The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.
Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 a year, 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 papers 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. XXXVIII. NO. 38. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNEDAY, MARCH 19, 1890. WHOLE NO. 2017.

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Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, in rear of Drug Store.

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Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in the store of M. M. Tedwell & Co.'s store, corner Main Cross and Patriot streets.

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

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BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
All work 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 before buying elsewhere. Repairing of Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA

WANTED:—
WHITE OAK LUMBER,
CUT TO ORDER.
Address,
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Office No. 30 Baltimore St., Cumberland, Md.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Estate of Josiah Rodgers, dec'd. Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, to make a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Administrator of the above estate to and among those legally entitled thereto, I hereby give notice that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Somerset Borough, on Monday, March 24, 1890, when and where all persons interested can attend if they see proper.
FRED. W. BIESECKER,
Auditor.

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
—0—
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
ACCOUNTS MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.
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The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated Corliss Burglar-proof Safe. The only Safe made absolutely Burglar-proof.

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
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DOWN,
DOWN
THEY GO!
THE PRICES
—ON—
BLACK ASTRACHAN,
—AND—
Persiana Capes!
On all sizes, 34 to 42. We have not many to sell, so if you want
A BARGAIN,
Come soon. When a lady buys a Persiana or an Astrachan Cape, she is making a
WISE PURCHASE,
As the present style is bound to last for two or three seasons, at least. They are a warm, comfortable garment, easily put on and taken off, and a suitable article for all the year around wear, just as fashionable in spring as in fall, and nice for cool evenings in the summer.
TEN JAP. SCREENS,
To come down in price, as well as down from the top shelf, where they are now standing. $5 ones to $4, $6 50 ones to $4 50, $8 50 ones to $6. Two Fire Screens, $4 to $3. Other bargains you can see when you come.
HORNE & WARD,
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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 FREASE & KOOSER,
SOMERSET, PA.
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SWEDISH
"All-Healing Salve,"
—FOR—
NEURALGIA IN THE HEAD, WEAK BACK, OR PAINS IN SIDE OR CHEST. WEAKNESS IN THE JOINTS, SWELLINGS, And all Rheumatic Pains. Cures in from two to eight days.
FOR SALE BY
S. MARCUS,
3-6-2m. Or at Young's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa.

Sciatica
TRADE MARK
For Two Years.
Windfall, Ind., Nov. 17, 1888.
I suffered two years with sciatica in hip, knee and foot, and had to use crutches. I tried doctors, blisters, baths, without relief. I used St. Jacobs Oil and went to sleep; it finally cured me. No return in nine months.
MRS. SALLIE STROUD.
For Two Years.
New Augusta, Ind., Aug. 3, 1888.
I had sciatica in hips for two years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me, and have had no return since. WILLIAM AVERY.
Obliged to Use Crutches.
King City, Mo., July 30, 1888.
Suffered one year with sciatica in hips; was obliged to use crutches. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil permanently cured me.
O. G. WAIT.
PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY Cured by St. Jacobs Oil
BALTO. MD. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO.

Oh! My Head!
Suffering of a New Jersey Senator,—Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,—Terrible Things.
"There are a few things that I believe in with all my heart." The speaker was ex-Senator Albert Merritt, head of the large fruit firm, 82 Park Place, N. Y., and the scene his office. "I was sick and feared I had become fated to endure the
TORTURE OF DYSPEPSIA
and affection of the kidneys. A relative said to me, 'Try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y.' I did so. I grew better, could eat, sleep and work with a clearer head, and the yellow color of my skin gave place to the healthy color announcing pure blood. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is entitled to the credit of saving my life. I can give you the names and addresses of fifty persons who affirm, as I do, that "Favorite Remedy" has been to them a blessing in time of need." Mr. A. DeRevere, Tarrytown, N. Y., says: "For a long time I was troubled with severe attacks of dizziness and
Blind Sick Headache
due to impure blood. I was advised to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I did so and I have been completely cured. It's the best thing I ever heard of for any disorder of that nature, and I have recommended it to many with like success." Mr. Daniel Pitts, Taunton, Mass., says: "I recommend Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for dyspepsia and sick headache. It cured me." Dyspepsia, Constipation, Nervousness, Debility, Rheumatism and the ills peculiar to women, invariably yield to
DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.
PREPARED BY
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
$1 per bottle. Six for $5. By all druggists.

