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.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVII. NO. 7. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1888. WHOLE NO. 1934.

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

FRED. W. BIESECKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office in Printing House Row, opposite Court House.

GEORGE R. SCULL,
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Somerset, Pa.

H. S. ENDSLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

S. U. 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.

A. H COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office on Main Cross Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

WM. H. KOONTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.,
Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

DENNIS MEYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office on Union Street, opposite the Court House.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.,
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, above Fisher's Book Store.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN,
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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.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Bounty and Pension Agent. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL,
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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 residence, next to Lutheran Church.

DR. J. E. BIESECKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Biesecker & Snyder's Drug Store.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St., East of Diamond.

DR. H. BRUBAKER,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of Diamond.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,
(Formerly of Stoystown.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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(Graduate in Dentistry.)
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DENTIST,
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DR. WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
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DR. J. K. MILLER
Has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Krisinger's store.

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(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
C. J. HARRISON, PRESIDENT. M. J. PRITTS, CASHIER.
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Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 time lock.
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☞All Legal Holidays Observed.

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SOMERSET, PA.
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Employ Only First Class Workmen.
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Call and Examine my Stock and Learn Prices I do Wagon-work, and furnish Felves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA

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

Who to Consult in Disease of the Eys and Ear.

There are more people blind and deaf through improper treatment than any other cause. Those who have had neither the study or experience are as certain to give wrong as right treatment. If no direct harm is done, delay makes the curable incurable. This is common sense, and experience has demonstrated it to every oculist hundreds of times. No one can know everything, but the mental satisfaction of being sure you are doing the best possible, greatly aids the cure. This can only be felt while depending upon the specialist whose life study and experience make success morally certain. Such an one is Dr. Sadler, 904 Penn avenue, who for fourteen years in the same office, has enjoyed the largest and most successful practice ever attained by any physician in Pittsburgh. His terms are such that the poor as well as the rich can avail themselves of his skill. 6-27-1yr.

With the Advent of
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Must Come a Change from Heavy to
Medium and Light-Weight
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OUR STOCK CONTAINS EVERY REQUISITE TO MEET THE WANTS OF ALL IN
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For Babies, Small Children, Boys, Gentlemen and Ladies in Spring Merino Cassimer, Gauze, Balbriggans, Swiss Ribbed Lisle Thread and Silk.
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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 us.
Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

State Normal School
CALIFORNIA, PA.
FALL TERM OPENS SEPT 3.
Attendance in 1887, 512; in 1883, 633.
Instructors men and women of marked ability. Well-known teachers engaged for special work. Last year these were Dr. Edward Brooks, Psychology, (1 week), Lelia E. Partridge, Methods, (5 weeks) Byron W. King, Elocution, (Spring Term).
Motto, "Best in everything": best instruction, best facilities for learning how to teach, best dormitory accommodations, best table board, best rates for students. Boarding, (with well-furnished room, steam heat, light, bath rooms, pure spring water on every floor, &c.) $3.25 a week.
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THEO. B. NOSS, Ph.D., Principal.
7-25-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In Re. Estate of Andrew Turney, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset County, Pa. } In the Orphans' Court Somerset County, Pa.

And now to wit, 9th of June 1888, on petition of Jonas Turney, Administrator of the estate of Andrew Turney, dec'd., and on motion of J. R. Scott, Esq., Attorney for said estate, the Court appoint L. C. Colborn, Esq., Auditor to ascertain the correct indebtedness, ascertain the widow's dower, and Make a distribution to and among those legally entitled thereto.

SOMERSET COUNTY, SS.
(SEAL.) Extracts from the Records Certified 9 June 1888.
JACOB D. SWANK, Clerk.

By virtue of the above appointment, the undersigned Auditor hereby gives notice that he will meet to attend to his duties at his office in Somerset, Pa., on Tuesday, the 28th day of July, 1888, at 10 o'clock p. m., when and where all parties interested can attend if they think proper.
L. C. COLBORN, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Matthew Patton, dec'd., late of Elklick Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.

