I feel confident health will be restored to all who will be advised."
—Wm. M. Kenon, Fort Valley, Ga.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO. - - PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SOMETHING NEW AND CHEAP!

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED,"
is a motto you can verify by calling at the new

Boot and Shoe Store
OF
JOHN G. SANNER,
NO. 8 MAMMOTH BLOCK.

I have in Stock a Full and Complete Line of Seasonable Goods at Attractive Prices, consisting in part of

BOOTS, SHOES,
GAITERS, LEATHER,
FINDINGS, &C., &C.

I have the Celebrated WAUKENFAST SHOE, the Best and Cheapest Gents' Shoe made. In

Ladies' Shoes

I have the Finest Line ever brought to Somerset. A cordial invitation is extended to call and see these Goods. My stock of goods, and the prices at which they are sold, cannot be surpassed. Custom-made work and repairing a specialty. Call and see my stock, and you will certainly find just what you want.
Respectfully,
JOHN G. SANNER,
No. 8, Mammoth Block, Somerset.

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.

Visitors to Pittsburgh
ARE INVITED TO CALL AT OUR
NEW AND ENLARGED STORE
NO. 41 FIFTH AVENUE,
Pittsburgh, Penn'a,
(Just 6 Doors Above Our Old Stand.)

We have about four times the room we had at our former place of business, better light, the best ventilation, and a much more comfortable place in every way to transact our large and growing business. Specialties in the following Lines of Goods:

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES'
FURNISHING GOODS,
LACES,
WHITE GOODS,
EMBROIDERIES,
DRESS & CLOAK TRIMMIGS,
YARNS,
ZEPHYRS,
ART EMBROIDDRY
MATERIALS
OF ALL KINDS, ETC., ETC.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to.
HORNE & WARD,
41 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is to Your Interest
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
OF
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

SUCCESSORS TO C. N. BOYD.

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.

You can depend on having your

PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS

filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of

FITTING TRUSSES.

We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES

in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see me.

Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Capital not needed. You are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from the start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay; costs you nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise, you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. dec22.1yr.

WHEN LOVE AWAKES.

You say the dear old love is dead.
Love does not die, dear heart of mine;
We may not kiss the sweet lips, red,
No love light in the eyes may shine,
But love, once born, decreed by fate,
Sleeps transiently or turns to hate

And is this hate, my own dear heart,
That comes and gently strokes my hair?
Hate does not bid the swift tears start
At hasty words, nor does it care
To fondly raise the drooping head
And breathe good cheer. Love is not dead.

It sleeps, it wanders, wanders far
Beyond the horizon's outmost rim,
Goes blindly on, from star to star,
But evermore comes back to him
Who worthily will calmly wait,
Love's waketing comes, you will not hate.

A FRONTIER HERO.

My first introduction to Dakota was hardly one to impress either—that is, the territory or myself—with any very great liking for the other. But we were both young at that time, and Dakota, at least, has greatly improved.

It was early in the '70s—fifteen years ago—that I found myself on a Missouri river steamboat leaving Omaha and headed up stream. I was not altogether clear as to where I was going, but I had an idea that I would stay by the boat as long as my money held out, which would not be very long. I hoped at least to reach Dakota. Not that I had any particular reason for going to Dakota more than to Texas; but on the other hand, had Texas been as near I should certainly have been as apt to have gone there.

About all I knew—or any one else, for that matter—concerning Dakota was that Yankton, in the extreme southeastern part, was the capital, and that there was a little settlement in that region, a little more in the northeastern corner, with perhaps a very few scattering settlers along the rivers elsewhere and a number of forts, each with a few United States troops.

The reason that I came to think I was going to explore the west was that several weeks before I had run away from home with that determination—not a very good reason, but the only one I had. My reason for running away from home was even less obvious. But I was away, and too proud to go back—though subsequent events reduced my stock of pride several hundred per cent—if I may be allowed to put it somewhat strongly. I was almost beginning to consider myself a man, though I have since looked back at the time calmly, and could not remember that anybody else ever acted as if he considered me anything more than a boy.

On the occasion of which I write the boat "Sadie Bolton" plowed her way up the thick, muddy waters of the Missouri. The mate swore at the deck hands as occasion required, the pilot swore at the river, the engineer swore at the fireman and pilot by turns, and the captain occasionally appeared and swore at things in general.

