Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 16. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1889 WHOLE NO. 1995.

...REY M. BERKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...with F. J. Kooser, Esq. SOMERSET, PA.

...C. HOLBERT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...with John H. Ohl. Somerset, Pa.

...D. W. BIESECKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Printing House Row, opposite Court Somerset, Pa.

...ARGE R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Printing House Row. Somerset, Pa.
J. G. OGLE.
...ER & OGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

...J. KOOSER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Printing House Row. Somerset, Pa.

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

...TRENT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.

...J. PRITTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Somerset County Bank. Somerset, Pa.

...L. BAER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...practice in Somerset and adjoining counties ...business entrusted to him will receive ...attention. Somerset, Pa.

...STAUFFER. W. H. RUPPEL.
...TROUTH & RUPPEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...business entrusted to their care will be ...and punctually attended to. Office on ...Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

...H. KOONTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...give prompt attention to business entrusted ...them in Somerset and adjoining counties. ...Printing House Row, opposite the Court ...House.

...NIS MEYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...all business entrusted to his care will be ...with promptness and fidelity. Office ...Street, opposite the Court House.

...N O. KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...attend to all business entrusted to his care ...and adjoining counties, with promptness ...fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, ...door to Baer's Book Store.

...ES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance ...Cross street. Conveyances made, estates ...settled, claims collected, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

...L. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
...BORN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...business entrusted to our care will be ...and faithfully attended to. Collections ...Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties, ...conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

...NRY. F. SCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...and Pension Agent. Office in Mammoth ...Block.

...LENTINE HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all ...entrusted to his care with promptness ...fidelity.

...N H. UHL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
...Diamond. Somerset, Pa.
...promptly attend to all business entrusted ...Money advanced on collections, &c. Of-...Mammoth Block.

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

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

...H. BEUBAKER,
...his professional services to the citizens ...and vicinity. Office in residence on ...west of Diamond.

...J. M. LOUTHER,
(Formerly of Stoystown.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
...located permanently in Somerset for the ...of his profession. Office on Main street, ...of Drug Store.

...J. S. M'MILLEN,
(Graduate in Dentistry.)
...special attention to the preservation of ...natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All ...guaranteed satisfactory. Office in the ...of H. S. Tedrow's & Co.'s store, corner ...Main and Parkel streets.

...JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
...up-stairs in Cook & Beerits Block.

...WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST.
...in Keagy's Block up-stairs, where he ...found at all times prepared to do all kinds ...work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, ...artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best ...inserted. All work guaranteed.

...J. K. MILLER
...permanently located in Berlin for the practice ...his profession. Office opposite Charles ...Brother's store.

...merset County Bank.
(ESTABLISHED 1871.)
...HARRISON, M. J. PRITTS,
PRESIDENT. CASHIER.
...made in all parts of the United States.
...CHARGES MODERATE.

...wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum, ...made with promptness. U. S. Bonds ...and sold. Money and valuables secured ...in the Company's celebrated safes, with a Burglar $200 time lock.
...ACCOUNTS SOLICITED
...Interest Allowed on Time Deposits.
...Special Attention Observed.

...ARLES HOFFMAN,
...ERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Reffley's Store,)
...Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices.
...SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Somerset, Pa.

...O. HOSTETTLER
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(No. 2 MAMMOTH BLOCK,)
SOMERSET, PA.
...Latest Styles of Fall and Winter Suitings. Satisfaction Guaranteed, ...Prices Low.

...DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
...W. Rodgers, dec'd, late of Shade ...Somerset County, Pa.
...of Administration on the above estate ...been granted to the undersigned by the ...authority, notice is hereby given to all ...indebted to said estate to make immediate ...and those having claims against the ...will present them duly authenticated for ...on or before Saturday, the 26th ...October, 1889, at their late residence of dec'd ...Township.
N. B. CRITCHFIELD,
Administrator.

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.
—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
LAURA M. HICKS. W. H. MILLER.
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JOHN R. SCOTT, GEO. R. SCULL,
JAMES E. BIESECKER.

