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

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 43. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1888. WHOLE NO. 1914.

CONSTIPATION.

It is called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medicine 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

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THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy.
This lovely woman whom you call your wife.
You sported at your play, an idle boy,
When I first felt the stirring of her life
Within my startled being. I was thrilled
With such intensity of love, it filled
The very universe! But words are vain—
No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt
The agonies of labor; and the nights
I, weeping, o'er the little sufferer knelt,
You, wooed'ring on thro' dreamland's fair delights,
Flung out your height'ning lines and slept, and
grew.
While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol, and my pride;
I taught her all those graces which you praise;
I dreamed of coming years, when as my bride
She should lend balm to my failing days—
Should cling to me as she to you clings now,
The young fruit hanging to the withered bow;
But lo! The blossom was so fair a sight,
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God!
And yet I think you do not realize
How burning were the words over which I trod
To hear and fear this woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go—
Even into the arms of one she worshiped so.

How strange, how vast, how awful seems the power
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart,
For one who never bore a single hour
Of pain for her; which tears her life apart
From all its moorings, and confronts her more
Than all the ties the years have held before;
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace—
And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still, and, yet, were Death to say,
"Choose now between them!" You would be her choice—
God meant it so; it is His way;
But, can you wonder, if, while I register
In her content, this thought hurts like a knife:
"No longer necessary to her life?"

—Brown.

ROBERT ATKINSON.

A Lawyer's Clerk.

Julia Whiting, in Springfield Republican.

When old 'Squire Vale died he left behind him a great reputation for a country lawyer, a comfortable income and an only son, to whom he bequeathed his fortune, his business and his clerk. This clerk was a young man who had accidentally come in his way. 'Squire Vale, although a hard headed and by no means capricious person, had taken him originally because when he required as an evidence of fitness for the place to see his handwriting the young man had happened to jot down the lawyer's favorite quotation from Pope.

'Squire Vale was old-fashioned in his tastes, and to him Pope was the greatest poet earth had ever seen, but he had long ago given up hoping to meet one who agreed with him. It was so delightful to find a young man who could quote Pope that he questioned no further, but took Robert Atkinson on that recommendation alone.

He had, indeed, never regretted it. His clerk proved himself invaluable. If there was a crotchety old fellow of a client that had to be humored, Robert was the very one for the task. When some poor, confused creature with a load of troubles came for advice it was Robert who was called upon, and his good nature and tact traveled out the story and arranged the facts for the lawyer's ear at last. Robert was always in request, and his employer often thought if it were not for his only son, he would gladly make young Atkinson his partner. 'Squire Vale's only son was named Robert also, and when the clerk was engaged was a youth at college, studying law with the view of entering his father's office. Robert Vale was a fine fellow.

"Not up to the old man," the older townspeople declared, "but a good fellow nevertheless."

"The two Roberts," as they came after a time to be called, were a contrast in many qualities. Robert Vale had studied himself near sighted, was delicately built and not particularly strong. However, he had studied to advantage, was a man of enthusiasm and ideals, devoted to business, and on the whole much to his father's liking. Robert Atkinson was larger and taller than Vale, with gray eyes whose sight was as strong as a sailor's, and thick brown hair that lay around his head in great masses; and he had obtained a record for running and rowing that made the young men of the town both proud and envious of him. The men were alike, however, in devotion to each other and to business, and had, as well, unsullied reputations for honesty. "You may believe it the same as if the two Roberts had said it," the townspeople would say, to clinch the truth of a statement.

The young men had felt a mutual attraction when they first met, and after Robert Vale graduated and came home to his father's office the attachment only strengthened by companionship. They were sworn friends.

When 'Squire Vale found his end approaching, his thoughts naturally ran much on his son and his son's welfare. The one thing most satisfactory to his mind was that he should take Robert Atkinson into partnership. So he talked of the matter, first with his son and then with Atkinson, arranged the terms to his own satisfaction, and even had the new sign painted under his inspection. It ran:

"Vale & Atkinson, late William Vale."

"There," he said to his son when it was finished, "it looks neat. "After a time, of course, it will be well to have my name painted out, when clients out of town are used to the change. Better set it up for the present behind the tall bookcase."

Soon after this the new partnership went into effect. When Vale was 24 and Atkinson 28, a new element came into their quiet lives. A family by the name of More moved into the town. The eldest daughter was an extremely handsome and charming girl, who speedily attracted many admirers, among them the two friends, who often called upon her, always together. It was not long before the young men detected in each other an interest in Lucy More, and over their evening cigars the subject was finally broached by Vale.