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,—
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It is to Your Interest
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
OF
JOHN N. SNYDER,
SUCCESSOR TO
BIESECKER & SNYDER.
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,
JOHN N. SNYDER.

"Hullo."

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo" and How d'ye do?
How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back;
Bring your han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up and don't go slow;
Grin an' shake an' say "Hullo!"

If he clothed in rags? Oh! sho;
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
Rags are but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty "How d'ye do."
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute an' sail away:
Jest the same as you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailin' his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow;
Lift yer horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo" an' "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the far away,
When you travel through the strange,
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be an' say "Hullo!"

Foster Blade.

AN ARIZONA IDYL.

THE BRIEF ROMANCE OF THE "RISE AND SHINE" MINE.

"Wake up. Hump yourself, now. It's time for us to skedaddle."

The sleeper, thus rudely brought back to the cares and sorrows of the waking world, sat up on the edge of his cot and rubbed his eyes stupidly. It was dark. Through the open door came the yelping and howling of a pack of coyotes, and, in the west, softened by distance, the drowsy whistle of a receding train.

"What's the matter? You ain't been bowlin' up again, I hope?" he at length inquired, with the reproachful ill-nature always consequent upon an unwelcome awakening.

"No, I haven't been bowlin' up," replied the other, indignantly; then, lowering his voice to a whisper, added: "The returns has come."

"That so? "Who's 'lected?" dreamily murmured the man on the cot, as he fell backward and gently glided away to the shadowy realm of slumber.

"Who's talkin' about 'lections? The returns from that assay of the Rise an' Shine has come; she goes 400 ounces silver, $45 gold, 5 per cent. lead, and a trace of copper."

"Four hundred oun—"

"S-s-h! You want that greaser in the next room to get onto it? Get inside your pants and come out to the corral where we can talk about it."

No further coaxing was needed, and the two were soon standing by the corral gate. The only light visible was at the station; and all the rest of the town was silent and dark. The camp fires had died out, but the outlines of the freighters' wagons could be distinguished in the gloom, with their animals about them, trampling and munching, finishing up the vestiges of last night's feed, with an occasional sharp, squealing neigh, as some mule avenged a long standing grudge by giving a comrade a surreptitious nip; and out on the vague expanse of barren plains, the coyotes howled with the mirthless derision peculiar to them and kindred prowlers of the night.

"What we've got to do," resumed the first speaker, in a low voice, "is to slide out to the mine as fast as the Lord'll let us and locate the extensions. I had a sort of feelin' them returns would come to-night, so I stayed round and got the postmaster to open the mail, and when I got through readin' 'em I seen him lookin' at me mighty sharp, and it's my belief he looked over my shoulder and read the whole business. If he did he'll start some one right out to squat on the extensions, and we've got to get out there and fool 'em—see?"

This very explicit statement was partly true, although it had been the attraction of faro rather than any premonition that had kept Bob Watson out of bed at such an unseasonable hour, and it had been a mere chance that had led him to the office as the postmaster was delivering the mail in readiness for the early morning stage. His companion, however, did not attempt to rob him of any of the glory, all minor considerations being lost in the refulgent prospects opened up by the magic figures—400 ounces.

"Who'd a-thought that rock had so much mineral in it?" he remarked, as he threw the blanket over his mule.

"Who'd a-thought it?" inquired Watson in a tone of the most intense surprise. "Didn't I say so right straight along? When we first broke into the ledge, didn't I pick up a chunk, and, scrapin' off a little of that black stuff with my knife, didn't I say right then and there, 'This is the straight goods, or I'm a sucker?' Didn't I use them very words?"

