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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate!
BY VIRTUE of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Court House in Somerset Borough at 1 o'clock p. m. on
FRIDAY, SEPT. 30, 1887.
the following Real Estate, situate in Jefferson Twp, late the property of Philip Nedrow, adjoining lands of Abraham Howard, Eli Knepp, Samuel Hetrer, Moses Bisel and others, containing 85 acres more or less and having thereon erected a two-story
DWELLING HOUSE
and a log barn. About 10 acres woodland. Also, a certain other tract in said Township adjoining Eli Knepp, Daniel Hetrer, and others, containing 87½ acres, more or less.
TERMS:
10 per cent. of purchase money to be paid on day of sale; one-third in hand on confirmation of sale, one-third in a year, with interest, and one-third in two years, with interest to be secured on the premises.
MOSES BISEL, Executor.
sept7.

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CONSTIPATION
IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as
LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
BAD BREATH, ETC.
The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
"By attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful, and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, after directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—COLONEL W. SIMS, Asst't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co. Ga.
J. H. Zeilin & Co.

Trustee's Sale
OF
Valuable Real Estate.
BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to sale by public outcry on the premises, at 1 o'clock p. m., on
SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1887,
the following described tracts of land, late the property of Solomon Baker, decd.:
No. 1. The homestead of said deceased, containing 113 acres, adjoining lands of Susan Stterbeber, Henry Slaugh, George Barclay, William Mull, and J. C. Barclay, having thereon erected a good two-story frame
Dwelling House,
frame stable and other outbuildings. There is also on this tract a good Water-power Saw Mill, with excellent water power for either saw or grist mill. The old BAKER DISTILLERY is also located on this property. The farm also contains a fine young orchard of bearing fruit trees. About 15 acres of the land is cleared, and the balance well timbered. The property lies along the Bedford and Mt. Pleasant turnpike, and the dwelling house is in the town of Bakersville. No. 1 will be sold as a whole or in parts.
No. 2. Containing one hundred and thirty-three acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Wesley Barclay, Uriah Mason and others. The whole of this tract is covered with timber, principally chestnut and white-oak.
Terms:
Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid as soon as property is knocked down. One-third of balance to be paid on delivery of deed, and the remaining two-thirds to be secured by judgment on the premises, and yearly payments thereafter. Possession given on the 1st day of March, 1888.
JONATHAN G. BARCLAY,
Sept. 28. Trustee.
For any information in regard to above properties, address the Trustee at Bakersville.

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jul27-'87-1yr. Lock Haven, Pa.

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.
To Washington Baker, residing in Fulton, Multnomah County, Oregon:
You are hereby notified to be and appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, Pa., on Monday, the 26th day of September next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Solomon Baker, deceased, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Aug. 17, 1887. JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Elizabeth Bash, dec'd, late of Quemahoning Twp, Somerset Co., Pa.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement, at the residence of the administrator on Saturday, October 22, 1887.
AARON T. LOHR, Administrator.
oct14.

Washington and Jefferson
COLELGE,
WASHINGTON PA.
The 97th year begins September 14th. Classical, Scientific and Preparatory Departments.
For information concerning Preparatory Department apply to Prof. J. Adolph Schmitz, Principal. For Catalogue or other information to
PRESIDENT MOFFAT.

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struck Somerset, and left
GALVANIC OIL
Guaranteed for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Colic, Pains, Sprains, Bruises, and Burns. Sold by Druggists
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

AARON BURR'S WOOING.