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, I explored the lower deck and got into conversation with one of the crew. From him I learned that Buck Hawkins was on board. I had heard of Buck Hawkins as the most dangerous man in that part of the country. He staid up the river in the neighborhood of Yankton most of the time, but I understood from my informant had been down to St. Louis on some sort of business and was returning to Yankton. I felt anxious to see him as soon as I found he was on board. The man told me I could doubtless do so if I would take the trouble to hunt up the bar, as he and some friends were indulging in a poker game in that immediate vicinity.

I soon found the place, and to my whispered inquiry a spectator informed me which of the four gathered around the card table was Hawkins. I was somewhat surprised, as he did not look as I had pictured him. He was small, not over five feet seven or eight inches, and evidently weighed less than 150 pounds. He had brown hair and gray eyes, and although his face showed determination and force, there was nothing of the reckless desperado which I knew he had the reputation of being. I watched the game for some time. I learned that the other three were all professional gamblers and that Hawkins was losing. The room was full of spectators, as it seemed to possess interest for every one on the boat. Every one expected trouble. There were great stacks of chips and money on the table, and Hawkins and the gambler opposite him each had a heavy six-shooter lying on the table in front of him, while the others had similar weapons in their belts. Every one knew that the gamblers were not playing a square game, and that it was only a question of time when they got all of Hawkins' money. That was the time trouble was expected. He had been drinking heavily and should he detect them cheating it was known he would not hesitate to shoot them all unless they shot him first.

All the afternoon I remained close by the table watching the game intently. I had become almost as much interested as the players. Hawkins' money was slowly but surely going. Once when Hawkins was dealing he happened to touch a pile of his chips and they rolled off on the floor. Instantly I sprang and gathered them up and placed them on the table. He just glanced at me and said "Thank you," and was deep in the game again. A few minutes later there was a jack pot. Hawkins and the gambler went in. They raised each other until there were several thousand dollars in it. At last they laid down their hands. Hawkins had four kings, but the gambler hand the four aces, and reached for the money and chips.

"I reckon that was all fair, parson?" said Hawkins, as he looked across the table at his opponent.

"Ye bet it was, Buck; ye know I never play no other way," replied the gambler, showing some signs of nervousness.

"I'm glad of it," said Hawkins, picking up his revolver and holding it carelessly, "ye all know what I'd do if I thought it wasn't."

"Shoot, of course, Buck, that would be all right—but it's squar', ye can bet on it."

"All right," and Hawkins arose from the table and went out. I saw nothing more of him that night.

The next day he approached me on deck and talked a few minutes. He guessed that I had run away from home and advised me to return, saying that it was no country for boys. I could scarcely conceive, as he gave me this advice, which I knew to be good, that he had without doubt killed a dozen men—perhaps more. But it was a fact.

Hawkins left the boat at Sioux City and I went on to Yankton. The next five or six weeks I spent in the vicinity of that place working on various farms. I did not get very high wages, but I managed to make my living. After some time I hired out to a man who was driving some stock up the river to the Yankton Indian agency. There were some two or three hundred head, and there were several men along with them. To make this trip I had invested in a pony. We arrived at the agency after several days, and finding that my services would no longer be required, I started to return on my pony. I was opposite Niobrara, Neb. and back some four or five miles from the river, when I met two men on horseback, each leading a string of five or six horses. Some of the ones which were being led were wild, and were giving the men considerable trouble. They hailed me and after, as I thought, asking an unnecessary lot of questions concerning who I was, where I came from, and where I was going, one of them said to me:

"I'm sheriff down in Newbrasky, an' my podner here is dep'ty. We've got some hosses what was stole that we're takin' back. They don't lead very well and I'll give you $5 to go with us this afternoon and to-morrer and help us out."

"All right," I said. "Where are you going to cross?"

"Down at Chouteau creek."

"I should think there were a far better——"

"That's the best crossin round here—we know this country like a book."

I saw no information was wanted from me, so I said no more and went along with them. I soon saw they were remarkably well acquainted with the country, and appeared to rather avoid what few roads and trails there were than otherwise. We soon struck Chouteau creek and started down it, frequently crossing from one side to the other. I noticed that the men were both heavily armed, and appeared rather nervous and in considerable of a hurry. I thought nothing of this, however, as nearly everybody went armed, officers especially, and it was likely they wanted to make the crossing that night, and possibly they feared that the thieves might attempt to recover the stock. We passed through several groves of large cottonwood trees, and then turned up the river.