February 24, 1888, Account of Executors filed, and passed Register. April 24, 1888, Exceptions to Account filed. June 9, 1888, W. H. Ruppel appointed Auditor "to pass upon the exceptions and make a distribution according to law."

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Somerset, Pa., on Friday, the 31 day of August, 1888, when and where all persons interested can attend.
W. H. RUPPEL,
Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Lavinia Hinebaugh, dec'd, late of Ursina Borough, Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters of administration on above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, Aug. 4, 1888, at the office of the Admr. in Ursina Borough.
JEROME B. JENNINGS,
Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Charles Holsapple dec'd., late of Paint Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters of administration on above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, the 27th day of August, at the late residence of dec'd., in Paint Twp.
JOHN HOLSAPPLE,
HENRY HOLSAPPLE,
F. W. BIESECKER, Att'y. Administrators.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I got to thinkin' of him—as sometimes a feller will—
Of the night he give a lecture to the folks in Shelbyville.
An' we set up outtil daylight, as them lecturers some times do—
A talkin' of a hundred things that mightn't int'rest you;
I mind the things he rattled off that night, in boyish glee,
Recitations he recited to a audience of me:
How I laughed outtil the lan'lord come an' ast us to be still—
So I got to thinkin' of him an' that night at Shelbyville.

Then he'd kind o' quit his nonsense an' we'd settle down a spell,
Tell Jim 'ud turn upon me an' begin—"Dem tell 'Bout the time I went to Franklin for the Baptist College folks?"
An' I'd stretch my mouth across my face, all ready for the jokes;
But he'd branch off in a story 'bout the "Merry Workers" band,
That 'skies you knowed the "Workers" you'd o'd hardly understand;
I o'd hear myself a swallerin', the room 'ud seem so still—
So I got to thinkin' of him an' that night at Shelbyville.

I got to thinkin' of him—like 'twas jest a year ago—
Fer time, that flies so fast in dreams, in alm'nicks is slow;
He was workin' like a beaver lec'turn' here an' lec'turn' there,
An' a writin' on the railroad cars, in taverns—ever where,
Printin' poemes in the papers, speak'n' pieces at the fairs,
An' him an' me a travelin', now an' then a round in pairs;
An' he seemed to think 'at he was no account at all—but still,
I got to thinkin' of him an' that night at Shelbyville.

I got to thinkin' of him—an' the happy "Days gone by,"
Tell the sweet "Old fashioned roses" seemed to bloom agin—an' die;
An' I hear him talk agin about "My bride that is to be,"
When he'd come to Gritsby station "jest to have a night weth me,
I kin see him settin' down agin, to give the Prince a rock,
When "The frost was on the pumpkin an' the corn was in the shock;"
An' I hear a laughing voice I loved with music in its trill—
So I got to thinkin' of him an' that night in Shelbyville.

So I set here an' I wonder of I know jest what it means
When I see 'em print his poetry in all the magazines;
An' I see him on the platform with the James and Howells set,
An' hear the people sayin', "He's the best one of 'em yet;"
An' I keep a winkin' back the tears that make my fool eyes shine
For I couldn't feel no prouder of he'd been a boy of mine;
Fer he's jest the same old Riley, an' he'll be the same Jim still,
As he was the night 'at him an' me set up at Shelbyville.

—Robert J. Burdette in Atlanta Constitution.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

I.

I am a sound sleeper. With a clear conscience and a robust constitution, it is impossible for a man to toss sleeplessly on his bed. But that morning I awoke suddenly two hours before my accustomed time, and felt so wide awake that I thought it must certainly be 7 o'clock at the latest. I pulled aside the curtains of my berth, and held my watch under the glimmering light. It was only 5! I shook it, looked again at it, and glanced up and down the car. No one was stirring, not even the porter in sight. I pulled my head in again, shivered a little, turned over and tried to go to sleep, but the pillows seemed out of shape, and I could not comfortably arrange them. The covering would not adjust itself to me, and, after trying to keep my eyes shut a few minutes, I at last gave it up and rolled up the certain.