From the commandant's quarters on Westchester Height
The blue hills of Ramapo lie in full sight;
On their slope gleam the gables that shield his heart's queen,
But the redcoats are wary—the Hudson's between.
Through the camp runs a jest, "There's no moon, 'twill be dark—
'Tis odds little Aaron will go on a spark"—
And the toast of the troopers is, "Pickets, lie low,
And good luck to the Colonel and Widow Prevost!"
Eight miles to the river he gallops his steed,
Lays him bound in the barge, bids his escort make speed,
Loose their swords, sit athwart, through the fleet reach yon shore:
Not a word! not a splash of the thick-muffled oar!
Once across, once again in the seat, and away—
Five leagues are soon over when love has the say:
And "Old Put" and his rider a bridle-path know
To the Hermitage Manor of Madame Prevost.
Lightly done! but he halts in the grove's deepest glade.
Ties his horse to a birch, trims his cue, slings his blade,
Wipes the dust and the dew from his smooth handsome face
With the kerchief she broidered and bordered in lace;
Then slips through the box-rows and taps at the hall,
Sees the glint of a wax-light, a hand white and small,
And the door is unbarred by herself all aglow—
Half in smiles, half in tears—Theodosia Prevost.
Alack, for the soldier that's buried and gone!
What's a volley above him, a wreath on his stone,
Compared with sweet life and a wife for one's view
Like this dame ripe and warm in her India flesh?
She chides her bold lover, yet holds him more dear,
For the daring that brings him a night-rider here;
British gallants by day through her doors come and go,
But a Yankee's the winner of Theo Prevost.
Where's the widow or maid with a mouth to be kist,
When Burr comes a-wooing, that long would resist?
Lights and wine on the beaufet, the shutters all fast,
And "Old Put" stamps in vain till an hour has flown past—
But an hour, for eight leagues must be covered ere day:
Laughs Aaron, "Let Washington frown as he may,
When he hears of me next in a raid on the foe
He'll forgive this night's tryst with the Widow Prevost!"

—*Harper's Magazine for October.*

HIS MATCH.

Everybody said that Orphies French was crazy to think of marrying Hector Hunter. In the first place he was too old. (He was 35 and Orphies only 18.) In the next he was a widower with four children. (Orphies being an only child, was unused to children.) And lastly, he was the crossest-grained, most miserly man that ever existed.

Every one in Hillwood knew him. They knew he had been the means of his first wife's finding an early grave; and now he wanted to break Miss French's heart; pretty, dimpled, brown-eyed Orphies, the pride of the village, and the admiration of all.

How she came to choose a surly, selfish man like Hector Hunter was a wonder to everybody. It was well known that blue-eyed, sunny-faced Charlie Chester stood ready to lay down his life for her sake, and that James Singleton had offered himself to her at least three times.

Either would have been considered a good match, and yet it was quite evident that Hector Hunter was the man she loved, and she had been known to watch beside him day and night when he was ill, and refuse all food till she was sure he was out of danger.

Yes, Miss French did love him. She was engaged to him, too, and that sunny morning in June was to witness her bridal.

She was to be married in the little church where she had been baptized, in the presence of those who had known and loved her from a child.

So what was really nobody's business was everybody's business, and proved the topic of conversation throughout the entire village.

All her girl friends pitied her; all her male acquaintances envied Hector Hunter. Al the matrons bewailed her fate; all the sires hinted that the bridegroom was a lucky man.

Finally came the organ peals, then the solemn service—for it was solemn—and then pretty Orphies went down the aisle leaning on the arm of her sour-looking husband as smilingly as if her path was strewn with roses, and her future as clear as a lake at even, when the glory of the setting sun rests upon its placid bosom.

"I can't afford to take a wedding trip, Orphies," Mr. Hunter had said the night he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, and listened to the shy "yes" whispered under the tree that grew back of her home.

"It costs a good deal to live now-a-days. The children need clothes, and 'twill take a five-dollar bill right out of my pocket to pay the minister. You won't care, will you? You had just as soon settle down as a sensible woman, hadn't you? That is the way my first wife did."

And Orphies said "yes, she'd do anything he liked," like the dear little thing she was.

So as soon as her gray-haired pastor had made her Mrs. Hector Hunter, she walked quietly across the village common to the large, gloomy-looking house built on its edge, and closed the door in the faces of those looking after her with a world of commiseration in their eyes.

"She'll regret this act of hern, or my name is not Mirinda Highflyer," said one narrow-minded spinster to another.

"She'll look like a wilted rose by the time she has lived three weeks with those children," said Miss Dean, the village dress-maker, to her customer, Mrs. Flint. "I know all about them. I once made a dress for the first Mrs. Hunter, and I had a chance to see some of their actions."

"We've lost our pretty Orphies forever," said gray-haired Farmer Slocum. "Rude hands have picked our sweetbriar rose, and there is none other so fair."

"We are going to have Orphies French for a step-mother," said the Hunter children, pressing up to the window which commanded a view of Hillswood common and church. "She's awful pretty, but it's a mystery how she came to marry father."