"Well, mebbe you did—I don't remember; but if you say so, why, it stands to reason you did," replied the pacific Eam Price, as he proceeded to cinch his mule into apparent convulsions—only apparent, however, for the mule is an artful animal and well skilled in counterfeiting the agony engendered—so the physiologists say—by tight lacing.

Daylight found them well on the way to the mine, and as they proceeded they consulted as to whose names should be used in taking up the various extensions.

"We might let Mrs. Hawes in on one of them," suggested Price, a little timidly; "she 'pears like a decent kind of a woman, and can just knock the socks off'n a cook stove."

"Can if you want to," replied Watson, sarcastically; "might help you 'long some; you don't seem to be meltin' the old lady very fast."

A deep drawn sigh was the only answer made by Price, and silence reigned between them until a small, irregular excavation was reached, where a notice tacked to a board, planted in a pile of rocks, announced to all comers—distinctly, with due reference to the lines and points of the compass—that the ground immediately adjacent thereto was comprised in the mining location known as the "Rise and Shine—the property of R. Watson and E. Price." The two partners at once set to work and staked off about a quarter of a mile of ground on each side of the original location, and Watson, after a great deal of writhing, chewing of lead pencil, and profanity—aids to mental exertion which he always invoked—produced the proper notices, claiming it in behalf of various distant relatives of the original locators, not omitting the aforesaid Mrs. Hawes, who had the first southwest extension duly credited to her.

After the completion of this labor they breakfasted on bacon, coffee and crackers and the assayer's certificate was examined again to see if, in the disenchanting light of day, its characters still possessed their magic power. The figures were unchanged—so plain no one could mistake them: "Silver, 400 oz; gold, $45; lead, 5 per cent; copper, trace."

And as they smoked their pipes, each, according to his taste, reared aerial structures of wondrous beauty; and if those of Price contained apartments specially reserved for the occupancy of Mrs. Hawes he did not feel called upon to advise his partner of the fact.

It was decided they should at once take out a few car loads of the best ore, ship it to the reduction works, and with the sum thus realized, they could open up the mine properly, and either sell or work it themselves, as they saw fit. With this aim in view, they therefore returned to town to lay in provisions, hire three or four men, and engage teams to haul the ore to the railroad. Watson, being the more energetic of the two, charged himself with all these duties, while Price, loitering about in an aimless sort of way, was, by some magnetic influence, guided to the tent of Mrs. Hawes. This lady was a true daughter of the frontier—small, wiry, sharp as to features and voice, as well as in her management of the affairs of life and trade.

Open air life has many advocates, but it cannot be denied it is destructive to the complexion and to the other beauties more especially feminine. But what Mrs. Hawes may have lacked in the way of velvety bloom and youthful softness of contour, was more than compensated for by vigor and endurance; it was this latter trait, probably, which had first attracted Eam Price. Mrs. Hawes happened to arrive at Arivaca on one of those red letter days, or nights, rather, when what was known in the dialect of that cosmopolitan camp as a baile dance or "shin dig," was in progress, and though she had driven four horses twenty-five miles that day, done her own 'swamping' to say nothing of pitching a tent and getting supper after her arrival, she turned in and danced all competitors off the floor—danced round dances, square dances, reels and breakdowns; danced till the candles burned down, flickered and went out; till the rising sun showed his shocked countenance through the open window, and the last hoarse, gurgling whoop stuck in the throat of the exhausted floor manager; then she went home, fed her stock and cooked breakfast.

Perhaps it was this insensibility to fatigue which first awoke the latent passion in the heart of Mr. Price, but there is no knowing to a certainty; in regard to phenomena of this nature, despite our boasted science, all is as yet but conjecture. But at any rate there could be no doubt of his devotion to her. Since the night of the ball he had been unremitting in those little attentions such as cutting wood, carrying water, etc., so dear to the heart of every true woman; yet, as Watson had said, up to the present time he had received very little encouragement from the recipient of all these marks of respectful adoration.