The air outside looked keen and snapping. The ground, with its covering of snow, sparkled as if some prodigal hand had scattered diamonds in profusion everywhere. The moon was low, but seemed to be lingering for one last look on so beautiful a landscape. Away ahead I could occasionally catch glimpses of the engine as she rounded the curves, covered with clouds of steam that fell back over her dusky form like a mantle of eider. She held her nose over the glittering path, with its two parallel lines running on into infinity, like a hound on the trail, while the light on her forehead darted flashes like a meteor. On we flew. The low rumble and swaying motion of the car on its springs betokened our speed.

I lay back on my pillow, thanking fortune that I was in comfortable quarters, and not breathing the frosty air, as the men on the engine. As dawn appeared I pulled up the curtain at the foot of the berth, piled the pillows under my head, making my position a semi-reclining one and watched the effect of the bright streaks of crimson which were now shooting over the hills and making the shadows in the valley disappear.

On entering the car the evening before, as far as I could notice, the apartments were nearly all filled. Seeing this, I gave my valise and coat to the porter, entering the smoking apartment, and did not leave it until late—so late in fact that it was almost impossible to find my berth, owing to the poor light and the uniformity of the make up of berths.

I now noticed as I raised the lower curtain, in the half light of morning that filled my apartment, a white object at the upper inside corner of the berth, to which I at first gave no attention, thinking, as I remember now, that it was the corner of the sheet that covered the berth above me. At one time I saw it move, but the movement was so unnatural for an inanimate object that it gave me a slight start. As the light increased I found my attention was all the more keenly riveted on this white object in the corner. I saw it move a second time and by degrees it began to take shape. I now discovered that it was a hand, but whether a large or a small one, a man's or a woman's, I could not discern. I was pleased at making the one discovery—a little more daylight would tell what kind of a hand it was and give me some idea of its owner.

I found out as my vision became plainer that it was small, probably a child's and not large enough for a man's. A slight movement of the hand betrayed a beautiful solitaire ring encircling the third finger. My interest very perceptibly increased. I thought I was too old to be interested in such things. When a man looks back over a stretch of thirty years, and can honestly confess that such trivial things as being interested seriously in a woman's heart never troubled him, he should not confess that in the secondary consideration he should be taken so completely unaware by a woman's hand. I wished my bed had been made up the other way, then I would be directly under the little hand and could study it, from a distance, to be sure, but more minutely.

The light grew in volume, but not fast enough to suit my impatience. I watched the hand as it hung there, limp and motionless, with increasing interest. I was fearful every moment it might be withdrawn, I sat up in my berth, but my view was not insufficiently compensated. I tossed my pillow to the other end of the berth and changed my position. A closer view of the hand showed me also a wee bit of well rounded wrist protruding from a black sleeve trimmed with lace. The hand was a beautiful one, small, pearly white, and looked as soft as a baby's. The veins were marked only the faintest under the most transparent skin. The nails were beautiful, well rounded, daintily kept and polished.

My inquisitiveness would not stop where the hand left off. I was not now satisfied with the closer inspection I had obtained, but wanted to know if the owner of the hand was as comely in person as the little sample I had of her led me to believe was the case. I argued that such a white skin must belong to a fair complexioned lady; a brunette's would be creamy in color. I, of course, wondered how old she was. I coul I not see a wrinkle; she must be young. Was she married or single? I never gave much of my attention to ring fashions, but I knew that a young lady was at least engaged if she wore a ring on her first finger. It gave me pleasure to know the ring did not betoken a sweetheart. Had the ring been placed on the second finger she must have been a married lady; but then, if married, where was the plain band wedding ring? It was wanting. The ring being on the third finger did not argue anything.

