The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 29. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1902.

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. Ohl.

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. T. 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.

C. H. RUPPEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be faithfully and promptly attended to. Office on First Cross Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

WM. B. 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 in Post 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, over 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 well attended, and all kinds 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. Money 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. BEUKAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on first street west of Diamond.

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, west of Long Store.

DR. J. S. M'MILLEN, (Successor to Feathering,) gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All work warranted satisfactory. Office in Baer Block, up stairs.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST, Office upstairs in Cook & Beerits' Block.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, 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 fabric inserted. All work guaranteed.

DR. J. K. MILLER, Has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Krieger'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 Coupons sold. Money and valuables secured in use of Herald's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale 5:00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED. All Legal Holidays Observed.

CURTIS K. GROVE. SOMERSET, PA. HEARSES, SPRINGS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, ALL KOSTERS AND WESTERN WORK Furnished on Short Notice. Painting Done on Short Time. Wagons made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the best Imported Steel, Substantially Ironed, Neatly Painted and Warranted to give Satisfaction. Shop 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. Repair work, and furnish themselves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in. CURTIS K. GROVE, East of Court House, SOMERSET, PA.

CHARLES HOFFMAN. MERCHANT TAILOR. [Above Reffley's store.] Latest Styles, And Lowest Prices. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Somerset, Pa.

ST. NICHOLAS

For Young Folks.

Since its first issue, in 1873, this magazine has maintained, with undisputed recognition, the position it took at the beginning,—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier; indeed, the list is so long that it would be easier to tell the few authors of note who have not contributed to "the world's child magazine."

THE EDITOR, MARY MAPES DODGE,

author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks,—and for grown-up folks,—too, has a remarkable faculty for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, ST. NICHOLAS brings to thousands of homes on both sides of the water knowledge and delight.

ST. NICHOLAS IN ENGLAND.

It is not alone in America that ST. NICHOLAS has made its great success. The London Times says: "It is above anything we produce in the same line." The Saturday says: "There is no magazine that can successfully compete with it."

THE COMING YEAR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The 13th year begins with the number for November, 1887, and the publishers can announce: Serial and Short Stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Lelia M. Aldot, Prof. Alfred Church, Wm. H. Rideing, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Courtnay Baylor, Harriet Upton and many others. Edmund Alton will write a series of papers on the "Routine of the Republic,"—how the President works at the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well-known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Island Continent"; Elizabeth Robins Pennell will tell of "London Christmas Pantomimes" (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadow and Woodland Talks with Young Folk," etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be, the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS.

Why not try ST. NICHOLAS this year for the young people in the house? Begin with the November number. Send us $3, or subscribe through booksellers and newsdealers. THE CENTURY CO., 33 EAST 17TH ST., NEW YORK.

THE Century Magazine.

With the November, 1887, issue THE CENTURY commences its 35th volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly circulation by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption

LINCOLN IN THE WAR,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War, and President Lincoln's part therein.

SUPPLEMENTARY WAR PAPERS

following the "battle series" by distinguished generals, will describe the interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventure, &c. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

KENNAN ON SIBERIA.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by THE CENTURY than that of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here described. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred State exiles,—Liberals, Nihilists, and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

A NOVEL BY EGGLESTON

will illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fictions will appear every month.

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of the Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance; essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons; etc.

Begin special with the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for $6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, $7.50.

Published by THE CENTURY CO. 33 East 17th Street, New York.

NEW YORK

OBSERVER.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1823.)

The Oldest and Best Family Newspaper.

Six Regular Editors; Special Correspondents at home and abroad; Stories, Reviews, Condensed News, Departments for Farmers, Merchants, Bankers, Professional men, Students, Boys and Girls.

This year the OBSERVER will publish more than

FIFTY PRIZE STORIES.

And the ablest and most popular writers will contribute to its columns. Poets and prose writers, authors, editors, men of science, and women of genius will fill the columns of the OBSERVER, and it will give 52 unexcelled papers in the coming year.

Price $3.00 a year.
Clergymen, $2.00 a year.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS FOR 1888.

