The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Somerset, Pa.
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Employ Only First Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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$20,000 LOST.
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"I was a helpless cripple for years from rheumatism, spent $20,000 in vain, then used St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured me."
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Must Come a Change from Heavy to
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OUR STOCK CONTAINS EVERY REQUISITE TO MEET THE WANTS OF ALL IN
LOW PRICED MEDIUM
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For Babies, Small Children, Boys, Gentlemen and Ladies in Spring Merino Gossimer, Gause, Balbrigans, Swiss, Ribbed Lisle Thread and Silk.
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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 us.
Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

EDUCATION AT SMALL COST
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.
CENTRAL
State Normal School,
Lock Haven, Clinton County, Pa.
Winter term of 12 weeks opens Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1888.
Spring term of 14 weeks opens Tuesday, March 27, 1888.
Beginning with the Winter Term, Jan. 23, 1888.
Heat, furnished room, and good board, for only $2.50 a week.
Tuition, $1.25 a week.
To those who intend to teach, the State gives 50 cents a week as aid. This can be subtracted from the cost of tuition.
Besides the weekly aid, the State gives $50 at graduation.
The net cost for heat, furnished room, board and tuition for the winter term of 12 weeks is only $29, and for the spring term of 14 weeks only $46.50.
Those who pass their Junior Examination next Spring, and enter the Senior Class, can attend a whole year of 42 weeks at the net cost of only $86.50 provided they graduate and receive the weekly aid of 50 cents a week and the 50 dollars additional.
This is an opportunity that should be improved by every one who looks forward to teaching as a profession.
The faculty of the Central State Normal School is composed of specialists in their several departments.
Four of the instructors are honored graduates of Colleges. The School possesses rare cabinets and valuable apparatus for illustrating the sciences.
The Model School is conducted after the manner of the best training schools.
At the last session of the Legislature the Central State Normal School received two appropriations aggregating $25,000. This money has been used in putting the building in excellent condition.
Hydrants, water closets and bath rooms may be found on the different floors. All rooms are completely furnished. The student should bring his own towels and napkins. Washing may be obtained in the building at a small cost.
Students may enter at any time. Lock Haven is accessible by rail from all directions.
For the beauty and healthfulness of its location the Central State Normal School is admired and praised.
We will be glad to correspond with any who are interested.
Choice rooms reserved on application. STUDENTS PREPARED FOR COLLEGE. Address,
JAMES ELDON, A. M., Principal,
Central State Normal School.
jul27-'87-1f. LOCK HAVEN, PA.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

What beautiful, beautiful hands!
Old and wrinkled and hard with toil,
Creased with marks of the world's turmoil,
Browned with tan from the burning sun,
Bent because of the labor done.
How they toiled through the weary years,
Shrunk with sorrow and stained with tears,
On them branded the world may trace
Beauties more than the marbled grace,
Found in art of a thousand lands,
Those are beautiful, beautiful hands;
A mother's!

What beautiful, beautiful hands!
Oft they fell in the fond caress,
Quick in serving and swift to bless;
Clasping yours in the evening prayer,
Stroking fondly the golden hair,
Smoothing paths in the glad daylight,
Sickness soothed in the lingering night;
Often weary but strong to do
Motherly duty a whole life through.
What thou art has its close demands,
These are beautiful, beautiful hands;
A mother's!

What beautiful, beautiful hands!
Clasped in love on the brow of pain,
Waking souls to a thankful strain,
Servants true of a kindly will,
Serving faithful and patient still.
Soon, indeed will they sink to rest,
Meekly clasped on the silent breast,
Stain and wrinkle and hardness hid,
Folded under the coffin's lid.
True were they unto love's commands—
Here at home or in distant lands—
These are beautiful, beautiful hands;
A mother's!

What beautiful beautiful hands!
Up where the weary rest from pain;
Striking chords to the angel's strain,
Deftly touching the gold-harp strands,
Gathered in from a thousand lands,
Kind these beautiful, beautiful hands;
A mother's!

—I. Edgar Jones, in Inter-Ocean.

HARRISON AT HIS HOME

Congratulations From Everyone.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 26.—It is a regular Centennial Fourth of July season in this capital of the Hoosier State. Squads of citizens paraded the streets all night singing the praises of Ben Harrison. Teamsters have the heads of their horses decked to-day with the National colors, and all the street cars have the starry emblem. Patriotic girls are sounding the praises of the Hoosier candidate and wearing his colors, and the negro population is full of enthusiasm for "Old Ben."