I next tried to recall all that I had ever heard in regard to palmistry. I had given the matter some little attention years before and could only recall the cardinal signs. The hand was partly closed; this was against me, but by twisting my neck I found the hand was clearly marked with dainty lines, which I could see but indistinctly. The line that is first considered is the line running around and encircling the base of the thumb, called the vital line, if I remember correctly. The line was so marked that it betokened a good constitution and a fair lease of life. Its course was nearer the base of the thumb than is usual, showing her to be of a warm, confiding nature, firm but sympathetic.

Some other lines showed a love of independence and sound judgement; others a coquettish, roguish nature; others that she was tender of others' feelings. This much I found: That I was unconsciously taking as much interest in the "tale of the hand" as if I expected my own hand to be crossed with a silver piece when I had finished the examination. A few markings in the centre of the hand I desired to see that the half light in the apartment did not reveal. I never knew how it happened, but can only remember that I was so earnest in my endeavor to trace out those markings that I forgot the hand belonged to any one—forgot where I was, or the situation, and turned the hand around to the light.

II.

I noticed that my story was not much appreciated by my audience. This was made very evident by an occasional yawn from some of the members of the party, or from their changing their positions occasionally. I did not desire to bore them with a story that I myself thought insipid, and as I closed the last sentence, said:

"I see you are not interested, and we are all tired; let us postpone the balance of the story until to-morrow night."

"No, no; go on!" said Madge. "It is just beginning to get interesting. What did she do when you caught hold of her hand?"

III.

The moment my hand came in contact with the hand from above I realized my mistake. The hand was suddenly withdrawn. An overwhelming sense of my folly came over me. I would apologize, but how? I could not say it was an accident, because I had taken hold of the hand deliberately. Had I merely touched it that would have been another matter. I did hope at that moment that a collision would happen, that in the uproar I could drop out into the snow unobserved. With a feeling somewhat akin to criminal I dressed quickly, secured my valise and coat and placed them in a seat not occupied further up the car, and then went into the wash-room. Not until I reached it did I feel secure. I plunged my burning face into the cold water, which animated me a little. As I gathered my scattered forces while completing my morning toilet I smiled at my sudden trepidation. I had not been seen; why not go back, and from another seat see if the owner of the hand was as comely as I had pictured her? There were twenty other persons in the car; how could she distinguish me from the others?

I went back into the car and took a seat near my own berth and waited patiently for the occupant of upper "seven" to make her appearance. After a lapse of time that seemed hours, while in reality it may have been twenty minutes, I saw the porter approach the berth with a ladder and immediately a girlish head protruded from the curtains with a half frightened expression on her face. What I expected from so beautiful a hand was more than realized. The face was beautiful—large, lustrous eyes, a beautiful complexion and a well formed head, crowned with a luxuriant growth of auburn hair. As the curtain parted and she stood for an instant, not quite determined which way to go, I caught her full outline. She was medium in size, graceful in every movement, and was clothed in a warm colored fabric which heightened the color of her complexion. As she passed me I imagined I caught a little roguish twinkle in her eye, but that may have been only my imagination. I waited patiently for her return, but my station, Hudson, was called ere she came back, and I reluctantly got off.

The beautiful little town nestled so quietly under the lee of the hills, with the great black St. Croix bathing its feet, is as beautiful in winter as in the summer months. As I left the car and stepped into the cold, invigorating air, I could not but admire the quiet tranquility that reigned everywhere. The blue smoke was curling upward from a number of white cottage chimneys that betokened warmth, peace and plenty inside. I dropped my valise at the depot and walked aimlessly down the high grade approach of the immense bridge. I indulged in some air castle building that was the nearest approach to sentimentalism that had occupied my thoughts for many a day. The long train, now rumbling along the farther end of the bridge, and so far distant that it resembled a toy train of cars, contained a face and form that had awakened new desires in me. A little white cottage in some quiet place like this, a wife, and mayhap a little toddler at my knee—but nonsense! I started back at a rapid rate, breakfasted, finished my business, and took the next train for St. Paul.