EDWARD SCULL, : : : : : PRESIDENT
VALENTINE HAY, : : VICE PRESIDENT
ANDREW PARKER, : : : : CASHIER.

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated Corliss Burglar-proof Safe. The only Safe made absolutely Burglar-proof.

National Bank Notice.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 26, 1889.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of Somerset," in the Borough of Somerset, in the County of Somerset, and State of Pennsylvania, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking

NOW THEREFORE, I, Edward S. Lacy, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Somerset," in the Borough of Somerset, in the County of Somerset and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof I witness my hand [SEAL.] and seal of office this 26th day of August, 1889.

E. S. LACY,
[No. 4,100.] Comptroller of the Currency.

PILLSBURY'S BEST
— XXXX FLOUR —

All Flour sold in packages where this Circular is found, is made from the Choicest Selected Hard Minnesota and Dakota Spring Wheat in the famous Pillsbury Mills at Minneapolis, Minn. and is branded

PILLSBURY'S
BEST XXXX
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

These mills are three in number, with a capacity of
10,500 BARRELS PER DAY, or
OVER 3,000,000 BARRELS PER YEAR.
To feed these mills requires 15,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. Our PILLSBURY "A" Mill has the largest capacity of any mill in the world, consuming over 12,000 bushels of wheat per day. It is supplied with the best machinery known to the milling trade; no expense has been spared to insure perfection in all details, and it is the most perfect and costly mill on the globe.

We guarantee our "Pillsbury's Best" to be the Cheapest Flour made in the United States, taking all its qualities into account. It will yield from 40 to 60 pounds more bread to the barrel than flour made from Winter Wheat. It requires more moisture in mixing, and the bread will keep sweet and moist for several days. It is the most nutritious and healthy, as it is absolutely pure, nothing but the choicest hard Spring Wheat being used in its manufacture. Minnesota and Dakota Wheat has the largest proportion of gluten and phosphates of any grown in this country, and by our improved new Roller Process we extract from the wheat all its nutritious qualities, instead of letting them go into the inferior grades of flour, as is the case under the old process of milling. At the same time this flour will make the whitest, lightest food (bread is the word), being at once the best, healthiest and cheapest flour that can be used. Sold only by

JOSIAH KELLER, Somerset.

It is to Your Interest
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
OF
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

SUCCESSORS TO C. N. BOYD.

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.

You can depend on having your
PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS
filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of
FITTING TRUSSES.
We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us.

Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

CURTIS K. GROVE.
SOMERSET, PA.
BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.
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.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA

CARPETS!
THE FINEST AND LARGEST STOCK WEST OF NEW YORK.
6 Large Floors Packed with Fall Goods. 6
ALL ENTIRELY NEW DESIGNS.
Axminster, Wilton, Moquette, Velvet and Body Brussels Carpets.
Tapestry Brussels Carpets from 50 cents per yard up.
Ingrain Carpets, 25 cents a yard up. Rag, Cottage and Hemp Carpets.
China Mattings from $4.00 per roll up—40 yards in a roll.
Linoleums, Oil Cloths, Rugs and Art Squares.
Lace Curtains, Chenille and Turcoman Curtains for Portieres. Cornice Poles from 25 cents up.
Window Shades mounted on best Spring Rollers, at 50 cents each—anybody can hang them.
☞Country dealers supplied at the same rates as in largest Eastern houses, thus making quite an item in saving of freight.
Edward Grotzinger,
627 and 629
PENN AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH.

WE DO NOT PLEDGE
Ourselves to keep abreast, but to keep the lead over all others in selling you
Pure, Absolutely Pure, and well Matured, Ripe Whiskies and Wines
At prices that make all other dealers hustle. Just think of it:
Overholt & Co's Pure Rye, five years old. Full quarts $1, or $10 per dozen.
Still better:
Finch's Golden Wedding, ten years old. Full quarts $1, or $12 per dozen.
Better still:
Kentucky Bourbon, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25, or $12 per dozen.
And one of the most saleable Whiskeys on our list is
THE PURE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD EXPORT GUCKENHEIMER. Full qts. $1, $10 a doz.
There is no Whiskey that has ever been sold that has grown in favor with the public so rapidly as our old Export, and the simple reason is that it is utterly impossible to duplicate it.
There will never be any let up in the purity and fine flavor in any particular of the Pure California Wines we are now selling at 50 cents per bottle, Full quarts, or $5 per dozen.
In making up your orders please enclose Postoffice Money Order or Draft, or Register your order.
JOS. FLEMING & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—DRUGGISTS,—
PITTSBURGH, PA.
412 Market St., Cor. of Diamond.