"Robert, you and I are getting to be old fellows, and soon we shall be lonely old fellows—unless one of us makes a change."

"A change! What kind of a change?" said Atkinson.

"Marrying," said Vale. "One of us ought to marry and make a home for himself, and you are the one."

"Nonsense! What can you be thinking of?"

"I have been thinking it over for some time," said Vale with affected vivacity "and now, see here, Robert, you know well enough what I mean, and you know that any girl with eyes couldn't help preferring you to me. I wouldn't give much for her judgment if she didn't. Lucy—"

"What of Lucy?" said Atkinson, flushing.

"Lucy, I think," said Vale; "yes, I am sure, she cares more for you now than for me; and you love her, I am sure of it."

"And so do you," retorted Atkinson, jumping up and standing over him. "Why not ask for yourself? You have the best right."

Vale shook his head.

"Lucy does not care for me as I do for her, so that is out of the question. I should do better as a brother, and that brings me to what I wish to say,"—putting out a warning hand to stop whatever Atkinson might be about to say.

"Go and ask Lucy, and if she accepts you, make interest for me to have a home with you. That's all I want to make me all right, but I couldn't get on, I'm afraid if I were left out in the cold."

It was in vain that Atkinson protested and endeavored to show his friend how much he wronged himself in his estimate, and argued that as Lucy had never shown any preference for either, Vale could not know that she had any. Vale had his mind made up, and was eager to have the matter settled and over.

"Go to her, Robert," he said. "If I'm mistaken, then perhaps—but I'm not."

So the subject was dropped, and the next evening, when Atkinson announced his intention of going out, Vale looked up and said:

"To see Lucy?"

Atkinson assented.

"Well, good luck to you," and Vale gave his hand a hearty grip.

"I shall look in the postoffice," said Atkinson, faltering, his hand on the door knob. "If there are letters for you, I'll run back with them first."

It seemed but a few moments before he came hurriedly in, and throwing down a couple of letters before Vale, said:

"Robert, you could manage a few days without me," I suppose."

"Why, yes, of course," answered Vale, looking up. Seeing Atkinson's troubled face. "What's wrong?"

"I have bad news from home. I don't know how bad until I get there and find out for myself. My sister writes," referring to the letter he held in his hand, "that they are in great trouble and wish me to come to them at once. I can't guess what it is."

"Go at once," said Vale, "and if I can help you—but you know that without my telling you."

"Yes, I know," said Atkinson.

In a few days Vale received a letter which ran thus:

DEAR ROBERT—The trouble of which my sister wrote is no fancy. It appears that everything my mother had she lately reinvested by the advice of a well-meaning but foolish friend, in securities which have proved most insecure. In short, all is gone. If there were any hopes of recovering any portion of it I should take steps to that effect, but it is entirely lost. My mother and sister have no one to look to but me, and it must be the work of the rest of my life to keep them from feeling this loss. So you see my future has been mapped out for me without any assistance of my own, and it only remains for me to carry it out.

In a postscript he added: "This settles everything."

Atkinson's absence seemed to Vale a foretaste of the loneliness that was in store for him when his friend should become Lucy's husband, but as he read in these cart lines the prophecy that the future had no such gentle destiny in store for Atkinson, his heart ached with a double sense of loss, and not even the inevitable selfish thought that their close companionship need not be broken could suffice to reconcile him to Atkinson's altered fate; and so when he returned the generous conflict was renewed.

It ended in both relinquishing whatever hopes had been cherished—Vale out of Quixotic chivalrousness, Atkinson because fortune was unkind. As years passed Atkinson remained an avowed bachelor, but Vale at last made a wise choice and married. His wife was not so young as Lucy More, but she was quite as charming, with a more richly endowed nature, and what fixed her husband's regard, the wisdom to foster instead of discourage the friendship of the two men. Atkinson became what he declared he had always felt a great fitness for, a house friend, and was in and out at all seasons, consulted by the wife as much as the husband.

Time, which severs everything most precious, snapped the bonds of this friendship also. An accident removed Robert Vale without a moment granted in which to bid farewell to wife and friend. It was to Atkinson that Mary Vale turned in her sorrow, and her grief was lightened of much of its heaviness by his brotherly devotion. Atkinson assumed all her cares, and as years went on time softened the first grief, and Atkinson accustomed himself to what at first seemed impossible. He never forgot Vale, and loved the memory of his friend as much as he had his presence, and his name was as frequently on his lips and formed the subject of many a twilight hour's talk with Mary Vale.