It was the time of the ice carnival, and such a throng of people, in outlandish costumes. At night the city was gayly illuminated with myriads of electric lights and its streets filled with noisy, rollicking, gayly dressed crowds. I hurried through my business, which kept me occupied for several days, and then, being alone and having no personal acquaintances in the city, did as the rest did—bought a blanket suit and a tasseled cap and followed the crowd. I was not willing to admit then, even to myself, why I stayed, as I took no particular interest in tobogganing, or freezing myself standing on the corner watching the various carnival companies in their parades. But you can guess it. On the third day I was rewarded. I was coming down Third street; the sidewalk was filled with pedestrians, while the street was in continual jingle of passing sleighs loaded with happy people. One turnout that attracted my attention was remarkably fine.

Three large horses were hitched abreast—a semicircle of plumes over the central horse, while the others were nearly covered with bells. The heavy harnesses were trapped with silver. The sleigh was low and broad, hidden with robes, while the driver, on a high seat in front, was costumed like a Cossack. There were two occupants besides the driver—an old gentleman and a lady. The gentleman was so closely muffled that he was almost unrecognizable, but the lady was the one that had occupied "upper" seven. She saw me, I think, before I recognized her. As the sleigh passed me and was receding she pulled her mittened hand from her muff and held it up, palm toward me for an instant, behind the old gentleman, and seemingly trying to avoid being seen by others, or the old gentleman himself. There was a most tantalizing and bewitching expression on her face as she did this. In an instant the face was gone.

To say that I was dumbfounded at her action would hardly be expressing my feelings. That she knew or divined my efforts at palmistry in the car was certain from her action. That she was amused at my nonplussed expression was evident from the suppressed mirth, fun, raillery and blushes which followed like quick ripples over her face. To my embarrassment she had turned the tables on me. The twinkle that I thought I saw in her eyes as she passed me that morning in the car was not a supposition. It was a reality.

I made my way to my hotel and took the first train for home. On my way to the depot I was afraid to look into a woman's face, fearful that it would be she, and that some new phase of the matter might reveal itself that I knew nothing of or did not expect. The matter puzzled me for a long time, but I never could come to any real opinion of how she obtained the knowledge of my efforts at palmistry.

IV.

When I entered Mme. Y.'s residence the night of the famous reception, unattended, the house was ablaze with light. The parlors and halls were crowded with guests, while the dancers in the salon were making muscular efforts to keep in motion, though nearly futile for want of space. My acquaintance was limited and after disposing of my wraps, I was happy that such was the case. I could get into a corner somewhere and watch what was going on unobserved. I had scarcely reached the lower landing when I was confronted by an old classmate whom I had not seen for years. His delight at meeting me was not assumed, and nothing would do but that I must make the rounds with him. Almost before I was aware of it I was filling my card with names.

I spent a most enjoyable evening. I closed my last number and was standing in the conservatory, which opened from the drawing-room, talking with Brown, my old college chum, when my attention was attracted to a graceful figure standing at the further end of the drawing-room conversing with an elderly gentleman. Occasionally she would look in our direction, artlessly shading her eyes with her hand to get a better view of us. There was something familiar to me in the figure of both the gentleman and the young lady. I probably stared so earnestly that Brown, noting my lack of attention, turned, and seeing the object that attracted me, said:

"That's the princess, Jim. They have come in late, and that is her father, Senator X.

Come along. I'll introduce you." I tried to remonstrate, but it was useless. The minute I saw her face, unaffected by the blaze of light, I recognized her. I am not usually timid, but I never felt so ill at ease or awkward as I did at that time. She saw my embarrassment, and only added to it by saying:

"Yes, Mr. Brown, Mr. Daly comes very near being an old friend; so much so, in fact, that we should shake hands."