Indianapolis, in short, feels about the nomination of Ben Harrison a good deal as the girl did who works in the General's law office when she heard of the nomination. A crowd of his friends had been there receiving the bulletins. When the news of the nomination came, this sweet girl pushed her way through the crowd, threw her arms around the General's neck and kissed him. Perhaps he resisted, but I don't think so. At last there were calls for a speech. The General stood on the stoop and spoke so that all of the 2,500 people could hear him. This is his speech, literally:

"NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS—I am profoundly sensible of the kindness which you evidence to-night on gathering in such large numbers to extend to me your congratulations over the result at Chicago. It would be altogether inappropriate that I should say anything of a partisan character. Many of my neighbors who differ with me politically have kindly extended to me as citizens of Indianapolis their congratulations over this event. [Cries of "Good."] Such congratulations, as well as those of my neighbors who sympathize with me in my political beliefs, are exceedingly gratifying. I have been a long time a resident of Indianapolis—over thirty years. Many who are here before me have been with me during all these years, citizens of this great and growing capital of this magnificent State. We have seen the development and growth of this city. We are proud of its position to-day, and we lood forward in the future to a development which shall far outstrip that which the years behind us have told.

"I thank you sincerely for this evidence that those who have known me well and long give me still their confidence and respect. [Applause and cheers.] Kings sometimes bestow decorations upon those whom they desire to honor, but the man is most highly decorated who has the affectionate regard of his neighbors and friends [Great applause and cries of "Hurrah for Harrison."] I will only again thank you most cordially for this demonstration of your regard. I shall be glad from time to time as opportunity offers, to meet you all personally, and regret that to-night this crowd is so great that it will be impossibe for me to take each one of you by the hand. [Cries "We will forgive you."] But we will be here together, and my house will always open its doors gladly to any of you when you may desire to see me." [Great cheering.]

Mrs Harrison was dressed in what one lady styled "flowered linen," full sleeved and high-necked, without ornament. She was very pleasant but adroit in not being led into any talk which might be construed as political. After the speech of General Harrison there were calls for her as she stood in the door plainly discernible through the screen. She finally stepped forward and bowed. The candidate for President talked with a friend about his friendship for Mr. Morton, and was rejoiced at his nomination. Members of the Tippecanoe Club tore off two pickets from the fence for "relics."

The last to go were three little girls dressed in white, wearing sashes of the National colors and caps of blue, with gilt stars. Said they:

"We want to congratulate the next President."

General Harrison came forward and shook each by the hand and said:

"I am glad to see you, my little girls, and I feel proud that you should have come to see me."

The local papers have been full of interviews with all kinds of people, and they all praise "Ben" Harrison. Even uncle Joe McDonald has a good word to say for him, and "Old Saddle-bags" goes so far as to admit "the difficulty about the Pacific States is the emigration into them within the last twelve or fifteen months has been very large, and a big majority of the emigrants have been Republicans. This morning Gen. Harrison received a dispatch which was signed Ben Butterworth and Wm. McKinley, Jr. and read:

"We have met you and yours. Everybody enthusiastic over your nomination. We congratulate the country and yourself."

They say in Cincinnati that Ben Butterworth is the closest man to General Harrison in Ohio. While the General was in Washington they were very intimate, and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Butterworth are warm personal friends. I saw Judge Gresham telegraph his congratulations yesterday, and mighty pleasant he was about it, too. There are other dispatches from those who have been interested in the presidential fight, and they all as heartily indorse Gen. Gresham's. These were received:

Wm. Walter Phelps: Your name was the only happy issue out of all our troubles, and I congratulate you, the party and the nation that the convention reached it.

Murat Halstead: My old schoolmate and friend of forty years, personal congratulations. There is confidence in your election.

Russell A. Alger: Accept my sincere congratulations upon your victory, fairly won.

Thomas H. Platt: Congratulations, real and hearty.

J. H. Manley: Accept hearty congratulations. Maine will ratify the nomination in September.

J. M. Rusk: Wisconsin, standing firm in the column of Republican States, hails you as our standard-bearer. Our banner, inscribed with protection to American labor, free ballot and an honest count, and justice to Ireland, will be borne forward to victory as surely and as grandly as the flag of our country was borne by Sherman to the sea.

John C. Spooner: I congratulate you with all my heart.

John M. Carson: On behalf of fifty-five Washington correspondents, who have attended the Chicago Convention, I congratulate you on the nomination.