Years came and went, and Atkinson passed his days in security. Changes were in store, however, and from a clear sky a thunderbolt fell. One evening as he came in to pass an hour with Mary, he though her preoccupied and felt, rather than saw, a difference from yesterday. She sat by the fire, playing with a peacock fan; and only looking up to greet him, resumed her contemplation of the burning coal. Atkinson, as he stood leaning against the mantel, thought he had never seen her look so well. Always a handsome woman, increasing years had but added to her charm. He noted with admiration the quiet elegance of her dress, the fitness of her few ornaments.

Presently she looked up.

"Do you remember, Robert, it was 13 years ago to-day that Vale brought me to this house. It was on such an evening as this that we three gathered around the first fire lit in my new home."

"I remember," said Robert, with a sigh; "and how proud Vale was to install its mistress, and what a happy evening we spent."

"Yes," said Mary. "I have been thinking over all that is past. We have had many joys and sorrows here—and shared them together. Here my children were born and died. That was a bitter blow, but Robert helped me bear it."

Atkinson said nothing respecting her sorrow, and there was silence again until Mary, rousing herself from a reverie into which she had fallen, said:

"You had known him long before I did. He was always the same noble, unselfish man I knew him, was he not? O, yes, I know what you will say—but I love to hear you say it."

"You and I know what he was, Mary—the best, the dearest fellow that ever lived," and Atkinson went on to recapitulate incidents that showed Vale's integrity, his generous spirit, and all those endearing traits which both so fondly boasted in him, ending with: "If he could only have been spared to us, Mary. There was not so happy a house on earth as his."

"Yes, we were too happy, and it adds to my sorrow now," said Mary.

"No one would have been so pained to see you in sorrow as Robert," said Atkinson. "But surely something has happened to sadden you, Mary," he added, with a hope that he might be able to help her.

She glanced up at him; then, resuming her contemplation of the fire, said: "I have been reviewing my past life—and my present—and—you and I, Robert are singularly alone in the world. I have not a near relative living, and neither, I think, have you."

"No," said Atkinson, "not one, now."

"Had my children been spared me," pursued Mary Vale—"but I am very lonely."

"Vale would be sorry for that, but how can it be helped?" said Atkinson. "You know you can count on me."

"Yes, I know. No brother could be kinder than you have always shown yourself; but changes may occur. Who knows what may happen—and—Robert, I need your help, your advice now."

"You shall have it, Mary," said Atkinson, wondering much to what this was the prelude, but far from guessing.

Mary shifted her seat a little, so that her face was partially averted from Atkinson's glance, and said:

"You know Mr. Cranston—Mr. Charles Cranston—well, I think?"

"Oh, yes, certainly.

"What is your opinion of him?"

"Why, as to that, he is a gentleman, a man of honor, and I respect him highly. But why do you ask?"

Mary was silen. After a pause. "Mr. Cranson would be acceptable to you as a suitor for a sister, or of a friend of yours?"

"Why, yes, but I have no sister, you know."

"No, Robert—I have received an offer of marriage from him. He is waiting for an answer."

"You are not thinking of accepting him! I beg your pardon. I was very rude."

"Why not, Robert? Why not accept? Have you any objection?"

"No, none," said Atkinson, too amazed to add anything farther.

"Then why should I not marry him—if I were not so alone?"

Atkinson, deeply hurt by the imputation, cast a reproachful glance at her, which she answered by saying: "Yes, I know, Robert, but I must not allow myself to be selfish and keep you always by my side. A time might come when you would gladly be released, and then you would find me a hindrance to your freedom, and I should feel it. I must spare you—spare both of us—the possible pain by doing what is best now."

"What do you wish me to say? What advice must I give?" said Atkinson, in a smothered voice.

"You know what I want," she answered, with a suspicion of vexation in her voice. "You know this man far better than I can. I feel that in taking his name I could do so without losing my dignity and have brought myself to think it may be best that I should do so. It remains for you to advise me and I will abide by it."

Atkinson made no reply, but sat with his eyes fixed upon her face.

"Why don't you speak?" said Mary at length. "Why don't you—"

He sprang to his feet, and turning at the door, said:

"I must have time—I can't—good night," and was gone.