1. The NEW YORK OBSERVER will be sent for one year to any clergyman not now a subscriber for ONE DOLLAR.

2. Any subscriber sending his own subscription for a year in advance and a new subscriber with $3.00 can have a copy of the "Immense Letters," or "The Life of Jerry McAuley."

3. We will send the OBSERVER for the remainder of this year, and to JANUARY 1, '89, to any new subscriber sending us his name and address and $2.00 in advance. To such subscribers we will also give either the volume of "Immense Letters" or "The Life of McAuley."

Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal terms. Large commissions. Sample copy free.

Address,

NEW YORK OBSERVER,
NEW YORK.

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; cost 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. dec28.1yr.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is Torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousnes indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency that is known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficiency.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.

As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, &c. I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.

W. J. MCELROY, Macon, Ga.

HOLIDAY SUSPENDERS.

Put up one pair in a box, Plain Satin and Moire, also Richly Embroidered.

Holiday Fancy Nightshirts.

The Best Line of Patterns we have ever had.

HOLIDAY NECKWEAR.

New made-up shapes, Four-in-Hand Ties, Bows, &c., for all occasions.

HOLIDAY GLOVES.

For ladies and Gentlemen, all the latest colors and lengths, for every occasion.

HOLIDAY SILK HOSIERY

Regular and Opera Lengths, Black and Plain Colors and Fancy Patterns, entirely new designs.

HOLIDAY APRONS,

A very handsome line of Plain Tuck, Embroidered and Diamond patterns.

Holiday Handkerchiefs,

Every kind, quality and in large quantities, and, of most importance to buyers, EXTRA AND BEST VALUES ever offered in handkerchiefs, Silk and Linen, for Gentlemen.

Hndkerchiefs, Plain and Embroidered for Ladies, and Handkerchiefs for Children.

Come in every day and look around.

HORNE & WARD,
41 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is to Your Intrest TO BUY YOUR

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

OF

BIESECKER & SNYDER.

SUCCESSORS TO C. S. BOYD.

Some 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.

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, at Astonishingly Low Prices. A special 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.

AGENTS WANTED —TO SELL— PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

BY SAMPLE. These ALBUMS are in either Morocco or Best Silk, Brocade or Plush, very handsome and durable. Large sales are made, and good pay assured agents. All undersigned people should write to us immediately. Address A. GORTON & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 2-25-87-4y.

HISTORICAL KISSING.

Old Hugelgig of Bruges town
Had whacked his foes like blazes;
Had won great fame, likewise renown;
The old bards sang his praises.

He'd sack a town whene'er he fought;
His foes did greatly fear him;
A thousand men in each cohort—
He'd none but brave ones near him.

One bold and blust'ring bugle note,
And none would dare ignore him;
He'd dash o'er every castle moat,
And vanquish all before him.

Ten vassals all his liquor bore
In buckets to his table;
He'd drink and guzzle, shout and roar
As long as he was able.

He'd eat a boar's head steaming hot,
While troubadours would carol;
With tons of wine, he'd drink the lot
And mulled sack by the barrel.

But when he licked a foe complete—
And few that could resist him—
He'd neither sleep, nor drink, nor eat
Until he went and kissed him.

And when they'd hugg'd and kiss'd like mad
Their lips as red as roses,
They'd cuff each other awful bad
And pull each other's noses.

A kiss—a drink—a punch—a hug,
Each chief with "old sack" reeling;
Then arm in arm the'd puff and tug
"To show they'd no ill feeling."

So dry and sly was Hugelgig
His wit was really catching;
He'd smile and joke and talk and swig
While plots he still was hatching.

He'd say, "You dear old savage cuss,
You fought like one gone crazy,
But—let's forgive! Give me a buss!
Ole boy, you are a daisy."

Smack! smack! their lips would go with glee
Each bearded, feudal robber
Would kiss and smack as each one he
Would grasp and kiss and slobber.

* * * * * * *

How history doth itself repeat!
'Way down in Cleveland city,
Two generals showed their love to greet
In mood so quaint and witty.

That is, they did the kissing part—
They kissed like mules in clover;
They have not done the punching yet—
But action is not over.