"Do you mind riding all night?" asked the sheriff.

"No," I replied.

"I'll make it a couple o' dollars extra. We want to cross up here an' get 'cross the p'int of the reservation an' over to Red Bird, on the Niobrara, 'fore we stop."

"Go ahead; I'll stay with you."

A little later I heard the sound of hoofs behind us. This gave me no uneasiness, but the moment it struck the ears of my companions they took their Winchesters from where they were fastened on the saddle and began to look back intently. A moment later a dozen horsmen came around the point of a bluff at full speed. Several of the party fired at us. My companions returned the shots and dashed away, leaving the horses they were leading. I had no doubt that the thieves from whom they had recovered the horses were in pursuit, so followed as fast as I could. We were in an open place near the river and headed for some cotton woods about a quarter of a mile distant. Our horses were on the run and though when I glanced back I saw that our pursuers were gaining on us, still we could easily have reached the timber ahead of them had not a shot from the party behind hit the deputy sheriff. He fell forward and struck the ground heavily, while his horse dashed away. The sheriff stopped and returned to him, while a ball whistled so uncomfortably close to my own ears that I concluded to do the same. Our pursuers came up and surrounded us. It was growing quite dark by this time, and I could not well make out their features, though I thought they looked more like farmers than horse thieves. In a moment my suspicions were confirmed.

"I reckon we've got ye this time," said one of the party, "an' ye bet we'll show ye what this 'ere vigilance committee considers good for horse thieves!"

The wounded man was taken up and placed on horseback, two men were detailed to guard each one of us and we started back. I tried to explain my connection with the others but was silenced by the gruff voice of the leader, who assured me that I would have a chance to explain things at the trial. This relieved me somewhat, as I had no doubt that I could easily prove my innocence. We rode till about midnight, when we came to a small cluster of houses called Mineral Springs. We drew up before a long log house, which proved to be a saloon and hotel combined. The bar-room was lit up and there were a number of men inside and horses tied outside. They gave a loud cheer when they saw the prisoners, and there was a great deal of hurried conversation. We were taken inside and placed under guard. Twenty or thirty men gathered in the room when a man said:

"Well, boys, we've brought 'em in, an' we got the hosses. I reckon we'd better try the men an' fix everything up to-night. The cheerman will please come for'ard."

A man elbowed his way through the crowd and took his seat on a box behind a card table. It was Buck Hawkins. I felt still easier, as I had no doubt he would recognize me and set me at liberty.

The trial was very informal, and the other two were quickly disposed of. They claimed that they had found the horses cached further up the creek and never stole them. It was admitted that perhaps they had found them hidden, but it was charged that some others of the gang put them there. "Besides," said one man, "s'pose they did find 'em cached—what bus'ness they got tryin' to run 'em out the country?"

"That's it," said Hawkins, whose judicial mind instantly grasped the important point, "they hadn't no business at all, an' I reckon we'd better hang 'em fer luck."

This was assented to with a yell and Hawkins started to get up. I saw that I had been included with the others and that I must crowd in my defense. I accordingly asked them to hold on and told my story. When I had finished a short, thick-set man shoved his big hands a little deeper into his pockets, and said:

"Gentlemen, I want to remark I've heered that air story occasionally before this!"

This was greeted by a loud laugh and everybody agreed to it.

"But see here, Hawkins," I said, my heart beginning to sink, "You know me—" you've seen me before."

"Oh, I reckon I seed ye once," he replied, without looking at me.

"Then you know that I'm not a horse thief."

"Can't say that I do. I saw ye on a steamboat a couple of months ago, but horse thieves can ride on steamboats.

Like nearly everything else this was agreed to with loud applause. I saw that my chances were growing desperate, and used every argument in my power to convince them that I was innocent. The men I had fallen in with put in their testimony in my behalf, but to no effect. They were especially anxious to see me hang after one of the committee closely scrutinized me and identified me as Doc Billings, one of the leaders of the gang.