The advent of Mrs. Hawes had been entirely unexpected by the society of Arivaca, nor was it known with any degree of accuracy whence she came, or the probable duration of her sojourn amongst them. Gossips, it is true, had it that she was a Mormon en route to Salt Lake, but this report was generally conceded to be the offspring of jealousy on the part of the other ladies.

"Howdy do, Mrs. Hawes?" said Price, as he sank apologetically down on a nail just inside the flap of the tent. A slight nod was all the response to this salutation, and Mrs. Hawes continued her task of repairing a hame strap, seemingly oblivious of the presence of her worshiper. "I 'spose," resumed Price, after an embarrassing silence, "you haven't heard 'bout the returns of the Rise an' Shine?"

"No," replied the lady; "I'm kept hustlin' raound so't I ain't no time to hear nothin'."

"She goes four hundred ounces," said Price confidently.

"In yer mind," retorted Mrs. Hawes; "don't try to make me b'leeve sech fairy stories as them aire. Think I can't tell horn silver from copper stains when I see it?"

"I know you can size up rock pretty close as a general thing, but this here ledge in the Rise an' Shine's different from the common run o' rock—there's a lot o' chemicals mixed in with lightnin' strikin' names, so't takes a good un to guess this here ore—here's the certif'cate too." Price had forgotten that reading was not one of Mrs. Hawes' accomplishments, or he never would have been guilty of such a faux pas.

"Take yer ole paper an git," she cried, angrily. "I ain't no time to waste nosin' raound, figurin out sech writin' as them assayers does—a Philadelfy lawyer couldn't make head'r tail out'n it."

"We thought," said Price, as he rose to go, "you might like to be in on one of the extensions, so we located you on the first southwest. T'wont cost you nothin' for recordin—you won't be out nothin' no way."

This statement somewhat mollified the lady, who thanked him, stating that she believed he meant well, though of course she knew it would never amount to anything—and in conclusion, she invited him to call around after a while and get a "snack o' sumthin' t' eat"—an invitation Mr. Price never failed to accept.

Everything progressed favorably with the two partners, the streak of pay ore widened as they went down on the ledge and they were enabled to take it out much faster than they had anticipated. Watson did the sorting of the ore, as he knew exactly the kind the assay had been made from. None but first class rock was sacked up, the lower grades being left upon the dump to be worked when the mill was built. Even Price's affair of the heart had taken a favorable turn, he having, so to say, struck soft ground, and was making rapid progress in the affections of Mrs. Hawes. Whether there was any occult connection between the esteem in which he was held by this lady and the pile of four hundred dollar rock on the station platform, it is, of course, impossible to say, but it was remarked they increased in much the same relative proportions. At length two cars were loaded, and Watson himself accompanied them to the reduction works to see that no change of ore was worked upon them to their disadvantage.

While he was absent on this mission, Price brought his affair almost to a settlement—the momentous question was propounded and a favorable reply received—nothing was lacking but the wedding garments, and the bride undertook to have them ready inside of three days. During this interval Mr. Price sauntered about in a state of beatitude much easier imagined than described.

On the afternoon of the third day succeeding the departure of Watson, Price received a telegram, which, after paying for, he opened, and found to read as follows:

"Benson, Nov. 13.—E. Price, Arivaca. Git married to wunst; back to-night.—R. Watson.—7 collect."

At first Price did not exactly grasp the meaning of the message, but a little reflection showed him that the apparently enigmatical portion of it was merely Watson's way of advising him to expedite the wedding. He accordingly repaired at once to the dwelling of his betrothed, and after acquainting her with the contents of the dispatch, suggested that they proceed at once to the justice of the peace and have the ceremony performed. But, much, to his surprise, Mrs. Hawes would not hear of it

"I've only jest got ther green caliker basted up," she said; "it'll take half a day to finish it, and them new shoes won't be down from Tucson 'fore to-morrer night. I won't git married in these ole moccasins if I never do. That fool Watson's drunk, and I won't be drav raound by him nor no other man livin'—sabe? Ef you can't wait and hev things fixed up decent and like white folks, you kin vamoose the ranch jest as pronto as you want to."