STATIONERY,
ARTIST'S MATERIALS,
Fancy Goods.
THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE CITY.
PRINTING OF ALL KINDS.
Especial Attention given to
Engraved Wedding Invitations and Cards.
☞ Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. ☜
JOS. EICHBAUM & CO.,
48 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH.

REAL ESTATE
—AT—
PRIVATE SALE.

INTENDING TO GO WEST, I OFFER FOR SALE FIRST, MY
DWELLING HOUSE AND LOT,
On Main Street, Somerset, Pa., the house being a Two story Brick House of eleven rooms, well built, and finished in good style. Good water, cellar, cisterns and outbuildings.
SECOND, A Brick Store-house on Main Cross Street, the first floor being used for a grocery, the second story has three rooms, and the third is used by W. H. Weffley as a Photograph Gallery. There is also on the premises a good Brick Warehouse.
THIRD, A desirable Building Lot on Main Cross street and Catharine Street. This lot has on it about sixty fruit trees, in bearing.
FOURTH, Twelve Building Lots situated in said Borough, on Race, East, and Vanner streets.
FIFTH, A two-story Frame House, and Lot, in Unina Borough, containing seven rooms. House on a corner lot, formerly occupied by Dr. W. S. Kuhlman.
SIXTH, A tract of land in Cook Township, Westmoreland County, containing 226 acres, more or less; 60 acres are cleared. Situate near Weyer's Mill.
SEVENTH, I offer one pony, buggy and harness. The pony is kind and gentle. These properties will be sold for part cash, and on payments to suit purchasers.
HENRY F. SCHELL,
sept4-3m. SOMERSET, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Chambers Hudson, dec'd, late of Somerset Borough, Somerset County, Pa.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 19th day of October, 1889, at the late residence of deceased.
JOHN H. HUSTON,
sept11. Administrator.

PENSION AGENCY.
SOL. UHL,
Duly authorized by the Government. Office in Baer's Block, Somerset, Pa. marb28

St Jacobs Oil
THE
VETERAN'S FRIEND.

Cures Wounds, Bruises, Strains, Aches and Pains Rheumatic, Neuralgic or Sciatic, PROMPTLY And PERMANENTLY.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

WM. HASLAGE & SON,
SELECT
FAMILY GROCERS.
HOUSEKEEPERS' GUIDE,
A monthly publication of interest to every housekeeper, mailed on application.
When Visiting our Exposition, please drop in to see us; will try to make you feel at home.
WM. HASLAGE & SON.
118 DIAMOND (Market Square,)
PITTSBURGH, PA.
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN SENDING FOR HOUSEKEEPERS GUIDE.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!
EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO GET THE MOST OF OF THIS WORLD'S GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY?
WE HAVE THEM.
Dishes.
WHITE, YELLOW, GLASS, AND ROCKINGHAM WARE,
IN GREAT VARIETY.
BASKETS, LOOKING-GLASSES, HANGING LAMPS, STAND LAMPS
Lamps of all Descriptions.
Novelties and Oddities in China
THE PLACE FOR
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES
IS AT THE STORE OF
ED. B. COFFROTH,
SOMERSET, PA.

Oils! Oils!
The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of
Illuminating & Lubricating Oils
Naphtha and Gasoline,
That can be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known
PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM.
If you wish the most uniformly
Satisfactory Oils
—IN THE—
American Market,
Ask for ours. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by
COOK & BEERITS AND FRIESE & KOOSER,
sept25-'89-1yr. SOMERSET, PA.