Once in the street, Atkinson hurried along, he knew not whither, revolving in his mind the blow that had fallen upon him. Was it possible, he asked himself, that Mary should contemplate such a thing? It was inexcusable. Yes, was false to Vale's memory. She was ready to forget him. Then he told himself that he was hard on Mary. She was still young enough to enjoy life, and to expect her to continue a quiet, secluded existence, such as she had had since Robert Vale's death, was unreasonable—and why should he grudge her happiness? He set himself severely to the task of considering the merits of the aspirant to her hand, and reluctantly told himself that he was worthy of her. He could not dissuade her from the step, and he sadly reminded himself what the future would be, bereft of the companionship of the one woman he loved.

In his agitation he said the words aloud, and stopped and looked about him as if they had been spoken by another.

"Yes, I love her!" he said, as a new light burst upon him and every other consideration vanished like mist. "Must I lose her? No, by heavens! No other man shall have her," and, turning on his heel, he retraced his course, ran up the familiar steps, and without waiting flung open the door and hastened into the room where he had left Mary.

He surprised her in tears, which she hastily wiped away as she saw him, and said:

"I did not expect you again to-night, Robert."

"I could not wait until morning, Mary. I—" he turned away and walked the length of the room. Returning, he said:

"I cannot consent to your Marrying Mr. Cranston."

"Why?" she faltered, "Is he not—not worthy," she was about to ask, but the look of his face suspended the words on her lips."

"Yes," he answered, supplying her question—"more worthy, perhaps, than the man you will marry——"

As Mary said nothing, he added, "I beg your pardon. I have no right to play the tyrant. Choose, Mary, whom you will take, Cranston or me,—and choose me!" he added imperiously, "for I love you."

"I promised to abide by your advice—and I choose you," said Mary, giving him her hand, "for I love you."

Atkinson questioned her further by a look, unable to believe his own happiness.

"Did you not know it? What have I said?" she cried, her face covered with blushes. "Oh, do you despise me?" she broke out, as he still remained silent. "Do I seem unwomanly in your eyes?"

"I owe my happiness to you, and I love you," he said fervently, "but, Mary, have we any right to our happiness? You know best. Are we not robbing him?"

"If Robert can see us and judge us," she answered, "I do not fear his anger. Is there anything one friend would grudge the other?"

THE GREAT STORM.

PITTSBURG, March 13.—Business on the Pennsylvania Railroad, between this city and Philadelphia, is completely paralyzed. No trains have arrived from the East since last night. Everything is blockaded with snow. All the freight trains are snow-bound, and there is little or no prospect of their getting out for at least twenty-four hours. At some places the snow has drifted as high as five feet, and there are miles and miles of freight trains waiting to get through. Never before in the history of the railroad has there been such a blockade. The cold weather will be very severe on freight brakemen, as most of them are snow-bound several miles from any station or habitation. The passengers on the trains will also have to suffer, as the thermometer at most places is below zero. No mails have arrived from the East since 6 o'clock last evening, and it is estimated that sixty thousand letters alone are now snow-bound between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. Telegraphic communication is still almost entirely cut off, and all messages are taken subject to great delay. There is no trouble West, and trains are arriving and departing on time.

BALTIMORE, March 13.—For the first time in the existence of the telegraph, Baltimore was cut off from communication with New York and Washington for over twenty-four hours. From Sunday night not only were the wires down but hundreds of telegraph poles along both the Western Union railroad lines are broken. A mild rain set in Sunday morning from the east, but soon the wind veered to the northeast, blowing a gale, and by nightfall the worst blizzard that has swept this section in twenty years was blowing. The temperature fell twenty degrees in ten hours. By 9 o'clock Sunday night the snow was six inches deep, and all communication cut off. The wind was blowing about fifty miles an hour. Travel through the streets of the city was dangerous, as tin roofs and chimneys went flying along the streets. Telegraph poles holding twenty or thirty wires each were blown down in different parts of the city.

The tide yesterday was lower than ever known in the memory of the wharfmen, being at least twelve feet below the level of ordinary low water, and as a consequence many deep draught vessels lying in different docks were grounded. At the county dock, foot of Broadway, the water was so low that the bottom was bared, and persons could walk dry shod on the soil thus exposed. After 9 o'clock the fire telegraph system was useless. An alarm could not have been sent in from over a dozen boxes, and the city would have been practically at the mercy of the flames had fire broken out. The old watch-tower system was put in use. At each engine-house a sentinel was stationed in the belfry and relieved at intervals.

It is the opinion of old bay Captains that Sunday night was one of the worst ever experienced on Chesapeake Bay, and as the notice of the storm was so short there have doubtless been many disasters which will be reported as soon as the vessels begin to arrive. No vessel could live in the Bay Sunday night.

