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THE SOMERSET HERALD, SOMERSET, PA.

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There are many persons who, through improper treatment, have their eyes ruined. It is a common error to consult a general practitioner for eye disease.

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We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction,

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Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examining eyes, and our optician can suit you. Come and see us.

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Respectfully,

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Has resided permanently in Somerset for the past ten years. Office in Main street, in rear of drug store.

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FOR TIPPECANOE AND MORTON TO!

Oh, what has caused this great commotion. Motion, motion, motion, the country through? It is the call!

A rallying cry.

For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, And with them we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland.

The ladies, too, God bless their souls, South, south, south, the country through, Will be in it.

For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, And with them we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland.

The honest voters in our ranks, Mills, mills, mills, the country through, To study leads.

For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, And with them we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland.

The gallant boys who wore the blue, Blue, blue, and to our flag went, Will all turn out.

For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, And with them we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland.

To escape the tide, For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, For Tippecanoe and Morton, too, And with them we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland, Cleveland, we'll lead Mr. Cleveland.

The Bourgeois, rebels and Magwumpers, Wumpers, rumpers, rumpers and all their crew, Will all turn out.

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A SOLITARY PASSENGER.

The 10:30 train from White Peak was late that foggy February night. It never was what one would call a painfully prompt train, but tonight it was full fifty minutes behind its usual time, and the telegraph operator had nearly fallen asleep behind the pane of ground glass over which the "word ticks" was inscribed in half circle, and toward which a most impatiently fore-shortened hand was depicted as extending a gift finger for enlightenment of the general public.

Not that the Big Pine telegraph office was ordinarily open at so late an hour as this. Seven o'clock was the usual period of closing. Nor had Ennie Barlow any official right to the tall wooden stool behind the semicircular gift legend referring to "ticks." In a manner she had had great ground to stand upon. Old Mr. Petylove, who represented the majesty of the railway company in this particular spot, had gone home in the early dusk with a raging facial neuralgia, and in common humanity Ennie could have refused temporarily to assume his position with its duties.

"It will only be another hour of work," she told herself, as she put on a little additional log of frost-fringed wood into the little air-tight stove. "When the 10:30 has passed I can shut up the place and go home. There are only two night freights, and the conductors on both of them have keys to the freight house."

In the course of these sanguine meditations Ennie had neglected to take into account the fact that the telegraph office was a "black-green" one; that the rails, and she was beginning to grumble rather anxiously at the unmeaning dial of the wooden clock on the pine shelf above her head, for she would have to walk nearly half a mile through the lonely wooded road, and she could reach her home only by crossing the bridge over the river, and she had a plain, tinny little mother sitting beside the fire, who was sure to inquire all sorts of possible and impossible horrors Ennie chanced to be a few minutes behind the regulation time of arriving at the doorstep.

"I wish," Miss Barlow mused, "that I had a key to the door. But never mind, I'll see my mother before she gets up. She'll be likely to be detained a little. But there's the train can't be long now."

Outside the door howled like an infuriated demon in the worst possible of tempers. The tops of the pine trees kept up a constant moaning, like the waves of some black-green sea. Within, the clock ticked lustily on, the logs of wood crackled and sputtered in the stove, and Ennie Barlow yawned over her paper-covered Ivanhoe, with a growing indifference to the fate alike of the fair-haired Ikenia and Rebecca the beautiful.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the tiniest sound, like the throbbing of some sensitive insect. Ennie started, instinctively obedient to the call of her ancestor, the telegraph.

"A message!" she thought. "And at this time of night. Well, wonders will never cease."

A message it was, to Peter Petylove, station agent at Big Pine station.

"Defalcation in Home Bank. Dark passenger on train 21. Small, dark, and wearing fire-trimmed coat. Keep in custody until further notice."

H. V. Carrara, Chief of Police at White Peak.

Almost before she had deciphered these words, Ennie Barlow telegraphed back, "All right," and once more the small silver heart left off its tumultuous throbbing. And not until then did the telegraph operator realize what a very peculiar position she was in. All alone at Big Pine station, and officially authorized, in right of her substitution, to arrest a bank defaulter on the spot!

Even while she pondered on this unexpected state of things there was a curious thrill and a shiver under her feet, a shrill steam whistle rising above the sustained roar of the tempest. The 10:30, officially known as No. 21, was swinging around the curve.