MAKE YOUR HEADQUARTERS AT THE
HOTEL HAMILTON
WHILE VISITING THE EXPOSITION.
BROWN & TAYLOR, Proprietors.
Penn Ave., Bet. 6th and 7th Sts
Adjoining Bijou Theatre Block.
PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.
Bar Attached

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Godfrey Stahl, dec'd, late of Somerset Township, Somerset Co., Pa.
Letters of administration on the 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 or before Saturday afternoon, Nov. 9, 1889, at the late residence of dec'd.
CHAUNCEY H. BERKEY,
oct2. Administrator

PITTSBURG FEMALE COLLEGE
Conservatory of Music.
Also, Schools of Elocution and Fine Arts. Full courses of Study. Central. Healthful. 23 Teachers. Superior home comforts and care for young ladies. Winter term opens November 1, th. Rates moderate. Send for catalogue and full information to the President.
REV. A. H. SORCROSS, President,
oct2-1m. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Again.

How swift I fly! how swift I fly!
A hazy world goes whirling by.
What matters it the scene is drear?
'Tis gone as quickly as 'tis here.
A stony field, a sandy bank,
A marsh, where coarse, tall weeds grow rank,
A black pine wood where crows are calling,
A ruined house with roof tree falling—
All blent and blurred, it flies away.
Why should I sigh? I need not stay,
For home, home, home my way I wend,
And love waits for me at the end.

How swift I fly! how swift I fly!
A radiant world goes speeding by,
What matters it the scene is fair?
Its beauty is not mine to share.
A silver lake, a shady nook,
Red lilies dancing o'er a brook,
A rosy bower, a field of clover,
A porch with woodbine mantled over—
A rainbow haze, it flies away,
Why sigh because I cannot stay,
When home, home, home my way I wend,
And love waits for me at the end?

THE SECOND MEETING.

Everybody in Hopedale thought it perfectly natural that Howard Bigony should marry pretty Maud Harvey, although Howard was only the telegraph operator at Hopedale Junction, with a small salary as his sole dependence, and Maud was the only child of Archibald Harvey, who was President of the Hopedale and Buryville R. R., and the richest man in all that country round.

But then if it had not been for the telegraph operator's presence of mind and bravery, the railroad President would have had no daughter to marry anybody.

It happened in this wise: There was a picnic in the big grove about the Harvey mansion, and the elite of Hopedale were there, paying homage to Maud, in honor of whose seventeenth birthday the picnic had been given.

The fair hostess was the centre of a gay throng of gallants, who vied with each other to secure her smiles.

She seemed to be most favorably impressed with Herbert Fitzmaurice, a recent arrival in Hopedale.

He was a swarthy, keen-eyed, thin-lipped fellow, and although he came from no one knew where, the fact that he had an expensive suit of apartments at the Eagle Hotel, and a snug amount at the Hopedale National Bank, which he spent lavishly, was with most people recommendation enough, and he had no difficulty in entering the best circles of society.

From the first he paid assiduous court to Maud Harvey, and to-day he was her shadow.

The heiress seemed to like his homage and when he proposed a row on the lake, she gladly consented.

Accordingly they embarked together in a little row boat, but as it receded from the shore, Maud's father called out to them from the bank:

"Lookout for the dam! The current's swift, and if you get caught in it nothing can save you."

The voyagers made the careful parent a laughing response, and Fitzmaurice bent himself to the oars.

He had been planning all the afternoon how to get Maud off by herself, for he had firmly resolved to bring matters to a crisis and ask her to be his wife.

He had urgent reasons for doing this, but he kept them to himself.

He accordingly rowed straight to the middle of the lake, and then dropping the oars, leaned forward so that his dark eyes met those of the beautiful girl reclining in the stern.

He was shrewd enough to approach the subject nearest his heart with caution, and this took much time.

At last he reached the critical point, and seizing her hand, he declared his passion.

Now, although Maud had always liked the handsome stranger's homage, she had never thought of him as a possible husband, and his vehement, burning words frightened her.

"I—I—" she stammered, withdrawing her hand, and looking about her with frightened eyes.