NEW YORK, March 13.—The police authorities say the present storm has not been equaled since 1855. Most of the police telegraph wire broke down early yesterday morning, and policemen were obliged to tramp many miles carrying important dispatches. Chief Shay, of the fire department, held a consultation with Superintendent Murray regarding extra precautions to be taken in promptly sounding fire alarms. As a result orders were issued to all policemen to notify occupants of the nearest engine-house of the fire immediately after sounding the alarm. A full force of firemen is kept on duty, and as many extra horses as could be procured are quartered at the various engine-houses.

The storm is absolutely unprecedented. All business has been paralyzed. The weather stopped the courts. Jurors and witnesses in a murder case were unable to arrive. Every street car in New York Brooklyn, Jersey City, and elevated trains were stopped. The Brooklyn bridge and ferries were almost abandoned. The elevated roads run three thousand trains daily usually, and never before were stopped. Westerners declare Dakota never equaled New York's blizzard.

The State of New York is absolutely snowed under. The oldest persons never saw its equal. Not one train was dispatched by either the Erie or the Central yesterday, something unprecedented. Telegrams from distances of two hundred miles have the same story to tell; namely, it is the worst storm ever known here.

The snowdrifts in business streets are as deep as in the country districts. Grown persons here never saw the like. But meager reports have been received from uptown districts, but in the lower precincts, where reporters managed to struggle through the snow and against the wind, more than one hundred fractures of limbs and contusions of the skull were reported. The ambulance horses at the different hospitals were completely fagged early in the night, and calls in many cases could not be responded to.

The Stock Exchange has just adopted the following.

Resolved, That it is the sense of members present that all dealings, so far as possible, be suspended, and that all deliveries go over till to-morrow.

By order of the Governing Committee the Stock Exchange adjourned at 12 o'clock to-day. The loan market remained open until 12:30 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA, March 13.—Business has been completely paralyzed by the storm, all telegraph communication shut off, and street car traffic completely blocked. No mails received, intense suffering among the poor in all parts of the city, no trains run to the nearest suburbs, passengers stalled on the railroads almost within sight of the city without reach of aid, a fierce wind blowing, making it unsafe to walk the streets—these are some of the features.

Trees have been blown down, roofs crushed in, and the city looks as if a cyclone had visited it in every part. Shipping circles have suffered disastrously, and several vessels are known to have been blown on the shore down the Delaware and along the Jersey coast. Two steamers of the Boston Steamship Company are due here, and grave fears are entertained for their safety. The American Line steamer, Lord Clive is also thought to be off the capes, and the agents fear she may be shipwrecked. Over in New Jersey at least fifteen trains are snow-bound between Mount Holly and Camden, and half a dozen relief parties have been sent out, which have all been compelled to return without reaching the suffering passengers.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—The Capital seems to have been the centre of a miniature cyclone that brought with it a blinding succession of rain, snow, wind and cold. At the signal office it was learned that the storm was the result of the splitting of a storm though that on Sunday extended south from Michigan. Saturday night it divided, forming two storm centres, one over Lake Erie and one in Georgia. The southern centre then began to climb up the coast, striking Washington Sunday morning. The centre itself did not reach here until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the rain changed to snow.

The railroads leading into Washington have been blockaded by snow, fallen trees, telegraph poles and wires, so that the movement of trains had been greatly impeded if not altogether abandoned. The efforts of the railroad men to open communication with the north succeeded at 10 o'clock last night, when the train which left New York at 9 o'clock Sunday night arrived after a hard, slow, and tedious trip. The train had to grope its way, the train hands going ahead with lanters to give notice of obstructions on the track. Telegraph poles were uprooted, and trees and obstructions of all kinds were found lying across the rails at frequent intervals.

CHICAGO, March 13.—The wires of the W. U. telegraph company, which were completely demolished between Chicago and eastern points by yesterday's storm, are still in very bad shape. The local officials have as yet no means of knowing the extent of the troubles. There is but one duplex wire to New York that can be used, while Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are completely cut off from direct communication with the west. The storm, it is reported, has subsided this morning. The meagre reports of the Signal Service office indicate the storm was very violent along the North Atlantic coast, sweeping over the states of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Very cold weather is reported at many points. At Albany the mercury last night marked 4° above zero, and at New York City 10° above. At Albany and Pittsburgh the snow fall is reported as being very heavy. There is no interruption in the telegraph lines either south or west.