—*W. J. Florence.*

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"I do not believe it!" said Mrs. Grant, emphatically.

"But what everybody says must be true," persisted Mrs. Jeffrey.

"By no means," said Helen Grant. "Once everybody said the earth was flat, now we all know it is round."

"Speak for yourself," retorted Mrs. Jeffrey. "I don't know it's round, but I'm willing to believe it on good evidence. Thank heaven I'm not so stubborn that I won't believe. I am one of the sort that can be convinced of a thing even if I don't see it."

Mrs. Grant flushed a little, and tears came to her eyes.

"She is my friend and I love her very dearly," she said. "She has faults—every one can see that—but this wicked, shameful story, I simply can't believe it. Oh, Mrs. Jeffrey, can you not see that it is a matter of conscience with me as well as with you?"

Mrs. Jeffrey, a little ashamed, but of the same opinion still, rose to go.

"If the matter is brought up in the church, you will then hear all the evidence. After you see the letter you may change your mind."

Pine Falls was convulsed over its first scandal. The tongue of censure, that had faintly reproved when Abram Harris had carried his mother off to the poor house, and indulged in audible criticisms when Laura Cowles had been baptized in the river and died of inflammatory rheumatism a week afterward, had now broken silence and carried the story from house to house until it was on everybody's lips.

A mania for visiting seemed to have broken out among the ladies. Half a dozen could be seen any day, with a little bundle of knitting or crochet work in hand, going to make informal visits or calls at the homes of their intimate friends or near neighbors. To be sure each lady was very particular to explain, if opportunity afforded, that she had promised Mrs. So-and-so a new stitch or pattern, or she had been intending to take her work and run in to see Mrs. So-and-so for six months or more. It was really a shame to neglect one's neighbors so.

Mrs. Jeffrey and Mrs. Martin were seated on the back porch of the Jeffrey mansion, engaged in earnest and confidential conversation. Overhead in the apple tree the robin sang unheard. On the floor a mischievous kitten played with Mrs. Martin's ball of zephyr, tangling the thread unheeded, while her crochet work lay idly in her lap.

"She always did seem frivolous to me," remarked Mrs. Jeffrey. "No care of her house, no interest in domestic matters. There is a great deal said in these days about a woman's hiding a God-given talent under a bushel, and smothering her genius under domestic drudgery; but I've noticed that the women who are domestic and take an interest in their homes are not the women who figure in scandal cases or elopements."

"Perhaps," replied Mrs. Martin, who was not so conservative as her neighbor, "there is a great deal of human nature in women as well as men. Most of them take an interest in some one thing beside housekeeping. With some it is painting, with others music, others fancy work or religion. I have known women who were really dissipated, you might say, in religious work, they carried it to such more sonable lengths. You and I, not being gifted in any of these directions, have gone on in plain, quiet home life. But we must not on that account find fault with those who see life from a different standpoint or call them frivolous because they take an interest in things we don't care for. Mrs. Downs was always fond of dress and fancy work, but until this story came out everybody seemed to like her."

"Well, you can say what you please," returned Mrs. Jeffrey, wrathfully, "when a woman behaves herself she won't be talked about. The most shameful part of the whole affair is her assumed innocence. I saw her myself walking the streets with Mr. Colton only last evening, as cool as you please. If there's a man in this village that I pity it's Jack Downs."

* * * * * * *

The next day was Sunday, and the minister, Mr. Snow, looked around at the rapidly filling pews with a feeling of calm complacency. Every face wore a look of keen expectancy, and when Jack Downs entered with his pretty wife, significant looks were exchanged and a suppressed sensation was visible throughout the audience.

Youthful and pretty, she added to these attractions by a taste in dress that was simply perfect. As she came slowly up the isle twirling her fan nonchalantly whispered comments passed from one to another.

"How brazen! Did you ever see such effrontery?" murmured Mr. Dorr to Mrs. Cowles.

"She's a plucky little piece!" said Mr. Martin to his wife in a tone in which surprise was so evidently flavored with admiration that his better half bestowed on him a glance of withering scorn.

"What audacity!" said Mrs. Brown to her daughter Cora.