And as she said this she coquetishly thrust forward the little gloved hand which I clasped with a vigor that was quite unnecessary. The conversation branched off into various channels. I stumbled along, and wished I could get away from those eyes. Finding that Brown was in the middle of a conversation with the Senator I told her I had something to tell her, and she very cordially took my arm and we wandered back to the conservatory, now quite deserted. I then explained the ridiculous experience of the sleeping car—how I was led into it, and my succeeding rudeness when I thought I was not known. She laughed heartily, and said the occurrence had often been amusingly thought of. She explained that in her sleep her arm had fallen over the side of the berth and she was awakened by a feeling of numbness in her hand, owing to the position her arm was held in for so long.

She had no idea her hand extended below the line of the upper berth. Her attention was further attracted by a low voice in the berth beneath, and on looking down had seen the head of a rather "prepossessing looking gentleman," as she put it, in close proximity to her hand and seemingly studying it very minutely. She knew at once what his motive was, and still more so, because the gentleman was talking either to himself or to some one in the berth with him. (I have been told before that I was in the habit of talking to myself. It only confirmed me of the uselessness of trying to throw off bachelorhood.) On pressing her to know what it was I said, she replied that she had only caught enough of the conversation to hear him speaking of the "Vital line," the "Line of truth," and so on. She also said she caught the expression of earnest endeavor on his face, and knew that the accident happened unintentionally.

When seeing me again in St. Paul she could not refrain from giving me to understand she knew all about it, and begged that I would forgive her rudeness and make allowance for a little breach of etiquette, because it was "carnival time."

Further conversation was interrupted by the approach of Brown and Senator X. The Senator said:

"I am looking for a man by your name Daly. I noticed by the papers he was in Washington a few days ago. He is here to introduce a new piece of ordinance he has patented. I did want to see him. I have an idea of my own that will perfect this machine, I think."

"Why, Jim, that is you," said Brown. "Senator, this is Daly."

"Well just the man I wanted! Mr. Daly, your patent—I have seen the drawings—is lacking in this, that the——"

"Now, papa, do not commence talking gun to Mr. Daly. You will never know when to stop. Let me suggest that Mr. Daly call."

"Yes, dear, you are right, and it is late too—but Mr. Daly, can you not join us at breakfast? We will be alone, will we not, dear?"

Breakfasts are too conventional, papa, and perhaps it would be inconvenient for Mr. Daly to breakfast at our hour: let me suggest dinner. You will come, Mr. Daly, and also, Mr. Brown?"

Brown pleaded an engagement, but I accepted.

"Yes dinner—that is better," said the Senator. "I will in the meantime get my ideas on paper about the gun, Daly; and come early. We dine at 7." And giving his number for his carriage, they bade us good night.

That night, just before we parted, Brown said, abruptly:

"So you and the princess are old friends Jim?"

"How does she come by that name?"

"Oh, that is the name she is known by among her gentlemen friends, and that is the name given her by the papers here. She is so well liked and is such a regal looking beauty—did you ever see such eyes and hair? She reminds me—

"Her eyes were blue, and such a pair,
No star in heaven was ever brighter;
Her skin was most divinely fair;
I never saw a shoulder whiter,
And there was something in her form—
Juste en bon pointe, I think they term it—
That really was enough to warm
The icy bosom of a hermit.

"She has more admirers than any other women in Washington, and treats us all about the same, but she is still 'heart and fancy free.'"

Then you are an admirer, I should take it?"

"Yes, I was one of them, but now I admire from a distance. Where did you meet her, Jim? You did not seem a bit impressed with her cordiality."

"Oh, it was only a casual acquaintance—some time back."

"Eh, ha! Good night!" And Brown left me.

