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. XXXIX. NO. 9. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1890. WHOLE NO. 2039.

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PUBLIC SALE — OF — Valuable Real Estate! — o: —
BY VIRTUE of the last will and testament of Jacob Cover, deceased, and an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., I will offer at public sale, on the premises, on
SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1890,
at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, viz: A certain tract of land situate in the Township of Jenner, County of Somerset and State of Pennsylvania, containing 31 acres and 39 perches, adjoining lands of Michael Cover, Jonathan Antony, John C. Walter, and others, being 1½ miles from Jennerstown, and 11 miles from Somerset, and convenient to church and school. The land is all under good state of cultivation and well watered. A good orchard of apple trees, a tenement frame house and a log barn.
TERMS:—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down on day of sale, the remainder of one-third at the confirmation of sale, one-third in one year, and the remaining one-third in two years thereafter, with interest on deferred payments from the confirmation of sale. HENRY COVER, Executor and Trustee.
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"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequaled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to
A Rich Brown
or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta Ga.
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MADCAP OF THE TOWN.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Oh, she was such a merry maid,
So full of mirth and glee,
That every one who knew her said—
So blithe and gay was she—
That if a lover came to woo
This madcap of the town,
His fate he'd rue, for well they knew
She'd never settle down.

The sweetest music was her laugh
That ran in liquid trills,
Half like a song of birds, and half
Like downward dancing rills.
To melody her voice was set,
And, though the world might frown,
She did not fret, but said: "'Tis yet
Too soon to settle down!"

A lover sought this maid to wed,
And oh! what happiness
Was his, when, blushing rosy red,
She softly whispered, "Yes!"
With many a shrug and knowing glance
The gossips of the town
Said in advance: "She'll find a chance
Perhaps to settle down!"

But happy is her wedded lot,
With gladness unsubdued
She made her home a blessed spot
For those in any mood;
For children gaily frolicked round,
Her husband held her dear;
And cork and sound a welcome found
Within this house of cheer.

Time stole the roses of her youth,
With much she had to part;
But, spite of all, in sober truth
She kept her merry heart.
Such charms and graces she displayed
Who wore the matron's crown,
The gossips said: "The merry maid
Is the sweetest wife in town!"

JOSEPHINE'S TRIBULATION.

Josephine Archer was angry. She pursed her little mouth, tightening the ruby lips till the last drop of blood seemed to have forsaken them; she clenched her little hands; and she stamped her little foot; and her big brown eyes snapped fire as she exclaimed, in tones savagely hissing:

"Oh, the monster!" that was where the foot came down. "And right in the face and eyes of society! Kate Bixby and Belle Bounderby both saw him galivanting down Main street with her. O! O! O!"

At this point her voice seemed to fail her; but presently she continued:

"Oh, Mr. Henry Gilman! If you don't get a piece of my mind when next you insult me by your presence, then I shall miss my guess. Oh, you black-hearted, abominable, hypocritical, faithless, wicked man!"

It was a terrible blow for poor Josephine. She was a pretty girl, eighteen years of age, bright, winsome, and mostly laughter-loving. But she didn't care to laugh just now. She was the light and joy of her home—an only child.

Two years previous to the present time Henry Gilman, Esq., a young lawyer just admitted to the bar, had selected our thriving, growing town as the field of his legal labors. He had been only one and twenty when he first came among us, but he was a man of powerful intellect, keen, bright, and quick to see and understand; a ready, fluent speaker, eloquent when warm in debate, scrupulously truthful and honest, and withal, handsome. Such a man could not fail, and he did not. Within a twelvemonth after he had established himself with us he had gained a lucrative practice, and by the end of the second year, at the age of twenty and three, he was unable to attend to all who called upon him for his professional services.

And Henry Gilman had fallen in love with Josephine Archer, and she had fallen in love with him. When the young lawyer spoke with her parents on the subject of his love, they were rejoiced. They knew how light-hearted and impulsive and effervescent she was, and they believed that he possessed the qualities both of head and heart necessary to her happiness.

Gilman told Mr. Archer frankly that he possessed nothing of worldly goods upon which to depend for a living. His father died when he was fifteen, leaving enough of property for the support of his mother, with enough to finish his education.

"On the day that I passed my examination, and was admitted to the bar," he said, "I ceased to draw from the scanty store my father left, and I promised my mother that while she lived I would draw not another penny. And I pray she may live to enjoy the last farthing of it."

So the lover had been accepted by all concerned, and all had been very happy in view of the compact. But a cloud had arisen, as we have seen, and a storm was threatened. More than once had Josephine promised her lover that she would never, never, allow the spirit of jealousy to possess her. He had quickly seen how ardent and impulsive she was, and had told her:

"My darling, if you should ever harbor the green-eyed monster in your bosom you would be very unhappy. It would poison your blood, and embitter every thought and feeling. So, my dear girl, don't you do it." And she had promised that she would not.