"He looks young but he's a hard one," explained the man. So it was settled that I should hang with the others. All seemed to be in favor of carrying out the sentence immediately. Here Hawkins rose and said:

"Gentlemen, it wouldn't be a fair shake fer the other boys—wait till mornin' 'till they come in to help. Besides, they may bring in some more of the gang, an' we can string 'em all up together."

This was agreed to as readily as everything else, and we were taken to an empty log house a little distance from the rest, and three men detailed to guard us.

We were each given a blanket, and I wrapped mine about me and sank down in a corner with the most terrible feeling I had ever experienced. My past life came before me vividly and my mother, and the home I had so recently left without cause rose up before me and caused me more bitter anguish than it seemed I could endure. My companions, hardened by a desperate life and perhaps by former hair-breadth escapes, conversed in whispers for some time, and took it very coolly. After some time the leader said:

"Young feller, I reckon ye got to dance on air 'long with us."

Whether I replied or not I do not remember, but he continued:

"I'm mighty sorry we got ye into it, but we 'lowed we'd get 'way all right. Ef they swing ye, jes' keep up and show yer sand. They say ye're a horse thief; act as if ye was one. A feller can't die but once."

And with this philosophical reflection he rolled himself in his blanket, and he and his companion were soon asleep.

I tossed and rolled in the corner, unable to sleep, and, I might almost say, unable to keep awake. I felt dazed and stupid.

It must have been 3 o'clock when I was startled by the door opening and one of the guards stepping in. He came over to my corner and told me to come out. I did so, and as I stepped through the door I saw a man on horseback, and another horse saddled and bridled.

"There's your hoss," said the man as he leaned down from the saddle, and I recognized his voice as that of Hawkins. "Get on, and I'll show you out o' this."

At first I could hardly comprehend him. The prospect of deliverance—and that by the judge who sentenced me—fairly overpowered me. He warned me to be quick, and I scrambled on my pony and rode away by Hawkins' side, none of the guards offering any resistance.

We rode for some distance in silence. Then Hawkins said:

"There's a loose board in the floor, an' they'll think ye got out there. I can't go with yo very far, but I reckon ye can get away. Keep north o' Yankton, an' don't show yerself to anybody if ye can help it. Skip down into Iowa, an' then go home an' stay there."

"I'll do that," I replied, "if I get away."

"That's all right—this is no country for boys. Ye did me a little favor pickin' up them chips on the boat that time an' I'm willin' to do as much for ye."

"Why, Hawkins, I can't tell you how thankful I am—but that was no favor I did on the boat—nothing at all, and this saving my life—look at the difference."

"Oh, that's all right—no difference at all—jes' what we both had a chance to do, an' neither of us couldn't do no more. Don't say no more 'bout that. I knew ye didn't steal them hosses an' didn't want to see ye hang fer it."

"But how did you know I didn't have something to do with it after all?"

"Why, cuss it, ye see I stole the hosses myself!"

"You?"

"Yes, me an' some other feliers. We cached 'em up on Chouteau creek an' these Nebraska feliers tried to run 'em off. I reckon the moral health o' the community demands that they swing."

"But was that crowd horse—that is—were they all your friends?"

"Oh, no; some of 'em were farmers. Ye see I'm cheerman of the Anti-Horse Thief Society, and all my gang are prominent members. We have to have in some o' the farmers an' other people to lend respectabitiy to the society, ye know, but I'm elected cheerman every time, an' we generally put the outsiders in as vice presidents or something. I find my position mighty handy in my profession. Well, I can't go any further with ye; hurry 'long an' I reckon you'll be all right, though the vice presidents will be lookin' for ye in the mornin' an' we may hev to hunt easy like ourselves. Go back home an' stay there!"

He turned and rode back in the gray dawn of morning. I went on as fast as possible and got safely out of the country. I went home and appreciated it, and when I struck the territory again five years after I can truly say that it was with regret that I learned that Buck Hawkins had been treacherously shot and killed by a member of his own gang, who was also treasurer of the Anti-Horse Thief Association.—*Dakota Bell.*

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

The Ex-War Secretary Talks Freely About His Position in 1888—Wouldn't be Vice President.

TOLEDO, O., August 30.—The *Blade*, of this city, in its issue to-morrow will give the report of a lengthy interview had by one of its representatives with ex-Secretary of War Robert T. Lincoln. The interview was sought in continuation of the canvas made by the *Blade* a few weeks ago, which showed that Mr. Lincoln was the favorite for Vice President of the large majority of those who responded.