JERSEY CITY, March 13.—Six heavy engines were sent from the Pennsylvania railroad depot this morning to clear the snow drifts from the tracks. They managed to get half a mile from the depot, when the rear engine encountered a heavy bank and was thrown from the track into the street. Thomas Whelan, an extra fireman, and John Mullins, yardmaster, were seriously injured. It is believed Whelan will die. The engine was badly wrecked.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 13.—The storm is still raging. Its equal has never been seen in this vicinity. The streets are completely blocked. Only twenty-four out of one hundred and sixty members of the legislature are present, and it will probably be Thursday before the session will be called. No trains are running.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

NEW YORK, March 14.—The vessels arriving to-day from the southward all had reports to make of some rough experiences, though the news of the real disasters that must have occured is slow in coming in. The steamer Eldorado, Captain Byrne, from New Orleans, March 7, encountered the hurricane of March 12 at 4 A. M. It was from the northwest and lasted 14 hours. On the 13th, off Cape May, she passed through a quantity of wreckage, consisting of beams, bulwarks and light stuff.

The State of Texas, Captain Williams, from Port Royal March 10, had heavy north-northwest gales all the passage. The Niagara, Captain Burns, from Havana March 8, experienced severe cold with the same gales, and reached port covered with ice. The Edamnio, Captain Larrauri, from Matan Seas, had 24 hours of hurricane weather, with thick snow and intense cold. After arriving at the bar Sunday night, she came in a mass of ice from the water line to the height of the foreyard.

Castle Garden, owing to the blockade on the railroads, is packed with immigrants to-day, all sad and weary looking and anxious to get to their destination, mostly in the West. The arrivals numbered 3,000 for the day.

NEW YORK, March 14.—The *Sun* this morning received the following cablegram from Boston by way of London, per the Commercial Cable Company:

"BOSTON, March 14, via London.

The storm has now raged for two days incessantly all over New England. So far as our scant communication reaches, every railroad out of the city is completely blockaded, and the only communication we have is by this company's line to Rockport, Maine, and thence by cable to London. Never before was there such a complete prostration of buiness, and the damage to property must amount to an enormous sum. It is 50 years since Boston has been so affected by a storm."

A late special to-night from Boston, via London, says: "The great works of the Chemical Paper Company, at Holyoke, are burning to-night. Palmer's block and four other buildings at Amherst were destroyed last night. The weather is moderating rapidly, and there are fears of a great freshet.

NEW YORK, March 14.—Roscoe Conkling said last evening that he had a fine constitution and had been in some pretty tight places in his life, but he had never found himself as far gone physically as on Monday night, in Union Square. He continued: "I had been at the Stewart building in the afternoon, and had some work to do in the office, and, not thinking that the city would be dark at night, I went to Wall street to look after the work. A little after six o'clock I wanted to go home. There was not a carriage of any kind to be had. Once during the day I had declined an offer to ride up town in a carriage because the man wanted $50, and I started up Broadway on my pins. It was dark, and it was useless to try to pick out a path, so I went along shouldering through drifts, and headed for the north. I was pretty well exhausted when I got to Union Square, and wiping the snow from my eyes, tried to make out the triangles, but it was impossible. There was no light and I plunged right through, on as straight line as I could determine upon.

"Sometimes I have run across passages in the novels of great adventures in snow storms, for examples in stories of Russian life, where there would be a vivid description of a man's struggles on a snow-swept and windy plain, but I have always considered the presentation an exaggeration. I shall never say so again, for after what I encountered in last night's blizzard I can believe that the strongest description would not fail to approximate the truth. I had got to the middle of the park and was up to my arms in a drift. I took the ice and snow from my eyes and held my hands up there until everything was melted, so I might see, but it was too dark. I came as near giving up and sinking down there as a man can and not do it. After twenty minutes or so I got out somehow and made my way along to the New York Club completely exhausted."

$500 Reward

Is offered, in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments, and complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

THE ORIGINAL FAIRY.

We may find sermons in stones, but who would look for fairy tales in a sand heap? Nevertheless, in the lost tomb of the last king of the twenty-sixth dynasty lies buried the original story of Cinderella and her slipper. There is indeed only one variation of any consequence between the two versions, and the ancient one is certainly romantic. Cinderella's princely admirer finds in her lost shoe a clew to his vanished enchantress, but King Psammeticus falls over head and ears in love with he knows not whom, from only seeing her sandal.

The ancient Cinderella was a beautiful Greek. Sappho calls her Doricha, and that was most likely her proper name, but the Greek people, with whom fairness of skin was one of the highest qualities of