But that young lady, who rejoiced in the distinction of being the village poetess, was wrapped in poetic contemplation. She knew that Mrs. Downs had fallen under public disapprobation because of a love-letter that had been found by some one, addressed to her, and in Mr. Colton's handwriting.

Other people saw the reprehensible married flirt accepting protestations of love from a gentleman acquaintance. Not so, Miss Cora. This Byronic state of affairs did not so much shock her moral sensibilities, as it presented a theme for her muse to portray the agonies of misplaced affection. Viewing the whole matter simply as an abstraction, she surreptitiously drew out her hymn book and slyly penciled on the margin:

Let the cold world deride me,
I will but love thee more,
What ver fate betide thee—

Here she stopped, the only rhyme that suggested itself being "gore." Struggling with the situation, she had just changed the line" I will not shed thy gore," to "My heart but can adore," when she was recalled to herself by the sound of Mr. Snow's voice as he finished reading the usual list of notices.

"A most painful circumstance having arisen, that seriously affects us as a community as well as a congregation, since it comprises the good names of two of our members, I feel it a duty to afford an opportunity for a full explanation. The congregation is invited to meet at the parsonage to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. I hope that every member of this congregation will be present."

After that it mattered little whether the sermon was a marvel of brilliancy or the dullest disquisition that ever bored a long suffering audience. No one paid the slightest attention to it except old Major Dorr, who was so deaf that he only caught about one word in ten, and had thus missed the story of the love letter that the school teacher had written to Mrs. Downs.

After the conclusion of the services Mrs. Cowles, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Jeffrey stopped in the aisle for a moment's conference.

"I shall take Beatrice Cenci out of the school," said Mrs. Jeffrey. "No child of mine shall be under the instruction of a teacher who writes love letters to a married woman."

"And to think that Mr. Snow should attempt to cover it up and excuse it!" added Mrs. Cowles. "I don't know but we shall be obliged to withdraw from the church. My husband thinks there is a great deal of corruption among ministers themselves now-a-days."

Certainly no one was better able to detect corruption anywhere than Mr. Cowles, if half the stories of his own immoral escapades could be relied upon. But Mrs. Cowles's friends remained discreetly silent on this point.

"I shall not allow Cora to go to the parsonage to-morrow night," interposed Mrs. Brown. "I think the discussion of such subjects has a most demoralizing effect upon young people. It is a deplorable affair all around."

But when the evening came Cora did go. More than that, to her mother's great horror, she crossed the room and sat down by Jack Downs and his wife, who sat alone together on the sofa, although a great many were standing up around the large parlors.

This was not so much from sympathy with Mrs. Downs, as a professional instinct such as that which impels a surgeon to investigate all sorts of pathological monstrosities. She wanted to observe for herself the ravages of remorse, humiliation and unhappy love, the better to finish her poem.

But Mrs. Downs was as pretty, as gay, and as nonchalant as ever. Once or twice she whispered behind her fan to her husband, and once she actually laughed, which so outraged the sensibilities of the more severely virtuous matrons that they shuddered with horror.

Mr. Colton was a romantic-looking young man, with disheveled hair, and a look of general shrewdness. He had lately come to Pine Falls a teacher, and now stood leaning against the mantel. His romantic appearance, so attractive to the ladies, was due to his hair, which he wore long on account of his ears, they being enormously large, and an interesting pallor which was caused by dyspepsia, and not unhappy love, as the ladies supposed.

"I have here," said Mrs. Row, "a letter which has been a theme of much severe comment. The envelope is addressed to Mrs. Downs, and it was picked up in the street by Mrs. Martin's little son, who took it to his father's grocery. The contents are in a different penmanship, with Mr. Colton's name as a signature. I will ask Mr. Colton to make an explanation, which will no doubt be satisfactory."

"Satisfactory!" repeated Mr. Cowles with more spirit than politeness. "It seems to me that when a man writes in that style to another man's wife, calling her husband a base wretch"—here he cast an indignant glance at Jack Downs—"and urging her to run away with him, a satisfactory explanation is not an easy matter."