Mr. Lincoln received his visitors in his office in Chicago. His appearance is thus described: Mr. Lincoln is a man approaching six feet in height, of splendid physique, and weighing probably 200 pounds; a cheery, pleasant face, especially when in conversation, framed by brown hair and beard; genial and courteous in manner, with a touch of that *bonhomie* so characteristic of his father; and altogether the sort of man it is pleasant to meet. In the plain, easy-fitting summer suit which he wore, it was hard to determine from his personal appearance what his occupation might be. He certainly does not wear the professional air of the old school lawyer, and to the eye of a stranger, as Mr. Lincoln passes along the street, he would probably be classed as a business man—perhaps one of the jovial spirits of the Chicago Board of Trade.

WOULD NOT ACCEPT SECOND PLACE.

To the question as to what he thought of the great preference expressed for himself as a Vice Presidential candidate on the Republican National ticket next year, he replied:

"I simply could not accept the nomination to the Vice Presidency. To take any office at all would be a great sacrifice of my business interests here in Chicago; and the Vice Presidency is not an office of such importance that I could afford to think of such a thing. I most certainly should not accept the nomination for the Vice Presidency, were it tendered—which I have no reason to think it will be."

The suggestion was made that there really seemed more likelihood of his receiving the nomination for the Presidency than for the second position on the ticket, and his views were solicited as to the contingency.

HIS VIEWS ON THE PRESIDENCY.

"I do not think so," said Mr. Lincoln, "but since the publication of the *Blade's* vote, my mail has been loaded with letters and marked papers referring to the subject. Even before that, a paper in the South had been persistently advocating me as a Presidential candidate. There is also a gentleman down in Western Pennsylvania who has been doing the same thing; and now there are others kind enough to publish pleasant articles about me. But while I am gratified by the kind tone of their references to myself, as an independent matter, I greatly regret the use of my name in connection with any public office whatever. I say to you sincerely that if there were any way possible by which I could stop that sort of thing entirely and forever I should be happy. I have written to several persons authors of such articles, to say so, but they go right along regardless of my protests. It seems to be difficult for the average American to understand that it is possible for any one not to desire the Presidency; but I most certainly do not."

CARES OF OFFICIAL LIFE.

A shadow passed over Mr. Lincoln's usually pleasant face as he went on: "I have seen too much of the wear and tear of official life to ever have a desire to reenter it. Though I was a boy when my fathers became President, I can well remember the tremendous burden he was called upon to bear. True, the conduct of the war made the cares of office then infinitely more exacting; but I have seen enough of the inside of Washington official life to have lost all desire for it. The Presidential office is but a gilded prison. The cares and worry outweigh, to my mind, the honor which surrounds the position. All official life is infinitely wearisome. I had my fill of it while a member of Mr. Arthur's Cabinet, and I made up my mind at that time, when my official term was completed, I should return to Chicago and end my days there in the practice of my profession.

"I am now 44," he continued reflectively, "and come of a long lived ancestry. I may reasonably, I think, count on 20 or 25 years' expectation of life. I wish nothing better than to spend those years in my professional work. I am not willing, either, to have them embittered by an unsuccessful candidacy or to pass such of them as the wear of office would leave in the unpleasant position, to use no stronger word, of a retired President. There is a fascination about public office, especially one of high dignity, which I can understand, but the more fascinating the position, the more disagreeable is the inevitable defeat which retires one to private life. I have seen many men to whom it came after their aptitude for the ordinary affairs of life had passed away, as well as their opportunities, while their needs remained in full force; and I long ago resolved that I would never, if I could help it, be in such a position. I went to Washington, in 1881, with reluctance, and was glad to come away."

Mr. Lincoln went on to say he had called on Senator Logan in 1884 and assured the Senator he was not a candidate for the Presidency. He also, in passing, referred in strong terms to the necessity for coast defenses. He also declared himself a thorough protectionist and expressed the belief that the protection policy is growing in favor. From this the conversation turned to the silent colored vote in the South, upon which Mr. Lincoln thus expressed himself.