Gen. W. T. Sherman: I should assure you of my great confidence. You were true and frithful when we needed a man of action. I believe you will ever be, and you may, command me.

Harrison's Old Regiment: The Seventy-ninth Ohio boys send congratulations. We are now, as we were at Peach Tree, ready for your command. "Forward, double-quick, to the crest of the hill."

Maj. B. F. Heiny: Twenty-five former Indiana soldiers, residents of this county send congratulations, and predict your triumphant election.

Daniel Dustin: I am enlisted in your service during the war. The Illinois portion of your old brigade will lead the attacking column.

Congressman W. D. Kelley: The united Republican delegation of Pennsylvania in Congress tender you their congratulations. The Keystone State will give you an immense majority.

Senator Dawes: Accept my hearty congratulations. Candidate and platform will win because they deserve to win.

Senator Edmunds: I congratulate the party and the country. I am confident of your election. I would congratulate you also, but for the heavy labor of the place.

Whitelaw Reid: Cordial congratulations on the result so auspicious for the party. We shall have 1840 over again, and on a bigger scale.

W. B. Washburn: Cordial congratulations, sincere and hearty. Minnesota is good for 30,000.

William H. Johnson, Albany: Accept congratulations and the pledge of victory from 20,000 colored voters of the Empire State.

O. S. Cheney, Mechanicsburg, O.: This the banner Republican precinct in Ohio in 1884, has organized a Harrison and Morton Club of 200 members, and will make it 500 by Saturday.

Andrew B. Humphrey, Chicago: The Republican league, of the United States congratulates you and the country upon your nomination, and pledge its unanimous, enthusiastic and most hearty support.

The following welcome and cheering message came by cable from James G. Blaine.

LINLITHGOW, Scotland, June 25th.
To Gen. Harrison, Indianapolis:

I congratulate you most heartily upon the work of the national convention; your candidacy will recall the triumphant enthusiasm and assure the victorious conclusion which followed your grandfather's nomination in 1840. Your election will seal our industrial independence, as the declaration of '76. which bears the honored name of your great-grandfather, saved our political independence.
JAMES G. BLAINE.

The Harrison residence here is a comfortable two-story brick structure of modern construction located on North Delaware street, in one of the choicest neighborhoods of the city. It is a solid building, with but little attempt at adornment. The interior is plainly but most comfortably furnished. Stone steps lead to the front entrance, and a door opens into a wide hall, which is frequently used for reception purposes. From the wall hang the head and neck of a deer killed in the Rockies, and a plain settee and a few chairs constitute almost all the furniture. To the side are double parlors and the hall leads back to the dining-room, parallel with which is the library.

Over the mantel hangs a painting of President William Henry Harrison, one of this Harrison family of king haters, and the next President's grandfather. There is plenty of fire in his eye and plenty of grit in his square jaws. He has the face of a fighter. General Harrison's neighbors here all insist that "Ben" is ten times as able as his grandfather, and nobody wants to make the mistake of supposing that "Ben" won't fight this fight through.

Under the painting of Tippecanoe a fine, handsome photograph of the accomplished Steve Elkins rests on the Harrison mantel. Elkins is a great friend of General Harrison, and has business connections with his son in Montana.

"Mr. Morton's nomination," suggested a visitor to-day, "will give satisfaction everywhere."

"Yes," replied General Harrison, "it is sure to. He is an old friend of mine, and I am delighted that he is on the ticket. I answered his dispatch only just now to thank him for his good wishes, and say that I was proud of his nomination. He is a grand man."

"You had better do your work, Ben," broke in Mrs. Harrison, "and get it out of the way for the afternoon. Some of the delegations are going to stop here on their way from Chicago, and you will want to see them."

Mrs. Harrison is the sweet little lady who has helped her husband step by step to his high position. Her hair is rather gray, but her eye is as bright and her laugh as cheerry as when she was the young belle for miles around. She was much interested, during my very pleasant call, in her grandboy, Benjamin Harrison McKee. He is a fat toddler of 16 months, and the particular delight of his grandfather.

The Republican campaign songs are in the air already, and these are specimen stanzas:

We're bound to march all night
We're bound to march all day.
We'll bet our money on Harrison,
And have no debts to pay.

To all the world the flag unfurled
Its colors fresh as dew.
And with its silken beckonings
Above the boys in blue,
It called them to as brave a charge
As battle ever knew.

The great heart of a nation's love
Caught the step, and far withdrawn
The vast procession moves at night,
The marshaled hosts of dawn.
Led by the glittering morning star
The name of Harrison.