"You know the young folks so well, Orphies, that there is no need of an introduction," said Mr. Hunter, as his young bride kissed one rosy face after another, and sat down in his dead wife's rocking chair with the youngest on her knee.

"When you are rested we will go over the house and take a look at things, then we will have some dinner. I dismissed the house-keeper to-day, as I knew we should not need her after you came. Her month was up, and as a penny saved is a penny earned, I let her go. Rosa Belle is large enough to help you about the house. She is 16, and as tall as you are. I guess you will pull together first-rate."

Pretty Orphies looked at her step-daughter questioningly.

"I hope so," she said, quickly. "Yes," kissing her, "I am quite sure thai we shall."

That kiss won Rosa Bell.

"Arthur," she said to her twelve-year-old brother the moment the door closed behind her new mother, "Take heart. I do believe there is a change coming. The second Mrs. Hunter is very sweet and smiling, but I should not be surprised if father had found his match. She doesn't say a great deal, but there is a look in her eye which makes me feel funny."

"He'll tame her before long," answered Arthur, with a knowing shake of his head. "She'll have to knock under the same as the rest of us. I wonder if he'll let me go out on the common to-night? The boys are getting up a base ball match. Tom Jones was here this morning, and made me promise I'd come. The Skinflints are going to play against the Ironsides, but I'll bet on the—"

"You mustn't bet at all," interrupted Rosa Bell, tying on her apron and bustling about the poorly spread table in the room adjoining.

"This is father's wedding day, ond it isn't at all likely he'll let you go off. Come, Kathie, peel those potatoes for me. Then set the chairs up, and tell the folks dinner is rea ly. I wish I had something better to offer her," she added, looking ruefully at the platter of fried pork in the centre of the table, flanked on either side with a dish of apple sauce and a huge loaf of wheat bread.

"I wish we had silver forks and glass goblets, like Hattie Andrew's folks," said Kathie, hurriedly removing their brown jackets, and tumbling them into the blue earthen dish which Lettie brought from the closet.

"Well, if Mrs. Hunter is as hungry as I am, she won't think of anything but her dinner," exclaimed Arthur, bringing up the chairs with a good deal of noise. "That apple sauce is scorched, Rosa Bell; I smell it. Father won't relish that."

"Well, I can't help it," answered the girl, in a discouraged tone. "He needn't have sent Martha off just at this time."

"It's all right, dear," said a pleasant voice behind her, and Orphies slipped into her seat at the head of the table.

She had changed her wedding dress for a simple calico, and a white apron was tied about her trim waist. "Martha was getting old, Rosa Bell. We want a younger maid-of-all-work. Never mind the forks, Kathie; I have some better ones in my trunk. Hector, it strikes me this dining-room is rather small," looking about the dingy, poorly-furnished apartment. "It must be enlarged in some way! You must see Dunham about it at once, as it must be attended to before warm weather sets in. Dog days are so trying in Hillswood.",

"My dear Orphies"—Mr. Hunter turned his severe eyes on the dimpled face opposite—"it would cost a mint of money to enlarge this room."

"Not so very much," said Mrs. Hunter, composedly. "We had ours done at home. I think papa said the cost was one hundred and fifty dollars."

"One hundred and fifty dollars!" cried Mr. Hunter, staring at his young wife as if he thought her crazy.

"Why, my dear Orphies, you speak as if money grew on bushes, and could be picked as easily as berries. Besides, I never heard the first Mrs. Hunter complain that this room was close."

"Poor thing!" said Orphies, pityingly, "Perhaps she didn't dare to. What were you saying, Arthur? A base ball match on the common? Why, that's delightful! Don't stay at home on my account, I beg of you. Go and enjoy yourself while you can! Were I a boy I'd go with you. As it is, I will sit by the window with papa and watch the game. Oh, Hector, I forgot to tell you! Florence Freeman was married yesterday, and who do you think the bridegroom was? Oh, you would never guess, so I might as well tell you. It was Percy Whitman, and such a display as was made. Not at all like our humble union."

"Why didn't you take him, then?" growled Mr. Hunter, whose feelings were somewhat 'riled' by the proposed change in his house. "He wanted you at one time, didn't he?"

Orphies laughed gleefully.

"I didn't want him," she said. "I had rather have you than a dozen Percy Williams."