Price hastened to assure her that though he must necessarily long to advance the hour which should make her all his own, he doubted not he would be able to restrain his ardor so that the proprieties would be observed in all things. "You see," he said, "it's like this: Bob's gone there an' the ore's turned out so much better'n he expected that it sort o' rattled him, an' knowin' how much I thought o' you and how keen I was fur to hurry up the weddin', he's just rushed off'n hit the wires a lick so's to help us out like."

This explanation allayed the fears Mrs. Hawes had entertained that some attempt was being made to curtail her independence—a matter on which she was very sensitive—and she consented, after a while, to be pacified. Had Price been less afflicted by the blindness which is such a marked symptom of the malady called love, the frequent outbursts of irascibility on the part of his promised bride might have aroused some uneasiness concerning the peace and harmony of their wedded life but, as is usual in such cases, he paid no heed to the danger signals and rushed blindly on to his fate.

Notwithstanding the plausible explanation he had given of the origin of Watson's message, he was considerably disturbed by it, and waited up until three o'clock in the morning to meet his partner on the arrival of the west bound express.

He was terribly shocked by his appearance—a more disconsolate, woebegone specimen of humanity it would be hard to imagine.

"Faro," said Price to himself, and his heart sank within him.

Watson made no reply to his partner's greeting, but dragged him away to the friendly shelter of darkness.

"Did you git my telegram?" he asked, when they were out of hearing of any possible loiterer.

"Yes, I got it."

"And you're married?" he interrupted eagerly.

"No," replied Price; "you see the lady didn't exactly take to the idee—we'll git there ter-morrer, though—"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Watson; "I knowed it—I had a feelin' it 'nd be jest that way. Everything gone to h——l! Busted flatter'n a tortilla!"

"Busted!" cried Price. "You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do—that ore wouldn't pay to work. There ain't an ounce of metal in a mountain of it. We got to sell a mule to pay the freight on it. There was a mistake in them returns—the assayer sent us the wrong certif'cate. I'd oughter killed him, but I didn't. He said he hoped we hadn't been put out any by it, and he gimme some of his cards to throw 'round among the boys. There'll be a holy circus out to camp when they hear 'bout it and begin to holler about their pay. What chews me up the most though, Price, is that the widder'll back out like as not now. You never can depend on a woman, no how."

Beyond a deep sigh, Price made no reply to this discouraging platitude, and the two partners disappeared in the gloom. Watson immediately sought the oblivion and solace which by common consent is supposed to be located near the bottom of a glass of whisky. How Price passed the hours of darkness—what paroxysms of despair, what cyclones of passion disturbed his ordinarily calm and dreamless slumbers, it is not the purpose of this narrative to disclose; let it suffice that that the rising sun found him wan and haggard—that is, as wan as his sunburned complexion would admit of.

He partook of a light breakfast, with much the same relish as the condemned man feels for the delicacies of his last earthly meal, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon directed his steps toward the widow's tent. Although afflicted with a ghastly sinking feeling in the region of the heart, he resisted the temptation to take some stimulant to enable him to endure the approaching operation.

When, after several abortive attempts, he succeeded in reaching the tent and found the lady engaged in putting touches to the "green caliker;" when he reflected that now, perhaps, that festal garment no longer possessed a reason for existence; when, in short, all the bitter thoughts of what might have been came crowding into his mind, emotion almost mastered him.

"Must a ketched cold last night from the way you snuffle," remarked his fiancee by way of greeting. The delicate, one might almost say wifely, solicitude conveyed by these simple words was all that was lacking to complete Price's discomfiture, and it was some time before he managed to reply in a choking voice:

"Yes, I was up rather late; I wanted to see Watson. He come back on the train."

"Drunk agin, too; I heerd his screechin' an' hollerin' raound."

"He wuzn't drunk when he come, but the ore didn't work so—that is, it didn't quite come up to the assayer's figgers, an' Watson's so techy an' easy put out by anything't goes wrong, he got bowled up a little 'fore he knowed it."

"What did that air rock work, ennyways?"