She was too tender-hearted to wish to wound him with a curt refusal, and she hesitated for some excuse to turn the subject.

As she looked about her the excuse presented itself.

Heedless of their surroundings, they had allowed the boat to drift so that already it was in the swift current, rushing on toward the dam.

"See!" she cried, starting up. "We are nearing the dam! The oars, Mr. Fitzmaurice.

With a muttered curse at being balked, Fitzmaurice glanced about him, recognized their danger, and hastily shipped the oars.

He bent to them with a will, and one of them snapped short off.

With a cry of dismay he dropped the other, and it, too, was caught in the current and swept away.

He could plainly hear the thunder of the falls, and every moment their danger increased. Now, Fitzmaurice had no idea of sacrificing his precious life, even to save the girl to whom he had just declared his love.

He was a good swimmer, and, throwing off his coat, he leaped into the lake, and struck out for the shore, which he reached in safety. Then hurrying to the hotel, he got together his baggage, settled up his account with the bank, and left Hopedale forever.

Maud, finding herself deserted, set up a piteous, wailing scream, and the cry of distress was heard by Howard Bigony, who was at work in the stuffy little telegraph office opposite the big dam.

He looked through the open window, saw Maud's peril, rushed out, leaped into a little boat that he kept moored to the bank, and pulled toward her with all speed.

When he reached the drifting boat it was so close to the brink of the dam that he saw it would be utterly impossible to return to the shore.

Ahead of them was a large, pointed rock, which stood in the very centre of the dam, and overhung its edge.

"Courage, Miss Harvey!" he cried, as he lifted the frightened girl into his own boat.

Then dropping one oar, and using the other as a rudder, he steered the boat toward the rock.

When the crash came, he seized Maud in his arms and leaped for the rock.

He landed upon it all right, but it was wet and slippery, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could retain his hold upon it and keep Maud from being swept over the brink.

He shouted for help, and some railroad hands at work near by hurried to his assistance.

Under the direction of the foreman, a long, stout line was cast into the lake, and when the end floated down to Howard, he fastened it about Maud's waist, took several turns around the rock, and then signaled the men on shore.

He had been growing weaker all the time, and now, as he finished the task that was to save Maud, his fingers relaxed their hold upon the rock, and he was swept over the dam.

Maud shrieked and fainted.

A boat, manned by one of the railroad men, was coming to her assistance along the rope, but she was lifted into the craft in an unconscious condition, and it was pulled slowly to the shore.

Several hours later, when she fully recovered consciousness, her first inquiry was for her brave rescuer.

"He had a most miraculous escape from death, dear," answered her father, who was sitting at the bedside. "It was one of the bravest acts I ever knew a man to do. He deliberately risked his life to save yours."

"And was he drowned?" demanded Maud, eagerly.

"No, thank heaven!" was her father's hearty answer. "The water threw him into a deep pool at the foot of the dam, and the under-tow would have been his death, had he not been an excellent swimmer. As it was, he kept his head above water until assistance arrived, but he was pretty well played out when they took him from the water, and he is even worse exhausted than you are. The doctor says he'll pull through all right, though, and he shall come up here to receive your thanks and mine, as soon as he is able."

Howard was a good-looking, well-educated fellow, and his character was above reproach.

He fell in love with Maud at once, and she with him, and when Archibald Harvey saw how things were going, he rubbed his hands joyfully together.

"He's the only man I ever met that I thought good enough for her," he reflected.

"He's as poor as a church mouse, it's true, but he possesses something that gold can't buy; and, by gracious if he wants the girl he shall have her, and I'll start 'em in life so that they'll be bound to succeed."

So Maud and Howard were engaged, and life became one continued dream of happiness to them.

Maud's father had stipulated that the marriage should not take place until she was nineteen years of age, but long before that time they quarreled over a simple matter, and in the dispute that followed Maud made some spiteful reference to Howard's poverty, and asserted that he wanted her money and not her.

At those words the brave fellow's face became white as death.

"Do you mean that?" he demanded, huskily.

"Yes. You're a fortune hunter, and—and—I hate you!"