And then, springing up, she threw her arms around her husband's neck, greatly to the children's astonishment, and, if the truth be told, to his own as well.

"We will need some wood for the morning, Hector," said Orphies, that night, as her husband was preparing to change his boots for the comfortable slippers he had commanded Kathie to bring him.

She had found so much to do, and had entered so heartily into the duties awaiting her, that her wedding day had passed very much the same as those spent under her father's roof.

"Father never chops the wood," ventured Rosa Bell, seeing the look of surprise on her father's face. "Mamma always did it, and when she died I looked after the kindlings."

Orphies gave the batch of dough she was kneading a vigorous turn.

"That isn't a woman's work," she said, with a determined shake of her head. "Come, Arthur, help papa in with the wood, and then we will hear all about the base ball match. Hurry, Hector, my dear. No, no, Arthur isn't strong enough to cut those great logs. That is your work. He will bring it in as fast as you get it ready, and baby and I will come and see that you do it properly.

Catching the little one in the round, white arms bare to the elbow, and dotted here and there with patches of flour, Orphies danced out into the woodshed, followed by the grumbling Hector and the amused children.

"Didn't I tell you father had found his match?" whispered Rosa Bell to her brother. "He never did this in his life, and yet he doesn't say a word; I'm glad she's come."

"If she keeps on the way she has begun, I'll stand a chance of getting out to play once in awhile," answered doubting Arthur. "I had just a jolly good time this afternoon, thanks to her, and if I never get another, I can look back on that."

Orphies had been married a week, when people began to look for open war; but if there was any the young wife kept it to herself.

To be sure, life was not all sunshine, but she had expected a few rainy days would creep in.

She had married Hector Hunter in spite of the reputation he bore. Why she had done so no one knew, but probably Orphies did, for in spite of the apparent dreariness of her lot she was sunny, sweet-tempered and happy in her new home, just as she had been in her old.

True to her word, Orphies went to work to enlarge the dining-room. She had painters and carpenters, masons and plumbers, till Mr. Hunter was beside himself with rage, and threatened to go away if that state of affairs continued.

Orphies calmly listened to all his speeches; and when the room was finished to her satisfaction, pulled his easy chair into the most comfortable corner, brought out a new pair of slippers and foot-stool, then presented him with the bill and the most charming kiss in the world. Strange to say he paid the former without a word, and returned the latter with interest.

Still holding her tight but invisible rein, and atoning for her harsh measures by the most loving caresses, Orphies at length succeeded in subduing her unruly steed and getting him to bend to the yoke.

But her ideas of improvement did not end with the enlargement of the dining-room. A two-story L was added the following spring. The parlor was refurnished, and a great piano for Arthur's special use was brought from the city.

"My children shall be taught to love their home," said the determined little mother when her husband battled against what he called a foolish piece of extravagance. "Rosa Bell is quite old enough to go into society. Young Tomlinson is partial to her, and I had rather have him feel free to call where I can have a chance of judging of his character than to endeavor to meet her on the street corners or at the village postoffice. Books and music have an ennobling influence over the young, and I had rather have Arthur master of the piano than of the billiard table. In order to keep our boys and girls we must exert ourselves to please them. Give the husks at home, and they will most assuredly seek the wheat elsewhere."

To this speech Mr. Hunter replied in curt, but decisive words. He guessed he was the master of his own children and, as to having his house filled with company from morning till night, he would not. It was out of the question. He couldn't afford it. Gas was expensive, and the wear and tear of carpets and furniture was something to be thought of.

But after following Rasa Bell about from corner to corner a few evenings, and breaking up a few private interviews with young Tomlinson, after listening to Arthur's boyish bets over a game of billiards, and breaking up Kathie's intimacy with the girls employed as "cash" in Blind & Co.'s store he gave in, and quietly put all the responsibility on his wife.

Though young in years, Orphies was a wise little woman. Never as much as "I told you so" passed her lips. Calmly accepting the burden, she carried it along as she had intended to do when Fate gave her Hector Hunter for a husband. And the man whom all the villagers had feared on account of his crabbedness said never a word. Books, papers, music and paintings found their way into his home. His house was always open to the young and the old always welcome to the warmest place beside his hearth.