"We ain't had it worked yet—we wuz—it—she don't work at all," said Price, desperately, realizing the futility of further evasion. "There wuz a mistake somewheres. There ain't no mineral in that ore—the assayers sent us the wrong certif'cate—we've blowed ourselves in for all we got, and so I come to say if you wanted to pull down your ante an' drop out 'fore the deal goes enny funder—why, o' course you can—bet I—!—"

Mrs. Hawes's eyes fairly blazed, with sympathy and love, doubtless, as she replied: "That drunken no 'count Watson's been a pattin' you up to this. He's been a-pitenin' your mind agin the wimmen folks. Tole you I wuz too ole for ye, did he? Been a-eggin' you on fur to leave me in the lurch, a'ter everything's ready fur the wedding. This is some o' that Heely Monster's doin's, but he don't make it stick—you sabe that? You thought I wuz stuck on that ole gravestun-quarry o' yourn, but I'll jest feel ye once fur luck. It's you I want, and I'll hev' ye, too, ef there's enny law in Arizony."

"Oh phenomena forever incomprehensible of the human heart!

When Price believed the woman of his choice was irretrievably lost to him, that he could no longer hope to win her, the glamour of the impossible endowed her with all the charms fancy ever dreamed of. But when he found that instead of losing her, she possessed him, body and soul, at the very moment that his felicity should have been the most complete and unalloyed, it was tinctured by a vague regret—the indefinable, intangible sense of disappointment which ever accompanies the realization of our cherished ideals.

This disappointment was heightened by the fact that the bride would not consent to Watson being present at the marriage ceremony. Price would have liked to have his old partner witness the legal sanction of his bliss, but the lady was inexorable and Price acquiesced, a performance in which he was rapidly acquiring proficiency.

* * * * *

The discordant clamor of the charivari had long since been hushed darkness had invaded the sidereal heights and silence brooded over slumbering Arivaca. The barkeeper of the Fashion was just locking the door of the establishment, and Watson, who had been compelled reluctantly to abandon his location before the bar, clung to an awning post, and inveighed against the folly of marriage and the wiles of woman.

"Common horse sense, decency, r'ligion, everything's agin it—the Bible's agin it, too."

"Oh, come off," replied the barkeeper. What's the Bible got to say about it?"

"What's the Bible got to say ab out it? The Bible says jest eggsactly: 'Misfortunes never comes single'—that's what she says, an' when the Scripshures copers anything, young feller, you can play'er to lose every time."

Out on the desert the coyotes yelled in derision, and far off in the west the whistle of a receding train faded lingeringly away into the silence of the night—and even so melted into air all the glittering hopes founded on the Rise and Shine.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Century of Patents.

The commissioner of patents has sent to Congress the report he is required by law to make yearly to that body. In prefacing the account of the operations and needs of his bureau he calls attention to the fact that this is the one hundredth year of the American patent system. The number of patents granted the first year was three. The number granted the first fifty years was 12,421. Since that time, under the act of 1836 and subsequent statutes based upon the same general principles, a marvelous growth has attended the system—a growth that has been signalized by the corresponding development in every department of American industry. So vast has the growth become that during the last calendar year—a year nearly coincident with the centennial year of the patent system—nearly 24,000 patents were granted, making the whole number of mechanical patents granted prior to January 1, 1890, 428,622. The number of the entire century, ending April 10, 1891, will approximate 437,000. It is not surprising that a distinguished statesman, late prime minister to England, recently said of the United States, "In no one country I suppose, is there so careful a cultivation of the inventive faculty."

During the last calendar year 22,080 patents were issued to citizens of the United States, and 2,003 were issued to citizens of foreign countries. In Connecticut one citizen out of every 700 got a patent; in the District, one in every 792; in Massachusetts, one in every 873; in New Jersey, one in every 1,066, and in Rhode Island, one in every 1,115. These were the states receiving the greatest number of patents in proportion to population. The least inventive state was Mississippi, where only one person in 23,574 received a patent.