I sauntered slowly toward my lodgings. The bright moonlight and utter quiet were restful. The cigar I smoked was a good one, but my mind was so busy in recalling her every word and expression during our short conversation that it went out half a dozen times. I was restless that night. I closed my eyes and could see the little white hand as I first saw it in the half light of early morning in my berth. I could see it in its little silk mitten, held up toward me from the sleigh. I could feel it, with its gloved warmth, lying carelessly in mine, and then, as I gradually became unconscious, it seemed to hang over me, and as I would grasp it, it would vanish just out of my reach. I, too, was becoming one of the "princess" admirers.

The dinner next evening was a charming experience—just her father and herself. Her father, the Senator, was, I found, an old friend of my father's in their younger days. When we arose from the table and the Senator left the way into the library, or his den, as he termed it, she begged to be allowed to follow us, and over perplexing details and seemingly uninteresting designs to her, we spent the evening. In comment on an idea of hers that explained a certain perplexity we were worrying over, her father said:

"Well, now, daughter, you know more about guns than either of us. You see, Mr. Daly, it's hereditary."

Before I left she sang several charming little ballads, "favorites of papa's," she said, and I went back to my lodgings in love with the "princess."

The next day and the next saw me at the Senator's. Occasionally I would catch glimpses of Cassie as she flitted past or through the library, where the Senator and myself were busily engaged over our drawings. Sometimes she would stop and listen to our discussions. It was then that designs, ideas and details would vanish and leave me in such an absent minded state that it would be some minutes after she had left us before I could again collect myself enough to proceed.

Much to my pleasure I found that my work was being lengthened out beyond all my former calculations. After my plans had been placed on file I had no reasonable excuse for staying. The last evening in Washington I called, with the full intention of telling Cassie some things her ear alone should hear. I found myself in a semi-reception when I reached the Senator's, and had only a few minutes with her to say good by. The Senator said he was sorry to lose me, as I had been the only sociable friend of the winter.

I heard from the Senator occasionally during the following summer on business topics, and he would generally speak of his daughter, but only as to her health or some such matter. In the following September I saw a newspaper announcement of the engagement of Miss X., daughter of Senator X. of St. Paul, to Lieutenant S. A. Sumner, U. S. N. It made me shiver a little. I laid down the paper, and through the curling smoke of my pipe saw a slender white hand form itself and gradually grow dim and vanish the shadows beyond the range of my lamp. I chided myself that I had let my love lie dormant all this time, and had not even made a fair race for that which I desired above all things. Now it was out of my reach.

The latter part of the next January found me again at St. Paul during the carnival. The day after my arrival, on returning to the hotel for dinner I found a note from Senator X., saying he had seen an announcement in the *Globe*, of my arrival, and insisted that I should have my things sent up to his house and make his home my own during my stay, and further explaining that they had been home for some weeks and would not again return to Washington that season. I called that afternoon and was met by Cassie, who had been apprised by her father of his invitation. She seemed embarrassed at our first greeting, but it soon wore away, and I found her even more beautiful and kind than ever before. When the Senator arrived he seemed delighted to see me, and at dinner was in one of his merriest moods. That evening a few of their friends came in and Cassie sang for us. Late that night the Senator and myself talked over the ordinance bill that had passed the previous spring so favorably to myself, and planning new moves necessary for its general introduction into the navy. That suggested a matter of painful recollection to me, and I said:

"I saw an announcement last fall, Senator, that you were to have a member of our navy a son-in-law."

"Where did you hear that? You mean Sumner? No, that was only a little newspaper gossip."

I could have hugged the old gentleman. I mentioned that that was where I had seen it—in some newspaper.

"No, Daly, the right man has not come along yet. She is a jewel for some man, but since her mother's death the thought of her leaving me is painful, but, sooner or later, it is bound to come."

The follwing afternoon a sleigh ride was proposed by Cassie. The Senator had said at lunch that he would not be back until late.