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

"There is a general denial that there is intimidation or fraud in the South, on the part of the greater portion of the Democratic press. There is perhaps no bulldozing, no Ku-Klux outrages, no shot gun practice upon negro voters; but this is because the latter understand that they are not to exercise the right of suffrage, and dare not attempt it. If they did, there would be trouble, and a recurrence of the shot-gun and bull-whip regime. I have talked with Southern gentlemen who freely admitted that this is the actual state of things, but they excuse themselves by declaring that the men who hold property will not allow themselves to be ruled, by ignorant colored officials. They also admit that these practically disfranchised citizens are represented in Congress by men elected solely by white votes, and that it is unfair to the rest of the States; but they throw the burden back upon the Republican party, on the plea that it enacted the legislation giving citizenship and the ballot to the freedman.

"There is much race prejudice still existing in the South, and these people will not submit to be ruled by a class of voters whom they regard as utterly inferior. The Souther problem is a most difficult one, and the process of solution through education and enlightenment very slow. There is a feeling, too, that to allow the negro his equality of rights as a citizen will envolve his social equality, and there is nothing more repugnant than this to the Southern whites. Of course there would nothing of the sort follow; but this confusion of ideas is not strange, as we had the same thing here in the North during the war, among the anti-war Democracy."

COULD GIVE NO PLEDGES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

After an interruption the visitor brought the conversation back to the Presidential question. Mr. Lincoln went on:

"I do not think there is any likelihood of my receiving the nomination. The men who make the tickets would hardly do so without exacting certain pledges—and those pledges I would not give. I that would soon end all talk of myself. I doubt whether there has been, for years a Presidential candidate for whom personal pledges were not made, either by himself or by his friends. Perhaps it is not true of Garfield—his nomination was peculiar."

The suggestion was here made by the reporter that the people would doubtless have something to say about the next Presidential nomination, and that, for the first time since 1860, the Republican party would make nomination without having the managers take a prominent part therein.

"However that may be," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "the fact remains that I no' not desire the nomination, and if I could, I would stop all further mention of my name in that connection; and I hope it will cease."

"But suppose the nomination is made, Mr. Lincoln?"

"That is a hard question to answer," returned he. "But tell me," he continued, turning earnestly to the reporter, "have I impressed you as really meaning what I have said? Do you believe me when I say I have not the slightest desire to be a candidate for the Presidency?"

A CERTAIN CONTINGENCY.

"Most certainly," was the emphatic reply. And, in fact, no one listening to Mr. Lincoln's talk could fail to be convinced that he was stating the exact truth and that he really has no personal ambition to be considered in connection with the nomination.

"Well, then," he continued, "I will say this: A duty might be impressed upon a man which he could not honorably avoid."

"The voice of the people is the voice of God," commented the reporter.

"But I really do not want it." Mr. Lincoln went on, not heeding the interruption. "My fitness is not to be compared with that of hundreds of other good Republicans, and I am happier in my present situation than I could possibly be in office. I would much rather continue my present life than exchange it for the wear and tear of official station, no matter how exalted. I cannot believe that any considerable number of those who will have to decide the matter will be in favor of a man who would, like myself, wish their defeat, in any effort to nominate him."

Our Institutions in Danger.

By the close of of the present century, and perhaps earlier, there will be an acre of the public domain upon which corn and wheat can be raised without irrigation, subject to pre-emption or homestead entry within the present limits of the United States. Real estate will increase enormously in value. Our surplus population, no longer having the fertile area of free land over which to diffuse itself, will accumulate in cities. The rich will become richer and the poor will become poorer. The middle class will gradually disappear, as the struggle for existence becomes fierce and relentless. A dim consciousness of impending peril has already penetrated the public mind, and in obedience to its admonitions the Chinese have been excluded with barbarous rigor, in violation of treaties, and notwithstanding the sonorous manifesto of 1868, that "expartriation is a natural and inherent right of all people," and any declaration, instruction, opinion, order, decision of any officer of the government which denies, restricts, impairs, or questions this right, is "inconsistent with the principles of this government." In obedience to the same impulse, the acquisition of real estate by aliens has been rigidly limited oy act of congress. The demand for further legislation in the direction is imperative and cannot be disregarded. The sophistication of the national suffrage by the unrestrained admission of citizenship of assisted paupers, fugitive felons, and the avowed enemies of the social contract, must cease. Our capicity for assimilation is exhausted. More than one million skilled and unskilled laborers are now unemployed, or employed at wages inadequate for the support of themselves and their families. Trade and industry are menaced by unlawful combinations that resort to the destruction of life and property to accomplish their designs, and the hour is approaching when the active coalition of the conservative forces of the country will be necessary to prevent destructive organic changes in our social and political system. The constant infusion of fresh blood is essential to national health, but there is no blood poison so fatal as adulteration of race. We are no longer homogeneous. Unity of purpose and interest does not exist. The hordes of socialism and anarchy are openly organized under the red flag, drilled and armed, inflamed by incendiary appeals, denouncing property as robbery, and openly declaring war against all social institution.—*Senator Ingalls, in the Forum for September.*