And when some jubilant son of a gun
Yelled "What's the matter with Harrison?"
A voice replied far up the height
"He's all right."

By the time it began to grow dark the horns were tooted with greater vigor than before. A white plug hat that wasn't painted red, white and blue, and a good clean door or a smooth flagstone that didn't have "54s" chalked on it was a rare thing. About 4 o'clock a dozen barouche loads of leading Harrison Hoosiers went to the train to meet the Vermont and Georgia delegations.

Vermont had stood firm from first to last for General Ben, and Proctor Ormsbee & Co. were very proud to get here. The Georgians were very proud, too, as they stood on the lawn in front of the Harrison mansion and had their pictures taken. The local photographer had been around all day, just as the artist, the newspaper man and the autograph fiend had.

Ben Harrison was still in his plain business clothes, but Mrs. Harrison, disobeying her own rules that it wasn't best to make preparations for any formal reception, had discarded her morning starched dress and put on a gown of some darker material and looked more than ever like a mistress of a White House. All the while the neighbors would drop in to see her and Mrs. McKee and the baby, and congratulate them all, and all the while the teams rolled up.

All the houses and lawns on Delaware street were decorated so profusely that orders for bunting must have been sent to Chicago to meet the demand. A bicycle club rode up with streams of red, white and blue twined between the spokes of their wheels so wide that it took up all the space. There was a bull pup in the crowd covered completely with bunting, and one man from the country wore overcoat, tall hat, knickerbocker breeches and all made of Republican star spangled banners. Two big barrels of ice water did excellet service on the curbstone.

One very lively Hoosier, who had two houses a block away on Delaware street, told me they would sell for $5,000 more now that they were on the street with the Harrison mansion. A lady by the fence whom I asked about Mrs. Harrison's dress said that she couldn't see what it was made of, but she knew it wasn't made of any British stuff. And after dark the brass bands and the political clubs and local committee broke loose again.

They proceeded to the general's house and said a hundred handsome things, and all the time the Hoosiers were meeting in Tomilson Hall down town, listening to red hot speeches and marches by the Newcastle band and Harrison songs by Richmond Glee Club. Dudley, New and Michener were only three of the heroes of the hour. You will go to press and be on the street with thousands of your sprightly papers long before this town goes to sleep. M. H. C.

MR. MORTON IS CONFIDENT.

RHINEBECK, N. Y., June 26.—Telegrams of congratulation have been pouring in all day upon Hon. Levi. P. Morton at his summer residence near here. He has also received many calls from residents of the vicinity, and is at home to every one, as has always been his custom. Mr. Morton is known here as one of the most approachable men in public life.

To a corsespodent of The Press he said that he fully appreciated the honor done him by the Republican party in convention at Chicago. Such honor was too great for any man to refuse, and the issues of the present campaign were too vital to the commercial and manufacturing in terests of the country to allow any Republican to draw back from serving in any capacity chosen for him by the party itself.

As to the ticket as a whole, Mr. Morton said it would not be in good taste for him to express himself. About General Harrison, the candidate for the Presidency he was at liberty to speak. He regard him as a gentleman who ranked in ability and integrity as the peer of any man in either party. His name was the strongest that could have been chosen for leader in the present crisis, and there was little doubt of the result.

He had no doubt that it would put Indiana in the Republican column and would heal all factional differences in the Republican party at large. With reference to the position of New York, Mr. Morton was even more emphatic. "The party in the Empire State is united," said he, "and I cannot for an instant entertain a doubt of Republican victory in November."

Mr. Morton is a great favorite in this locality, and in spite of his desire to avoid anything resembling a demonstration, something like an ovation has been tendered him by the Rhinebeck people whenever he has shown himself. He made no speechs, but is as genial as ever with his fellow citizens, and displays a courtsey that makes him friends in every crowd.

Fashions in Mortgages.

Mortgages are signed by two witnesses, the same as last year, and are foled so as to fit the side pocket. The back taxes are combed forward, and parted on the side nearest the mortgagee. In this climate mortgages generally mature in the winter season.—Duluth Paragrapher.

Punch asks "Why is a man who does not bet, as bad a man who does? Because he is no better.

GEN. BENJ. HARRISON.

The Career of the Republican Candidate for President.

Gen. Benjamin Harrison, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, represents the American idea of politics. He is of most distinguished ancestry, his grandfather, William Henry Harrison, having been President of the United States, and one of the English ancestors was a general in the armies of Oliver Cromwell, and was hanged for having signed the death warrant of Charles I.