"You are mistaken, sir," answered Mr. Colton. "An explanation in this case is very easily made. I am a member of an amateur theatrical club and I wrote out my part at Mr. Downs's one evening, copying it out of a book of his. Mrs. Downs gave me an envelope from one of her letters that lay upon the table to put the manuscript in, and I unfortunately lost it on my way home. I will now read the lines if Mr. Cowles will look over the printed pages and see if I read them correctly."

Shamefaced, Mr. Cowles looked on, while Mr. Colton read, with much dramatic effect:

My angel fly with me
Afar in other lands beyond the sea,
We'll build a home sacred to love and thee.
Scorn the base wretch who in your humble home
Profanes the name of love—ah, be my own!
And heaven is not so high nor earth so vast,
But that its treasures at thy feet I'll cast.

"There is a full page of it, with my name signed at the bottom, but this will suffice, I think," and Mr. Colton coolly sat down, while a look of consternation went around the room.

Mrs. Downs went up to Helen Grant and kised her.

"Thank you, dear, for your faith in me. I heard all about it, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

She looked so gentle and girlish in her dainty white draperies, with that look of childish gratitude in her blue eyes, that kind-hearted Mrs. Jeffrey went and put her motherly arms around her, and said, with tears in her eyes:

"Forgive me—forgive us all, won't you?"

Jack answered for her:

"She forgives you, we both forgive you, neighbors and friends; but if any man repeats such stuff again about my wife or any other woman, I give him warning here and now that it will afford me infinite pleasure to give him a sound thrashing."

And that was the last of a great scandal at Pine Falls.

Reached the Limit.

A Detroit peddler offtnware took out some egg beaters on the last trip, and as the price was only 15 cents each, and they worked on a new principle, he calculated on big sales. His first experience will answer for all others. He drove up to a farm house in the western part of Wayne county and took in a beater to exhibit. The people liked it exceedingly well, but the old farmer said:

"Young man, I want to see your patent."

"I have none."

"Then your written authority to make sales."

"Don't need any."

"Then you must give me a bond, with two securities, in the sum of $1,000 that you will stand between me and any trouble."

"But I can't do that."

"Then I can't buy. I've just had to pay royalty on a driven well, damages, for an infringement on a patent gate, and have one lawsuit about a hayfork and another over a windmill, and we don't even buy a dishpan without a bond that it don't infringe on somebody's patent bathtub."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cured His Boy of Cigarette Smoking.

A half a dozen politicians at the City Hall were talking about the evils of cigarette smoking the other night. One of the newly elected Aldermen, who was of the group, and who is known to be a slave to the weed, said: "I went home one night a couple of weeks ago, and found my 15 year old boy smoking one of those villainous, arsenic-bleached coffin nails, known as cigarettes. Instead of taking him down the cellar and laying him across my knee in the old-fashioned way, I called him into my office, and said to him solemnly: 'Young man, I saw you smoking a cigarette down stairs. I was very much surprised, not that you should smoke, but that you should smoke cigarettes. My lad, I was a boy once myself. When I was your age I was only half as big as you are now, but I was man enough to tackle cigars. My little sister smoked cigarettes. Now, my son, don't disgrace the family. Here is a box of good Havanas which I bought for myself. I would be proud of you if you'd learn their use. Cigars won't hurt you, boy, I know, for I have used them for 25 years, but if you want a pair of wings and a silver harp, just stick to the cigarettes.' The boy smokes cigars now."

On the Altar of Harmony.

For the small boy the way out of a difficulty is generally clear, and no obstruction impedes it that his ingenious ideas will not remove. A Sunday school in this vicinity was recently preparing for a harvest home festival, and after the lessons on the Sunday preceding the event, the conversation of scholars and teachers was directed to the coming festival.

"What are you going to bring, John?" asked one teacher, speaking to a boy in her class.

"I'm going to bring a pumpkin," replied John.

"What will you contribute, James?"

"Oh, I'll take cucumbers."

"And Henry," continued the interested teacher, "what will yours be?"

"I'll bring my cat," returned Henry, after a moment's thought.

"Oh, no! that won't do; you can't bring live things," the teacher said.