"That settles it," said Howard in his quiet, determined way. "And I guess you are right, though not in imputing to me sordid motives. But I don't think we are fitted for each other, and I bid you good-day and good-bye. I shall never trouble you again."

With these words he left her.

She would have called him back, but pride restrained her.

When he did not return she burst into an agony of tears.

She was sobbing bitterly when her father walked into the room. When she told him what had happened, he looked very grave.

"He must come back," sobbed Maud, "for I love him. Oh, papa, bring him back!"

Thus appealed to, her father hurried off to the telegraph office. When he reached there, he found to his dismay that Howard had resigned his position and left on the down train for New York.

He telegraphed to intercept him, but somehow the message was not delivered, and Howard, with a bitter feeling of resentment in his heart against Maud, reached New York and at once purchased a ticket for the far West.

It was months before they heard from him, and then only indirectly. He had located in an Arizona mining town, and was getting rich.

During this time Archibald Harvey had met with terrible reverses, and he found himself in his old age, reduced almost to penury.

It was then that Maud showed her true nobility of character. With what remained of the wreck of their fortune she took her poor old father to the neighboring but larger town of Buryville, and after a few days of persistent application she secured a position that would at least keep them from want.

In the happy days when she and Howard were lovers he had taught her telegraphy, and she took advantage of this knowledge now as a means of livelihood.

A rival telegraph company had opened an office in the hotel where she and her father were stopping, and upon application to the local manager she was given the position of day operator.

She never ceased to think of Howard and to regret the hasty words of anger that had driven him from her. One day when she had been in Buryville about a year she heard a familiar voice that caused her heart to leap with joy; and looking up she saw Howard Bigon just registering at the hotel desk.

He was bronzed and bearded and hand somer than ever. He was accompanied by a man of about his own age whom he called Jim, and it was in addressing the latter that Maud had heard his voice.

The clerk recognized Jim, and called him by name.

"Aren't you Jim Fellows, who used to be the telegraph operator over at the railroad?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Jim, "and this is my partner, Howard Bigony. He held down the line at Hopedale Junction. We've been West, made our pile, and now we've come home to enjoy it. See this bag," and he held aloft a leather satchel. "Well that holds our fortune. There's forty thousand dollars in that in cash, drafts and promissory notes."

At this boast the clerk opened his eyes, Jim chuckled and he and Howard were shown to their room.

Neither of them particularly noticed the pale-faced telegraph operator, who bent over her instrument, with tears in her eyes, and thought bitterly of the "might have been."

And neither of them noticed at all the darked-faced, evil-eyed man lounging near the desk, who drank in Jim Fellows' boastful words with greedy ears, and glanced covertously at the black carpetsack which the ex-operator carried.

When the partners left the office, he slunk away.

Presently Jim returned, and asking for pen and paper, went into the reading-room to write a letter.

Suddenly the electric bell, in the indicator back of the hotel clerk's desk, rang sharply.

He glanced up at the number, called "Olont!" and was about to order the servant who responded to go to No. 304 and see what was wanted, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he said, instead:

"What's the matter with that fellow? Guess he don't know what an electric bell's for?"

For the bell was ringing out peal after peal in quick succession.

"Oh, Heavens!"

It was this cry, falling from the lips of Maud Harvey, who rushed from her little compartment with terror depicted in every feature, that further heightened the clerk's bewilderment.

For a full minute Maud stood staring at the indicator, with her head thrown forward, and then rushing into the reading room, she seized Jim Fellows by the arm.

"Quick!" she cried. "Your partner, Mr. Bigony, is in danger. Three robbers are in his room, about to murder him! He wants you to get a gun and come to his—"

But before she could finish, Jim Fellows leaped to his feet, and without any inquiries as to the why and wherefore, ran from the room.

As for Maud, she uttered a moaning prayer for the imperiled man, and fell sobbing across one of the writing-desks.

Howard Bigony was in deadly peril. While his partner was absent, he had got out his shaving materials and prepared to take off his shaggy beard.

He was busily engaged at the task, when the door opened.