General Harrison was born at North Bend, Ohio, on August 20, 1833. His father, John Scott Harrison, was a quiet farmer in moderate circumstances. The subject of this sketch was 7 years of age when his grandfather was elected to the Presidency in the famous log cabin and hard cider campaign of 1840. In his fifteenth year, after having previously attended the district school, young Ben Harrison entered the Miami University at Oxford, O., where he graduated three years later.

Immediately after graduating he entered the law office of Judge Bellamy Stover, in Cincinnati, as a student. Applying himself to his work with the application and diligence which have always characterized him, he was admitted to practice before he reached the age of 21 years.

He had married previously the daughter of Professor Scott, of Oxford, and at the very outset of his career was a man of family without resources, the only money at his command being less than $300, which had been advanced by his father. The young lawyer faced the future bravely, however; he felt within himself the ability to cope successfully with fortune, and throughout all his subsequent career demonstrated that the quiet self-confidence which he felt in himself was amply justified.

In 1854 General Harrison removed to Indianapolis, where he has lived ever since. For a long time he lived in three rooms in a little old house that is still standing in Vermont street, near Alabama. He was not an imposing figure at that time. A little slender fellow, with a smooth face, a big, tow-white head, with no neck to speak of, and only the rather incredible fact that he had a wife saved him from being mistaken for a schoolboy. Yet he was successful almost from the start. One of his earliest employments was by the Democratic Governor, Joseph A. Wright, in a legislative investigation, wherein he displayed much ability.

Then he was so fortunate as to be selected for assistant prosecutor in the case of a woman charged with poisoning a man at the old Ray House—a case which excited a great deal of public interest. His success in that brought him clients, and of them he has since had no lack. Indeed, he has for ten or fifteen years been one of the foremost lawyers of the State, and now that the Hendricks firm is broken up and ex-Senator McDonald largely out of the law, he may be said, with the possible exception of John M. Butler, to stand at the head of his profession in Indiana.

When the war broke out Harrison was still poor. His daily labor was needed to support the wife and two children, who still lived in the three rooms in Delaware street. But for this he would have been among the first to shoulder a musket. He was not slow in going to the front, however. Governor Morton met him on the street one day, and said to him:

"Ben, I want you to raise a regiment."

He accepted this assignment, raised a company, was commissioned a second lieutenant, then a captain, and then colonel of the Seventeenth Indiana. With this regiment he went to the front, and though for some time he had little but guard or garrison duty to perform in Kentucky and Tennessee, an opportunity to show what kind of stuff he was made of soon occurred, and he was not found wanting. In the charge at Resaca his regiment held the post of honor, where the bullets were the thickest.

It was there, according to history, that General Hooker rode up to him and said:

"By God, Ben Harrison, I'll make you a brigadier for this day's work."

Shortly afterward Colonel Harrison was breveted a brigadier general. Gen. Harrison served with credit and without injury to the end of the war. At that time General Harrison was described as being, "although only 30 years, a mere boy in appearance, and slight of frame. He had square shoulders, and a powerful arm. He was an odd looking figure, slender, with a tow-white head, short neck and short legs. He used to ride a large horse, too, and was laughed at a good deal.

But he had the respect and confidence of all. He was exceedingly tenacious of his rights, or rather of the rights of his command. He insisted on having for his boys the best camping place and the best, of the supplies and accoutrements. He was young and inexperienced, and knew little of the art of war, but he had learned what his rights were, and in his quiet way he insisted upon having them, and invariably succeeded.

After the war, when General Harrison returned to the practice ot his profession he took an active part in politics, being a Republican from the start. He took the stump for Fremont and for Lincoln, and supported the party with enthusiasm. In 1860 he had been elected reporter of the supreme court of Indiana, relinquishing his office to go to the war. In 1864 he was re-elected and served until 1868, and then declined a re-election. Gradually he became influential in the councils of his party in Indiana, until in 1876, (the Tilden and Hendricks year) the Central Committee named him fer Governor while he was absent from the State, Gov. Orth, the regular nominee, having withdrawn. Harrison made a gallant fight, but was defeated.

In 1880 he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed the Democratic Senator, Joseph E. McDonald. He stood up in the Senate for a faithful regard for treaty obligations in enforcing the exclusion of Chinese immigrants. In 1886 the Republicans of Indiana carried the State but lost the Legislature, and Gen. Harrison was therefore not re-elected. General Harrison served as a member of the Mississippi River Commission from 1878 to 1880.