Henry was silent for a moment. But he wanted to do his duty in the matter of contribution, so he proposed:

"Well, I s'pose I could kill it."—*Troy Times.*

"John, I am afraid we can't go to the theater any more," said a Chicago woman to her husband.

"No, I'm afraid we can't money is getting very tight."

"I shall miss it dreadfully."

"So shall I."

"What shall we do?"

"I have it. We'll hang your big hat on the back of baby's chair and sit and look at it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Beautiful Teeth

Are more to be desired than riches; in fact, they insure heal h, by properly performing mastication. Minot's Dentifrice—price 25 cents—is the finest in the world. It beautifully whitens the teeth, and insures healthy gums. Sold everywhere.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Managed.

Raymond Ives and Lottie Charteris were engaged to be married. It was a love match, and consequently they ought to have been happy, but Raymond Ives' face as he stood tugging at his mustache and staring into vacancy, was anything but the picture of happiness. But then the course of true love know, never did run smooth, and this case was not an exception.

Lottie, of course, was the sole cause of all the trouble. The course of true love would run without a ripple if Miss Lottie wouldn't tell Raymond that this, that or the other man was "just too handsome;" "any girl's fancy;" "perfectly splendid," Raymond was just now treated to some such information, which accounts for the ferocious tugging at his mustache.

Lottie Charteris was pretty, plump, and petite. She always received considerable attention from the opposite sex. This, we are afraid made Lottie a little vain. She loved Raymond Ives, but she did enjoy making him jealous. She had a propensity for flirting, and she thought the more attention she received from others the more Raymond Ives would love her.

"I can't stand it any longer," said Raymond to himself, as he stood and stared out of the window. "I wonder how it would work if two played at the same game."

"I think Clara Lewis is so graceful," said Raymond next day to Lottie. "She was walking on before me this morning and I couldn't help admiring her, but then your tall ladies always look graceful—they show whatever they wear to such good advantage."

Raymond spoke as if in a thoughtful mood, and Littie looked up at him with surprise, that she could not hide, though she smiled and said lightly:

"Well, what has come over the spirit of your dreams? I thought you never saw any beauty in tall people?"

"You thought so? That's strange. I am sure the man must be blind that would fail to discern that Clara Lewis is a handsome girl."

"Oh! I believe in the old saying, said Lottie, with something like an indignant toss of the head, "'the most precious goods are done up in small parcels.'"

"And how about the poison? Do you believe that, too?" asked Raymond.

"Well, poison is very expensive to, say the least—anyway, I never could see anything nice in being tall. Take flowers, and the most beautiful grow near the ground; it is only the weeds and all that are very coarse and common that shoot up."

"That's queer," said Raymond, quietly; "it was only yesterday that you were going into ecstacies telling me that Charlie Dalton was so tall and so handsome."

Just as Raymond finished speaking, Clara Lewis came in. Clara was Lottie's companion from childhood up, and perhaps to-day was the first time in Lottie's life that she was not glad to see her old friend.

Was Raymond very attentive to Clara, or was it all imagination on Lottie's part?

Lottie couldn't tell. She only knew she felt ill at ease about something, and when she found herself alone she stood before the glass, surveying herself and wondered if it wouldn't add to her attractions to have a few inches added to her height. No mistake about it, Clara always did look well, Lottie thought, and somehow she appeared some smaller in her own eyes to-day than ever she did before.

A few evenings after, there were some friends assembled in Lottie's parlor. Raymond was very attentive to Clara Lewis, until Miss Powers, a still handsomer girl than Clara made her appearance.

When Miss Powers was at the piano, Raymond was beside her turning her music, Lottie could hardly credit what she saw. Raymond Ives was flirting with every pretty girl he came across, and she felt wretched.

Charlie Dalton, tall and handsome, was present, but Lottie had no heart to flirt with him; she had eyes for no one in the room but Raymond. She thought his conduct was scandalous—cruel. His heart had changed toward her—he loved her no longer.

That night Lottie had a good cry in her own room. Raymond loved her no longer. And to-morrow, though she knew it would kill her to do it, just as surely as the sun rose she would give him back the engagement ring.