He thought it was Jim, and rinsing the lather from his eyes, he turned only to find a man holding a revolver in his face, another locking the door, and a third searching the room for the bagful of money which Jim had thrown under the bed.

"Back up against that wall!" commanded the man with revolver, whose face looked strangely familiar to Howard and with the muzzle of the weapon staring him in the face, he obeyed.

"Put your hands behind you!" was the next command; and Howard did as he was ordered.

"Keep them there, Bob till I find the stuff," said the man who was searching the room, "and then we'll slit his throat and lope."

At the same instant Howard Bigony's fingers touched behind him, in the wainscot of the wall, a little projection, which he recognized as the call-button that connected by wire with the electric bell of the indicator in the hotel clerks office.

Instinctively he remembered his old-time telegraphic skill. He pressed the button the same as if it were a telegraph key, rapidly spelling out by dots and dashes the words which caused the bell in the office to ring out this message

"JIM—Three robbers have door locked to get our dust and murder me. Get a step-ladder, put a gun through transom and shoot. Be quick and careful."

During the time acquired to spell out word by word, this message, he prayed mentally that his partner might be about the hotel office to interpret it.

He had sent the message, and begun to repeat it, almost in despair of succor, when bang! bang! two shots were fired over the transom, and as the man who had not been hit turned quickly, Howard sprang upon him and bore him to the floor.

They were struggling there for the mastery, when the door was forced open and Jim Fellows, with a smoking revolver in his hand, bounded into the room.

He was followed by several men, and two of the robbers were soon secured. The other one who had covered Howard with his revolver, lay on the floor, with the blood trickling from a serious wound in the back of his head.

The ex-telegraph operator, after a searching look at the fellow's face, recognized him as Maud's Harvey's cowardly companion that day in the boat—Mr. Herbert Fitzmaurice.

It was when Howard spoke of this to his partner that the latter remembered the girl who had given the alarm, and he hurried down stairs to thank her.

Howard followed him, and the old lovers came face to face.

"Maud!"

"Howard!"

And they were clasped in each other's arms, forgiven and forgiving.

Between the sobs of joy that she could not repress as her old lover strained her to him, Maud explained how she had managed to save both his life and his fortune.

"It was a blessed thing that you taught me telegraphy, Howard," she said. "It has enabled me to make a living since papa lost his money, and if I had not known how to read by sound, the message you sent to your partner on the electric bell wire would not have been understood, and those robbers would have robbed and killed you."

Malaria

Literally means bad air. Poisonous germs arising from low, marshy land, or from decaying vegetable matter, are breathed into the lungs, taken up by the blood, and unless the vital fluid is purified by the use of a good medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, the unfortunate victim is soon overpowered. Even in the more advanced cases, where the terrible fever prevails, this successful medicine has effected remarkable cures. Those who are exposed to malarial or other poisons should keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The two college girls who ran a newspaper in Jersey have tired of the work. They succeeded better than many men could have done. When they decided a little while ago to abandon their business there was great regret on the part of their subscribers.

Robert Bonner's Stables.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Hunters, racers and big horses for coaches and other four in hand work, with the polo pony, have quite shoved the trotter and the red, spider wheeled buggy out of the high place it once held in American affection, and both on the race track and in the private stable the light-legged 2.20 speeder is becoming a rarity. A few old New Yorkers still cling to the loves of their earlier years and look upon the trotter as the highest type of equine perfection and worthy of all the luxury and attention they used so generally to receive in the past. Robert Bonner is one of these; perhaps because he owns the greatest trotter in existence whose record has never been broken and probably never will be, since the breeding of trotters has so much declined, Mr. Bonner goes to church in Dr. Hall's fashionable Presbyterian temple on Fifth avenue and immediately behind it stands his handsome stables, which, like the church, are built of brick and overgrown with vines. He is a regular attendant on Sundays upon Dr. Hall's ministrations, and a still more regular attendant upon Maud S. He paid W. H. Vanderbilt $40,000 for her, and when the latter repented of his bargain and offered him $60,000 to get the light-heeled lady back he utterly refused to consider the question of parting from his equine charmer, and has steadily refused every offer since.