He is not rich. He owns a handsome house in Indianapolis, where he lives. He has one son and one daughter, the latter being married.

The son is already prominent in the politics of Montana Territory. General Harrison is a member of the First Presbyterian church of Indianapolis, and many years ago was a Sunday-school teacher. His law practice is large, but he appears disinclined to set his fees high enough to meet the modern standard.

General Harrison is above the average height, of straight, strong figure. His hair and beard are blonde, unstreaked by gray.

He made an excellent reputation in the Senate and was considered one of its ablest members and strongest debaters. His Dakota report and speeches, and his speeches on the Edmunds' resolution regarding civil service reform are considered among the best efforts of his life.

LEVI P. MORTON'S CAREER.

New York has no more popular or respected citizen than Levi Parsons Morton. A rich man now, he is the author of his own fortune, and it has been gained in such an honorable and thrifty way that in every business transaction that added to its accumulations Mr. Morton has added a friend to his many admirers. His accumulation of friends has been almost as great as his accumulation of wealth, so that to-day he is as rich in friends as he is in money.

A quiet citizen, knowing not what ostentation is, Levi P. Morton, at the climax of a singularly successful life, gives evidence to all who know him of the careful conduct he has exacted of himself. Born in Shoreman, Vermont, on May 10, 1824, Mr. Morton, on the very threshold of life, was made acquainted with the meaning of the word labor. His parents were of old New England stock, and although thrifty, as was the character of the New Englanders, they did not accumulate much wealth. When very young Mr. Morton became a clerk in a country store. He applied himself so closely to his duties and developed such a capacity for business that he soon gained the confidence of his employers and was rapidly advanced in his position. At the age of 26 Mr. Morton had gained such a business reputation that he was given a partnership in the firm of Beebe, Morgan & Co., of Boston, then a very well known mercantile house at the Hub. He remained there for four years and then, seeking a wider field, came to this city and established the firm of Morton & Grinnell. The young and prosperous merchant remained at the head of this firm till 1863, when he founded the banking house of Morton, Bliss & Co., of which he is the senior member. At the same time the house of Morton, Rose, & Co., was established in London as the English correspondents of the New York house. From 1873 to 1884 the London firm acted as the financial agents of the United States Government. The two firms took a leading position as members of the syndicate that negotiated United States bonds in payment of the Geneva award of $15,500,000 and the Halifax fishery award of $5,500,000.

Mr. Morton has always taken an active interest in politics, and though he has never been known as an office seeker he has at the call of his fellow citizens filled with honor several public positions. In 1878 he was appointed honorary commissioner to the Paris Exposition, and in the fall of the same year he was nominated and elected by the Republican party to Congress. He was re-elected in 1880. During his service in the house of Representatives, Mr. Morton was known as a careful and conservative thinker on all public questions, and his opinions were very much respected by his fellow members. In the Republican National Convention of 1880, Mr. Morton was a staunch ally of Roscoe Conkling and an advocate of the renomination of General Grant for a third term in the Presidency. When the split came and President Garfield was nominated, Mr. Morton was offered the second place on the ticket. He declined the honor, and after the triumphant success of the ticket President Garfield offered him the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Morton also declined the Cabinet offer, saying he preferred to accept the appointment of Minister to France, in which office he was confirmed by the Senate soon after President Garfield was inaugurated. Mr. Morton's career as representative of the American Government to the French Republic was one of which he may justly feel proud. No American Minister was ever more respected abroad. Through his intercession the restrictions on the importation of American pork with France were removed and American corporations obtained legal status in France.

Since the expiration of his term as Minister to France Mr. Morton has held no official position.

Mr. Morton's private life is exemplary. In the winter he occupies a large mansion at 85 Fifth avenue, now the residence of Allan Thorndyke Rice. In the summer he resides at his country seat, Ellerslie, at Rhinebeck on the Hudson. His wife, a remarkably beautiful and accomplished woman, is several years his junior. She has always been very popular in society.

Levi P. Morton is a typical American, and a protectionist to the core.

Remarkable Surgery.

The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times, that the most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumotony, that is to say, the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. While, however, this delicate operation has sometimes been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great, and the chances of recovery so slight, that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible malady, by removing its cause and healing the lungs.

It is said that at a railroad crossing near the depot at Adrian, Mich., is a big sign with these words: "Prepare to meet thy God."