On entering the sleigh I noticed it to be the same one that I had seen on that memorable occasion the year before. Our ride was delightful in itself, but I think were both ill at ease. By some lucky intuition we again passed the spot where I had first seen the sleigh and the little mittened hand thrust out before me. Glancing nervously at Cassie I noticed a slight tinge of crimson on her face. She laid her hand coyly on my arm and the tinge deepened as she said:

"It was here I treated you very unkindly a year ago."

"You held it toward me then—and now, darling, will you not give it to me to keep forever?"

And, as I clasped the little hand in mine, it lay there a willing prisoner, and her tears told me a story far more delicious than I ever wildly dreamed of.

Our readers have doubtless often noticed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is well spoken of in the newspapers. The press is quick to recognize merit and does not hesitate to give praise where it is due. The following is from the *Baptist Weekly*, a leading religious paper:

"Advertising may bring an article prominently before the public, but no advertising can long help it if it has not real merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is well advertised; but the best proof of its value is that so many persons use it on the recommendations of friends who have proved its peculiar virtues.

Some Political Axioms.

A Protectionist is a revenue reformer who proposes first to take off the internal revenue taxes and to bring the Government back to the sources of revenue which were relied on previous to the civil war; and after that he would revise the tariff, always with the principle of protection uppermost.

A Free-trader is a revenue reformer who proposes first of all to reduce the tariff duties on foreign goods and to maintain the internal revenue taxes untouched. The revision of the tariff he would put through with the principle of Free-Trade with foreign nations uppermost. By steadily pursuing this policy, all strictly protective duties would be swept away in the course of about twenty years, and the country brought substantially to internal taxation and its permanent mode of revenue. This wold be equivalent to Free-Trade.

The men who claims to be a Protectionist and yet proposes to maintain the internal revenue taxes unchanged, and to begin revenue reform by smashing the tariff, is either under a delusion himself regarding his own opinions, or is seeking to delude others.

The man who claims to be a free-trader, yet proposes before making any change in the tariff to first reduce the internal revenue taxes, is a sort of man we have never seen; and of his existence there is at yet no evidence.

It is just as well that these distinctions should be understood exactly as they are. There is no use in any false pretence or misleading representation about the subject.—*N. Y. Sun* [*Dem.*]

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal, perhaps, of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford, for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

On Fat Men.

Why is it that as a rule fat men are so much more amorous than thin men? Is it that they grow fat on the pleasant pastime of making love, while more intellectual pursuits run to skin and bone? Many fat men are simply rather stupid, good natured and inordinacy vain; they are generally the last, and it may be that the pleasant sensation of vanity is good nourishment. But it is suprising how often, given the opportunity, the talk of fat men runs to flirtation or to food. Of course I don't mean to say that a fat man always talks of various dishes any more than that his conversation with a woman usually includes an offer of marriage. On the contrary, perhaps, knowing his own weakness, he is more chary of his proposals than are his leaner brethern; by the same token he does not openly discourse on food, but he will amble off gently in its direction.

He will tell you of the dining places in every continental city he has visited, or remarks, on the wretched cooking here, the insufficiency of service there. Perhaps he will tell you of his grapes or the size of his cucumbers, though grapes and cucumbers are not much in his way. He sometimes prides himself on his cellar, but he will oftener know the ingredients of an out of the way curry, or have at his fingers' ends the names of places where you can get choice and curious dishes.

So in talking to women his conversation runs to little compliments, and a semblance of love making; he talks of marriage, hedges round it, and smiles and looks up to see if they are pleased. When he speaks of women it is from the old fashioned point of view that he considers them, for he is too fat, hurry on and catch up advanced ideas. A woman, he thinks, should be pretty, irreverent, saucy, and given to smiling and blushing. It is by a blush or a smile that men of his type are caught. She has no business to know anything about books, except in a superficial manner that will enable her to talk for five minutes only of poetry and novels. She should especially know nothing of politics. He does not like women with ideas of their own; they ought to take them distilled and diluted from men in general and their husbands in particular.

When a woman is married she should concern herself with her home and children (quite true), and as for int