In an instant Ennie Barlow was out in the deep snow on the rude board platform with the lighted lantern in her hand. The conductor on the train was not at all surprised to see her there. He knew that Peter Petylove was old and feeble, and a spirited young female telegraph operator is rated at her full value in the Big Pine section. She tried to signal to him that she wanted to speak to him, but the blinding snow drove it straight like shells between them. He smiled and nodded to her in an aggressive way that men have when they are particular about, shogged about in incomprehensible commonness, the weather, or helped to lose the brakes, and was an eighth of a mile up the track before Ennie's lantern light fell on a single black figure, it had pulled over its eyes, its face closely buttoned up in a fur-trimmed hood, and its hands tucked in its pockets. "Is this the station?" said a low, modulated voice, which gave Miss Barlow the idea that the unhappy victim of justice was a gentleman born and bred. "Where are the porters? Upon my word," looking around at a bewildered expression, "I'm afraid they've forgotten to put off my baggage. Isn't there a fire somewhere hereabouts?"

Ennie Barlow looked solemnly at him as she opened the door into the bright, cheerfully lighted station. Yes, the telegraph description had been correct. He was small and dark, and poor though he looked as if he were half-frozen to death. But now arose the perplexing question, how was she to "detain him?"

"I can lock him in the ticket office," she thought to herself. "He will be safe enough until Mr. Petylove comes in the morning. But, poor fellow! I do feel sorry for the fellow."

The solitary passenger fell headlong into the trap laid for him by the telegraph operator. He walked directly into the ticket office and sat down, with a weary sigh, on the tall wooden stool which had lately served Miss Barlow as a place of refuge.

"Only about as old as our Victor would have been had he lived," thought Ennie. "Oh, I wonder what sterner trial led him into this mistake! I wonder—You are mistaken, sir," she said aloud, in answer to his reiterated questions. "There are no porters here. There is no hotel here than the Pine Barrens, four miles away. The agent is detained at home by sickness, and I am the telegraph operator, on duty in his absence."

The stranger uttered a long, low whistle. "I think," he said, "that I must have made a mistake to alight at the jumping-off place of all the world. What to be done, I wonder!"

He looked so cold, so youthful, so utterly desolate, that Ennie Barlow's heart beat for him in his solitude and peril.

"Even if he has gone wrong," she pondered, "with all a young girl's optimism, she may do better if she can only get a chance. After all, I am not the station agent. How can they expect me, a woman, to usurp the place of the officers of the law? I could detain him perfectly well, but—"

"Can you tell me," pleaded the solitary passenger, "where I can get a night's lodging and something to eat? It is six hours since I left the supper station, and I am just recovering from a siege of malarial fever. Surely there must be some one around here who would act as a defaulter."

"No, I'm not," stoutly asserted the stranger. "I beg pardon for contradicting you, but that is all a mistake from beginning to end. I will stand a great deal of it, but I won't stand such names as that."

"This is scarcely a fair return for my treatment of you," said Ennie, with some contempt. "Decide at once—"

"Oh, come, now, won't you give a fellow a chance?" uttered her companion. "As the school books say, 'Strike, but hear.' I've nobody's money but my own, and I'm not much of that. I don't know anything about your bank nor their defaulter. I've only been in your country two weeks, and I think it's the snowiest climate going. My name is Ernest Tinsall, and I was to have been met at the station by Colonel Copley, of the Four Hundred Cavalry."

Ennie Barlow gave a little shriek of amazement. "Sir Ernest Tinsall?" she cried. "He is the man who was put out here out here to hunt hares, and follow up the line of the Pine River! But you have alighted at the wrong station; you should have stopped at Pine Barrens, seven miles beyond here."

"I heard the conductor hawl out something about pine of one sort or another," said the young defaulter, "and I was drowsy, and didn't stop to discriminate, and I scrambled off. So I have made a mistake, have I? But all the same, it's awfully good of you to offer to conduct me to a place of Christian shelter."

"And I have made a mistake, too," said Ennie, with a gasp. "Just before your arrival in the morning a message was detained at Big Pine station—a message to detain a bank robber who was said to be on the train. I was all alone, but I could have locked him in the ticket office perfectly well. We western girls are prepared for any emergency," she said, with some pride, "and you are so young and so delicate, I determined to give you one more chance."

"I may depend on you?" he asked, with imploring emphasis.

"Yes, you may depend on me."

"Thanks, awfully!" declared the stranger, with fervor. "You see, it makes it very unpleasant to have these things talked about."

"I should think it might," she said, frigidly.

"And I had counted on remaining strictly incognito."

"So I should imagine."

A brief silence ensued. Ennie was wondering how her strange companion could speak so coolly of "these things