Some girls are not so bad as they are painted.

A Wild Western Wedding.

It appears that one Jonas Burton had been chosen Justice of the Peace of one of the small Wyoming towns, not because he was possessed of any special qualifications for the office, but on account of his personal magnetism, which had about it all those qualities which go to make the yellow dog a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the lovers of pure cussedness. Among other functions of his office Hon. Jonas one day found himself called upon to join in "bonds of padlock," as matrimony is sometimes called in the West, a raw young couple from up the country.

His honor was appalled at the situation. He could commit a horse thief to the gallows with all the elegance and impressiveness of manner which that act demanded. He could sentence a man to jail for life for holding five aces in his hand at poker, without turning a hair, but as "marryin' folks he wasn't in it, be goshtlemitely!" But as Justice of the Peace he had to do it, and his perturbation of spirit was dreadful to witness.

About an hour before the ceremony took place the correspondent, accompanied by one of the leading citizens of the place, a Mr. Stiles, was sent to the squire's cabin and found him pouring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse, and looking terribly anxious. After greeting the callers he said:

"Stiles, the durned galoots that got up these yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last them over night. I've run through the blamed book a half dozen times, an' can't find a dod blasted word about matermoney, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got to put the clamps on this couple, hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh," said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people never qustion the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man thought, finally, he could worry through it. Ere long the couple appeared, follow by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the old squire, who said:

"Feller citizens, this yer man an' this yar woman have appeared before this court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game ef tuk to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and forever more. All in favor o' me proceedin' as authorized by law say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'no.'"

Nobody said, "no."

"The motion is carried unanimously, an' the court rules that thar hain't nuthin' to prevent the tryin' of the case. Grip you fins." The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar thet you'll freeze to 'Mandy farever an' even? Thet ye'll love 'er and pervide for 'er, an' treat 'er square an' white, accordin' to the rules and regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws o' the United States, so help you God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar thet ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time; thet ye'll nuss him in sickness and be square to him a good, true, honest, up an' up wife, under the penalty perscribed by the laws, for the punishment of sich offense; do ye swar'ar this, so help you God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as justice o' the peace, in an' for this precinct, I pronounce you Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife an' legalize ye to remain as such now, an' furevermore; an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your souls, and bless this union with his heftiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after reciving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for the cabin up the creek.

Hunting Pearls.

You need not go to the flats of New Jersey to find Pearls. Use the celebrated Tooth Wash—Minot's Dentifrice, and secure the treasure of pearly white teeth and healthy gums. Price 25 cents per bottle. Use no other. Sold everywhere.

An Insect's Queer Domicile.

Mrs. Charles Parkhurst, of Mohegan, a few miles below Norwich, Conn., has an insect of a singularly regular habit. It is about half an inch in length and straw-colored. It dwells in a webbed and dusty crevice in the inner part of the large, old-fashioned clock in her kitchen. Once a day it appears on the dial, in the early evening when the clock is being wound, but never shows itself at other times. The moment that the crooked old brass key is inserted into the keyhole and the first turn is made that starts the leaden weights rumbling up the shafts on the sides, the bug capers out of its hiding place and gambols over the clock face in apparent ecstacy, and as soon as the weights bump against the wooden top of their chambers it scurries back to its retreat. Its evening run apparently is its sole diversion; its steady business is plied among the shaky clock wheels in superintendency of the flight of time. Many attempts have been made to catch the bug or track him to his lair, and once Mrs. Parkhurst had the face and some of the vital organs of the time-piece removed but it could not be found. It knew more about the interior of the clock than its pursuers.—Boston Herald.

Why He Liked Chicago.

A Texas man started North on his bridal tour, and did not make his appearance until eighteen months from the date of his departure. He was met by a friend, who, after exchanging congratulations with him, asked him what portion of the country that he visited during his trip he was most pleased with. He answered "Illinois."

"On what account," queried his friend, "for its natural, its business or its social attractions?"

"Neither; for its legal attractions. My wife and I were divorced there."—Texas Siftings.

No Cause for Alarm.

A man living in a Hoboken flat was greatly disturbed and not a little alarmed by a terrible commotion in the flat above. There was the sound of fierce scuffling and falling bodies with now and then a half subdued howl or groan.

"That big 200 pound lubber up there must be whipping his delicate little wife," said the indignant listener, as he ran up the stairs and knocked at the door of the upper flat.

The delicate little wife came to the door, flustered and excited with victory, and carrying a broken broomstick in her hand.