There are very few brass bands in a military parade that can play as many airs as the drum major puts on.

The Future of Farming.

Nothing is more sure than the future of farming in this country—if it is to be made to pay at all—can be made remunerative only by a complete change of system. The change will never be brought about so long as wheat growing is made a specialty. It is already proving itself to be the issue of American agriculture, not only yielding no profit to the grower, but in taking the life's blood out of the soil and shipping it off in grain. It cannot be observed, even by the common run of farmers, that farming in this country is carried on to a ruinous disadvantage by reason of growing low priced and soil exhausting crops, coupled with expensive and perishable machinery required to save and prepare them for market; and that these are the sources which operate as a perpetual drain on the farmer's income. But, as before said, the charge must come, and come only through the aid of grass, and in growing such animals as will produce the highest priced meats, not only in the markets of this country but of the world, whether on the hoof, in carcasses or in casks. Instead of impoverishing soil, as do crops of wheat and corn, grass performs the part of an improver of its fertility. It is for the butcher, and not the miller, that the farmer should now be growing his crops.

Another thing, land that is not much tilled must necessarily be well manured, and as this is very expensive the farmer has no source to look to than grass and stock. He should therefore, quit raising so much wheat, and raise more of such crops as can be fed on his land, and thus convert them into beef and mutton. Even if there should be no money in it, it is better than losing on wheat, besides it will at least enable him to support his family, keep out of debt, and, above all, maintain the fertility of his land, and thus be taking no steps backward. But the farmer who relies upon wheat as his principal crop not only fails to make any money by it, but is wearing out his land as well. It hardly needs any argument to prove these facts, and that the men who are improving their opportunities are the men who give more of their attention to stock raising, and these not only lay the foundation for an easier system of farming, but keep up the fertility of their land.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Political Corruption in Canada.

It is charged against the Canadian Government that the expenditures upon public works have been used as a weapon of corruption. There is no doubt that this expenditure has secured for the government a large measure of popular support; but that is surely not inconsistent with the honest acceptance and approval of it by the people. The people of Canada posses a magnificent heritage in the country which has been given them, and they recognize the duty of developing it to the full est extent. Thy find themselves surrounded by conditions which render absolutely necessary for that development the creation of public works—railways, canals, harbors, lighthouses, and so on—and they believe these improvements should be undertaken, or at least assisted, by the public treasury. It may be an unwise policy, but it cannot be called a dishonest or corrupt policy. The people have shown their appreciation of it by their own direct action, as well as by the support they have at the polls to the party which has come to be known as "the party of progress." Upward of twenty millions of dollars have been voted by the people in their several counties as bonuses to railways, recognizing as they do that the decrease in the cost of transportation of their produce more than compensates for the increased taxation. The way in which the government aids what may be called local railways, is a direct encouragement to the spirit of self-help. Parliament, at the suggestion of the government, grants $3,200 a mile as aid to those railways. That, it is estimated, is about sufficient to procure the rails, leaving the grading and other work to be done by the companies themselves, for which in many cases they secure further aid from the local governments, the municipalities, or both. But the money is not paid by the government until the several sections, usually of ten miles each, have been completed and accepted by the government Chief Engineer of Railways.—*The Minister of the Interior of Canada in the forum for September.*

Girls to be Proud of.

There are two classes of girls who every one should be proud to know.

The first is the girl who helps her mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work, her strong young figure is a staff upon which the grayhaired, white faced mother leans and is rested.—She helps mother with Spring sewing, with the week's mending with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day that she must bend, as girls must often bend, over the worn-out body of the mother lying unheeded in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in