They say at the stables that Maud is provided for in the rich publisher's will, and whether he lives or dies, she will pass all her days in luxury and ease. Immediately after church on Sundays he steps around to the stables to see how she is and give her a lump of sugar, while she rubs her velvet nose on his shoulders and makes little feminine sounds of pleasure. She is very fond of Bonner as her master and protector, but her real love is Murphy, the jockey, whose very step she knows, though she only sees him once in a long while. She never forgets him, no matter how much time elapses between their meeting. Bonner drives her quite frequently in the park and sometimes on the roads about Tarrytown, where she spends the summer on his farm. She has just come home from the country and taken up her quarters in town again, for Bonner does not linger late in the country in autumn, and wants her here when he comes.

Another famous horse in these Bonner stables is Rarus, who has developed a shocking temper and a pair of tender feet in his declining years, and is really of very little service, though Bonner loves and cares for him for the wonderful horse he has been, for that matter still is, barring these little discrepancies. Dexter died in these stables, and indeed old horsemen are inclined to take off their hats in passing the place from a reverential feeling that this is a sort of shrine of American horseflesh, while Bonner himself feels that respect for himself only possible to the man who has been the owner of three of the most famous horses in the world. Maud wears a blanket embroidered with this legend: "Maud S., Queen of the Turf," and above her hangs the only whip with which she was ever struck on the day that she made her great unbroken record. This whip is the property of her adored Murphy, who keeps it as a precious relic. Perhaps she loves him because he is the only man who ever struck her.

A Civil Service Examination.

There are men in Washington who reach the borderland of insanity every three months. They are the examiners of the Civil Service Commission. By nightfall of a day on which an examination takes place, you could not get one of them to swear to his own sanity. The last examination was probably the most trying since the Commission was established, as there were over 300 applicants in the various rooms. Although everything is printed as plain as a signboard, the examiners are harried by foolish questions at every turn.

They first announce as they prepare to pronounce the words in spelling:

"I shall give the word and then its definition. You are to write the word, but not the definition."

They say this three times, the last time with icy distinctness.

"Did you say to write the definition and not the word?" comes from a corner of the room, in a man's voice, as the second word is pronounced.

The words "cymbal" and "symbol" are pronounced with their respective definition.

"Shall we write 'symbol,' the sign, or the musical instrument?" again in a man's voice.

This sort of thing keeps up until the examiner, maddened, refuses to answer any further questions.

More trouble arises from the necessary red tape, however, than from anything else. Two number are given to each applicant—one, the application number, the other, the examination number. One middle-aged man at the last examination insisted on writing his application numbers right in the face of the warning which said: "This space for examination number." When his attention was callde to it he replied in an injured tone:

"I've had that number in my mind two weeks, day and night, and if I don't put it down there, I'd just as like as not forget it."

This same man had a rubicund nose and what might be called a brash manner. He was cowed, however, as paper after paper was handed to him. As he came to the sixth list of questions he said:

"I think I could tackle this work if I had a good swig of peach brandy in me."

One of the applicants was asked how he passed.

"First rate," said he, "there was a nice, smart girl right next to me, who passed me all her papers. There was only one thing I couldn't do and that was the decimals. I never heard of decimals before."

Equally intelligent was the remark of a woman who took the examination.

"I can't do that example in interest," said she, "that one that read 'write in words 5 yrs. 6 mos. 2 wks. 5 hrs.' I never could understand interest."

The receipts in the office of the New York City Tax Receiver were $5,000,000 on Monday.

Steam Plows.

That the method of plowing will soon be revolutionized to a great extent on the prairies of the West there can no longer be any doubt. The farmers are already clamoring for a steam plow that will be simple and practical, and they are certain to get it sooner or later. In this age of invention and improvement it is said that whenever a want becomes general, there always springs up something to supply the necessity. Every mechanical implement now in use, calculated to cheapen production and save manual labor, has arisen from the urgent needs of mankind, and hence the steam plow, suitable to the farmer of a few hundred acres, will sooner or later be an assured fact.

The self-binder did not make its appearance