"What's the matter up here?" asked the man.

"Oh, nothing—nothing worth mentioning at all—only Higgins swore as how he wouldn't dress the baby, an' I been lettin' 'im know as how he would. He's dressin' of 'er now sir, that's all. Beg parding for disturbin' you."—Detroit Free Press.

The Children of the Poor.

In the homes of the very poor there are no hired servants to keep the household machinery running smoothly while the mistress is away. The wife of the laboring man is frequently cook, nurse, housemaid, laundress, all in one; and if she must go out as a bread winner besides, what is to prevent the domestic engine from running off the track and getting itself hopelessly ditched? Of the two evils, if both are evils, I am persuaded that it is better the child should go out to labor than the mother. Liberty, uncurbed by the check rein of parental restraint, is a more than doubtful blessing, for the loss of which the child that takes its mother's place in the shop or the mill is more than compensated by the advantage of having her at home. It is of far greater importantance to the physical and moral well being of the child that it should have a clean, well ordered home to receive it out of working hours, than that its working hours should be abolished. The real hardship to the children of the poor lies not in setting them early to learn the wholesome lesson of labor, but in leaving them to grow up amid the discomforts and dangers of a neglected home, while the mother is bestowing upon loom and spindle the care that is the natural birthright of her little ones.—Eliza F. Andrews in Popular Science Monthly.

This Season's First Fish Lie.

Mr. Thomas had a large farm on the Missouri bottoms near Sioux City. It was all fenced with barbed wire, there being two miles of such fencing on the place. He happened in Sioux City just about the time that the gorge up the river had dammed the river to such a prodigious height. Foreseeing that when the gorge broke it would be likely to raise the water to such an extent as to flood his farm, he rode hastily home and made preparations accordingly. His stock and all that was movable was transferred to higher ground. Then he and his hired man proceeded to impale small chunks of meat on every barb of that wire fence. It was a big job, but it was finished just as the river began to cover the lower pasture lot.

For twenty-six hours the water stood five feet above the top of the highest fence post, and when it receded the most remarkable sight was revealed. From every barb, except three, of that two miles of fencing hung a fish. There were pickerel, bass, pike, suckers, and every other imaginable variety. A simple calculation will show precisely the size of the haul. It was a five wire fence, each wire having thirty-six barbs to the rod, making, as any schoolboy can tell you, a total of 115,200 barbs to the two miles of fencing. There were three barbs that had caught nothing, so that there were only 115,197 fish. Perhaps the most remarkable part of the story is to come: From that day to this, in all parts of the Missouri river, there have been caught just three fish, the exact number that didn't get caught on our friend's barbed wire fence.—Iowa Falls Register.

On Life's Threshold.

"Edward, why do I hear that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you not to jump down these steps?"

"Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa. She only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down these steps, boys.' And I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her."—Examiner.

Kitty is three years old, and her brother, two years older, is not an angel, by several degrees. The other night, after saying her prayers, she said to her mother: "Now, Mamma, isn't there something else I should pray for?"

"Yes, Kitty, pray that the Lord will make you a better girl, and George a better boy."

Kitty folded her hands and closed her eyes.

"And, dear Lord, she whispered, "make Kitty a good little girl, and—amen."

"Why, Kitty," expostulated her mother, "that isn't right. You should pray for your brother too."

"I think not, mamma. I know that boy too well."—Washington Critic.

"Say, ma, Mrs. Brown has a cake on her supper table three stories high," exclaimed little Johnnie as he rushed into the family sitting room. Johnnie's mother was inclined to believe that her little boy's story was taller than the cake, until she made an investigation and found the marvel to be a layer jelly cake.—Buffalo Express.

A Wise Choice.

Lincoln Girl—Nellie, I cannot imagine why you should refuse to marry that rich and agreeable young man, Mr. Bingby, and then consent to become the wife of a person like Quimby.

Why can't you?

Mr. Bingby is polished and educated, while Mr. Quimby, to say the least, is—"

The finest first baseman I ever saw, and that settles it!—Lincoln State Journal.

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline, "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

It is interesting to keep in view the results of high license. In Ohio the Scott or high license law reduced the number of saloons from 15,635 to 10,631 within a few months, and raised a revenue of $1,785,000 from those that remained in business. In Missouri the Downing law has reduced the number of saloons 50 per cent. and the Harper law in Illinois has greatly diminished the number of saloons in that state, as has also the Brooks law in Pennsylvania.

Courage that grows from constitution often forsakes the man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.