The Commissioner says: Inventors and persons interested in inventions have during the past year paid into the Treasury of the United States the sum of $228,773,09 over and above all the current expenses of the patent office.

Don't give up, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in the head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is applied into the nostrils. It is not a liquid or snuff. It cures by cleansing and healing. Price 50c.

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Growth of Babies.

The maternal physique has some subtle, indefinable influence over young children, a health-giving power not at present well understood. The new baby is still in a sense a part of its mother, though a separate unit. Its well-being requires close contact with her during the greater part of the twenty-four hours. A bed by itself is an injustice to helpless infants. It is paterfamilias who should seek another resting place, not the new life that is yet so frail and insecure. Only those who have tried this natural method can thoroughly appreciate its advantages and realize how admirably it insures the happiness of three persons. The child can be cared for during the night without exposure or any sudden chill. Always warmed and protected by loving presence, the little one sleeps long and well. After the weaning period the baby has its own bed as a matter of course. Until then an undisputed half of the maternal couch is a necessity to the embryonic citizen, if he is to grow into that relative perfection of health and strength which nature has intended for him. The human mother is the only animal that puts away its young at night, probably because the right kind of reason has not taken the place of half eradicated instinct. The hen gathers her brood under her wing; the mother bear forms herself into a sort of animate wooly nest about her cubs, just as the cat's body embraces her kittens. Our cousins of the lower orders may not be such bad examples to follow after all. At any rate why not give those "wonderful weans" the benefit of the doubt?

The slaughter of the innocent goes on in different ways. Emotional prodigality is a most efficient means of removing the joys of the household. "Died of too much grandfather, grandmother, uncle and aunt" would be a fitting epitaph for many a bright child. Emotion is the most exhausting of the mental attributes. What children do, and how much, is of far less importance than the way in which they do it. The evils of premature mental activity are without doubt very great; but to prematurely and unduly excite emotional manifestations is tenfold more hurtful. In this regard there seems to be the densest ignorance, the fact that young children's only business in life is to develop slowly—to eat, sleep, and play in childlike fashion—is too often forgotten in the home circle. On the contrary, they are often supposed to attend to their own work of growing and developing, and afford fun for the family at the same time. Our tender little ones are made the playthings of the household—hugged, kissed, talked to and made to talk for the pleasure and gratification of the parents and friends. Their callow brains are overworked by exciting and intense emotion. What wonder they have big heads, little bodies and hardly any digestion.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Old English Manners.

In the reign of James I., men and women wore looking-glasses publicly—the men, as brooches or ornaments, in their hats, and the women at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes (like the ladies of our day) in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers inserted into silver or ivory tubes.

At feasts, every guest brought his own knife, and a whetstone was placed behind the door, upon which he sharpened his knife as he entered.

In 1564, a Dutchman, named Wm. Bonven, brought the first coach into England; and, it is said, the sight of it put both horses and men into amazement. Some said it was a crab shell, brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil.

The business of cap-making was ruined in 1571 by the common wearing of hats, which then came into vogue.

Smoothing-irons are of late invention; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for that purpose.

A Mrs. Isabel Danton, of Leeds, is said to have first invented hats and baskets made of straw.

In 1654 two rich women desired to marry the Earl of Huntington for the sake of the title. One of them offered to lay down £20,000 on the day of her marriage. The other offered £500 a year, during his life, and £6,000 in cash, he to go with her to the church and marry her; immediately after the ceremony they were to take leave at the church door, and never to see each other again.

Feminine Tenderness.

According to Darwin one of the chief mental differences between man and woman is woman's greater tenderness. Of this feminine tenderness the world has been able to judge on a vast scale during the last two or three years.

According to statistics 30,000 humming birds were sold in London in one afternoon, and the number of Brazillian and New Indian birds sold in one auction-room during four months, 404,404. One dealer in South Carolina handles 30,000 bird skins each year. During four months 70,000 birds were supplied to New York dealers from a single village on Long Island; and an enterprising woman from New York contracted with a Paris millinery firm to deliver during this summer 40,000 or more skins of birds at 40 cents each. A correspondent of