When Rosa Bell's engagement with young Tomlinson became public, and people congratulated him on his enterprising son-in-law, he smiled quietly. When Arthur came home from college loaded with honors, he blushed with pride; and when Kathie received her diploma, and was pronounced capable of taking a high rank as public school teacher, he hugged himself with satisfaction.

Though always thoughtful and considerate of his young wife, he was never known to acknowledge her superiority by word of mouth. Man-like, he refused to give her her due, and the only praise she ever received for her trial and care was from the lips of her son Arthur the day he was admitted to the bar.

"I tell you, Tomlinson," he said to that interested brother-in-law, "all I am I owe to my plucky little step-mother. My father probably meant well, but I should never have reached the place I occupy to-day if he had not met his match.

Apropos of the red-headed girl and white horse idiocy, what would be the effect of going into a gallery of portraits of ladies of Titian?

The ancient Germans, we are told swore by their swords. Since the sword has gone out of style for every-day use, the mouth is largely used for swear purposes.

HIS OWN MURDER.

A Curious Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

If any man could look into the Sybiline leaf of the future and catch a glimpse of the various vicissitudes and misfortunes with which he must struggle, he would turn sharply around, and seek the nearest course short of suicide to rid himself of those trials which might shake his manhood; and so give up all the sunshine of existence to avoid its shadows. Fortunately, however, man has not the privilege of foreknowledge, a faculty which few would have the courage to render serviceable, and which most would convert into an engine of misery and affliction.

Justice has indeed been painted blind, and a very expensive portrait she makes in that way. If not really blind, justice is certainly, in some cases, short sighted; and this same blindness or near-sightedness has very often placed the necks of many unfortunates within the grasp of the merciless legal halter.

Juan Suarez, a Mexican by birth and a wanderer by nature as well as by necessity, had for many years been a wanderer from his native country, seeking to gratify a love of variety and to amass a fortune. Having accomplished both to a considerable degree he thought he would explore Mexico on foot.

Up from the river Tobasco, in the extreme southeast of Mexico, there stood at the time of our story, an ivy entwined cottage which was dignified by the term inn. Having traveled considerably one day, hot and fatigued, Suarez stopped at this inn to refresh himself, and was soon seated among the motely group of the usual hangers-on at such places of resort. Finding that about two miles further on the road he should arrive at a small market town, where the accommodations for the night of a much more convenient nature could be procured, he resolved to go thither.

When he took out his purse to pay his bill he casually exposed a quantity of money, and the boors of the village who surrounded the table looked upon the wealth with avaricious eyes. While Suarez counted out a certain sum he noticed a greedy-eyed, ill-looking fellow fix his eyes upon him and his purse in a way that did not please him.

Suarez soon took his departure and proceeded leisurely on to his destination. The evening began to close, and on arriving at a dull part of the road, overhung by high banks and covered with furze and briars, he suddenly found himself stunned by a blow by some one from behind, and he fell insensible to the ground.

When he became sem-conscious he was bleeding and lying in a wet ditch, half-drowned, apparently in his own blood. A man was leaning over him, and humanely endeavoring to assist him. Finally he concluded that Suarez was dead, and started off to make known his discovery.

It was nearly dark when Suarez aroused himself and resumed his tramp. His clothes were wet through, and after washing himself he put on another suit, which he carried in a knapsack. He recalled the ill-looking fellow at the inn, who cast such sinister glances at his money, and immediately suspected him as his assailant. The fellow, however, had not secured Suarez's money, and the latter thought it very funny that the fellow had not robbed him, as the object of the assault was undoubtedly robbery.

After a fatiguing walk Suarez arrived at the inn in the adjoining town, and had scarcely taken his seat before he overheard a conversation among several men, stationed at the other end of the room; accompanied by expressive looks toward him. As he was a stranger in the place he was not particularly surprised. The conversation soon became louder, and at length, Suarez heard a strangely exaggerated story of his own murder.

It was confidently asserted that a stranger had been robbed and murdered a short distance from the town, and that he had been found in a ditch with his skull fractured, his brains scattered about the road and his pockets turned inside out. Suarez listened to this marvelous history with considerable amusement, and thought how easily a strange story is made to pass current, though based on the flimsiest of facts.

After taking some refreshments Suarez proposed to retire, and took a quantity of money to pay in advance for his accommodation. As he did so, one of the party of men conversing together, came up to him, and after impudently gazing into his face, turned to his companions and mysteriously whispered:

"There's blood on this man's face. He has got a quantity of money. Where did he come from? Who is he?"