Raymond came next day, and found Lottie alone. She scarcely noticed him when he entered the room. She was very white, very quiet, and looked everywhere but at him. He crossed over to where she was sitting, with an amused expression of countenance.

"Why so pensive, Lottie?"

Lottie did not answer, but her lips quivered, her eye lids dropped and she fidgeted with her ring.

"Lottie, what troubles you?" said Raymond Ives, putting his arms around her.

Lottie's answer was a flood of tears; and taking her ring from her finger, she said between her sobs:

"Here is your ring, Raymond. I don't want to marry a man who cares nothing for me."

"I care nothing for you, Lottie! Why, what put that foolish notion into your head?"

"Last night you were making love to Clara Lewis and Miss Powers," sobbed Lottie.

"Oh, I didn't think you took any notice of that. It was what you call a little harmless flirtation. You know how you flirt sometimes, Lottie."

Yes Lottie knew she did, and she looked at the roses on the carpet and wondered if Raymond ever felt as miserable when she was flirting as she did now.

"Raymond, I think it wrong to flirt, said Lottie, without looking up.

"Since when?" Raymond was going to say, but trying hard to repress a smile, he said instead:

You really think it's wrong, Lottie?"

"Yes, I do," said Lottie, wiping her eyes.

"And you never intend to flirt any more?"

"Never!" answered Lottie.

"Then you'll never see me flirting again, dearest," said Raymond, drawing Lottie closer to him.

Lottie replaced her engagement ring on her finger, and Raymond never told her how he had cured her of flirting.

The Garnish of Housekeeping.

We all know the difference a little taste and care make in the preparation of our food, and how much more palatable is the plainest fare daintily served than the most recherche cookery if carelessly or untidily prepared. The same rule hold good in the daily life, and no one should be more alive to the fact than our housekeeper.

It is in most cases owing to this lack of garnish that the majority of the difficulties that beset the 19th century house mothers arise. We despise the day of small things, and so fall by little and little. Little roughness pass unchecked, little courtesies neglected, little meannesses overlooked or laughed at, small matters that seemed too trivial to notice at the time which yet will in the end amount to a total as startling as it is formidable.

We all know that in our housekeeping it is not the large sums that are so trying. We count the cost of a large outlay, and make provision for it; but it is the tiny sums, the pennies and half pence, that mount up so terribly and so unexpectedly in our weekly accounts. Well, it is the same in our daily life; the foolish jest, harmless enough possibly to the elders, but which the children hear with round eyed horror, and discuss later in nursery conclave: the hasty, discourteous word to your governess, for which you probably apologized nicely enough later, but which the maid, or the bairns before whom you so thoughtlessly uttered it will not forget as soon as you do: the sharp, perhaps undeserved reproof to the servants—these you consider trifles very likely, though how they tell on the well being of a household few but experienced housekeepers realize. At all events, these trifles show a lamentable deficiency in the "garnish" that makes such an immense difference in the comfort of our daily existence.

A good deal of the uncomfortable feeling that undoubtedly exists between mistress and maid owes its origin in great a measure to this neglect of small things. A few years ago there was an unbridgeable gulf between up and down stairs. Servants were expected to "know their place," were looked on as a kind of living automata, utterly unconscious of the sayings and doings of the superior beings they were privileged to serve. Not being either blind, deaf or dumb, they were nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, uncommonly sharp (and occasionally malicious) critics of their betters, and amply revenged the slight they were quick to see was put upon them.

This feeling we have now to combat when trying in some measure to restore "the constant service of the antique world," and the task is not a light one; "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." We looked on our servants as a separate class, with feelings utterly different to ours, and incapable of understanding—much less appreciating—the little garnish we considered only the ordinary courtesy of daily life in our station. Well, they frankly accepted the situation and, very naturally, insist on the advantages of the position we have forced them to take up. Treat a man as a human wolf, and if he shows his teeth, aye, and use them, too, who shall blame him?

And do you think that women, with their more highly strung nerves and sensitive feelings, are likely to take the matter more coolly? Hardly. We have despised the garnish, and have only ourselves to thank if the rough