The crowd seemed excited, and the old fellow again approached Suarez, and asked him where he had got the money then in his possession, and sarcastically asked if such money grew on bushes. Being answered in a careless manner he put his finger cunningly to his nose and closely scrutinizing Suarez, remarked aloud that the latter had blood on his face, and that his appearance was somewhat suspicious.

At this juncture the man who had found Suarez in the ditch put in an appearance and proceeded to relate in the most picturesque style, how he found a strange man with his skull fractured and his pockets turned inside out, lying in the ditch, quite dead. He stated he went for assistance to the village, and on inquiring at the inn there he had discovered that a man dressed answering the description of Suarez had been there and had displayed a quantity of money. Having obtained assistance, he returned to the spot where he left the murdered stranger, but, instead of finding him, he discovered that during his absence, the body had been stripped and removed, and, as he believed, buried, and the clothes were lying scattered about the ditch.

Suarez listened to all with an amused smile, and when the man had finished his story Suarez observed that the group of men were casting inquisitive looks at him, and he heard the words "dollars" and "blood" whispered among the men. At length the man who first approached Suarez left his companions, and going out of the inn returned shortly after with a constable, and without further ceremony handed Suarez over in charge of the official, who immediately proceeded to search his prisoner. When the prisoner's purse containing the money was produced the man who found the murdered stranger set up a shout, and fixing his eyes on the blood on the prisoner's face, said he was sure he waf the murderer and robber, and at the proper time would tell all about it. No assertion or explanation of Suarez could serve him one jot, and he was finally conveyed to the jail and locked up.

The next day Suarez was conducted after much peril into the presence of the village magistrate. His accuser was placed before him, and in a blunt, straightforward manner told his story—how he was passing along the road; how he found the stranger with a fractured skull lying dead, and covered with blood and brains; how he went for assistance, and on his return found the clothes scattered about and the body removed. Suarez's own money and his own blood on his face was given in evidence against him the story was complete in all its details, and the investigation ended in the prisoner being committed to the county jail to await trial for the wilful murder of a person unknown, and the constable was ordered to make diligent search for the body. Shortly after his commitment, as if all circumstances conspired against him, the people, after an active search, succeeded in discovering the body of a strange person, almost in a state of nudity in a canal, which ran along the back of the town, upon which the coroner sat in due form; and thus, to the satisfaction of his prosecutors, a chain of evidence was made out sufficiently strong to put Suarez on trial.

Let those good people, who preach so strongly in favor of the comfortable feelings arising from conscious innocence, and build so much on inward fortitude, and who join in the declaration of the poet, that "what is, is right"—let them place themselves for a moment in Suarez's position—let them feel the horrors of a man charged with his own murder, and unable to convince the judges that he is in existence. How obtuse are the intellects of many worthy people, who, in the eager pursuit of truth, long to their hearts any antics that may chance to assume the garb of that rarely discovered personage!

Already Suarez fancied in his gloomy reflections that he heard the jury declare him guilty; and in his dreams he saw the fatal black cap placed over his head. Then he fancied he heard his last dying speech and confessions chanted about the streets, and posted on cottage walls, and children taught from reading them the necessity of virtue. Then horrors of an ignominous death—the halter—the gallows—the shouts of "monster" "murderer," etc., all echoing around him in his imagination.

At length the accused man was placed on trial. His own conviction of his personal identity was complete, but would it avail him anything? The story on which he had to depend was nothing in the face of the evidence to be adduced. Should he be allowed to set up himself as the murdered man, when the witness saw him dead, and the body was afterward found in the canal? It was contrary to common sense, and would, of course, be looked upon as the desperate attempt of the hardened villain to baffle the ends of justice. The trial proceeded. The audience shuddered as they heard the glaring facts. And, oh! what looks of horror and reproach were cast at the prisoner! Prejudice, with her myriad ears, was gaping on, and gulping down the palpable story. The witnesses gave their evidence with clearness and precision. The landlord of the little public house where Suarez first stopped was called to prove his having seen the dollars in the possession of the murdered man when at his house. During all the previous proceedings this man had never before looked at Suarez face to face; but when he was confronted with him he gave an involuntary start, and seemed unable to utter a syllable. He