And yet, she had let the monster in. She was about as jealous as a woman could be. And it was on account of a blooming young widow—the widow Kitty Coryden. The very name was enough to make one jealous. "Kitty Coryden!" Josephine pronounced the name a hundred times, and if its fair owner could have heard her she would surely have been frightened. The vindictive, savage tones were significant of direct vengeance.

"Josephine! what is the matter with you?"

It was the first time Henry had called upon her since she had been informed of his treachery.

"What in the world is it, darling?" he urged, attempting to put an arm around her. But she pushed him indignantly away.

"What is it? Oh, you cruel, wicked man! And you ask me what it is?"

For the life of him he could not understand it; and he told her so.

"You can't understand it?" she spitefully exclaimed.

"Indeed I cannot."

"Then," she said, drawing a long, deep breath, and bestowing a look which she thought would annihilate him, "you had better go—and—ask—your pretty—widow—your sweet Kitty Coryden!"

A bomb bursting at his feet could not have startled him more deeply; but it was only for the moment. He was a man whose conscious integrity—whose ever present sense of truth and honor—rendered him impervious to fear from such attacks. Presently the look of consternation gave way to a smile, and he gently said:

"Poor child, who has been whispering that nonsense into your ear?"

"O-h-o! It's nonsense, is it? Perhaps there isn't any Kitty Coryden!"

"But there is, and she has called upon me at my office!"

"Yes, and you are going so find a house for here in this village!"

"I have promised her that I will do so."

"Oh, how coolly you take it!"

"But, my dear Josephine, will you listen to me just for one moment? Let me—"

"No, sir, I will not. I want nothing more to do with you; go to your Kitty! Oh, don't tell me—she's been in your office how many different times? And—and—"

"Well—what more? Let us have the whole charge."

"Oh! Didn't you—didn't you—only yesterday, when she got out of the coach—didn't you—Oh, you false-hearted man!"

"Didn't I what, Josey?"

"Don't call me Josey! Don't you ever dare to do it again! Oh, you took your Kitty in your arms—"

"No, no—I deny that in toto," broke in Henry, smiling, in spite of his efforts to the contrary.

"Well—you—you—KISSED HER! So there!"

"My dear Josephine, to that I plead guilty."

"You—you do!" gasped the stricken girl, utterly confounded by the man's impervious audacity. She struggled up from the blow and pointed to the door.

There!—there, sir, is the door. Go, and never—never let me look upon your face again. Go!"

He gazed upon her for a brief space—a few seconds—and then with something very much like a smile upon his frank and honest face he turned and left the room—and left the house, saying to himself as he went:

"Poor child! I will not blame her. If she did not love me so truly and well she would not feel so deeply."

He knew very well who had made the mischief. A certain maiden, who had sought in vain to win his smiles—who had thrown herself almost into his arms repeatedly, and whom he had been forced to repulse—had seen his fair client alight at the door of his office, and had, very likely, seen him kiss her; for he had done that thing, and had done it most lovingly.

Meantime an unhappy maiden sat all alone in the great drawing-room of Judge Archer's (he had been judge of probate) imposing residence. She had never in all her life been so unhappy before. As she recalled the face of her lover, she could not believe that he was a traitor. Could he be false to her? Oh, she would not believe it. And yet—yet—that kiss—Kate and Belle both saw it, or Kate did, at any rate. And he acknowledged it, too! Oh, that is too much!

"Josephine, my dear child!" said her father, at that moment entering the room, "what in the wide world is the meaning of all this? What has happened?"

She did not answer him; she only bent her head lower, and sobbed more violently. Then her mother spoke, but not with the depth of emotion that had characterized the speech of the father:

"Josephine, this is nothing but a lover's quarrel, and all on your part, I'll be bound. You've been doing something foolish."

The girl was upon her feet on the instant, her hands clenched, her teeth set, and her eyes flashing.

"A lover's quarrel!" she gasped, "on my part! Oh, you don't know what the—the—wretch has been doing! He is false! false! false!"

"But, my dear child, what has he been doing?"

"He's done enough. I am not his first love—not his true love. She—she—has followed him here—his sweet Kitty Coryden, and he hugged her—and—and—kissed her—on the very sidewalk! Oh, oh, oh!"

"His what?—his who?" asked the Judge, choking and gasping as he spoke.

"His Kitty Coryden!" snapped the maiden, with terrible vindictiveness.

The effect upon the father was marvellous. He sank down into a chair, his face puffed and purple, and when he could catch his breath he burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, and he was laughing, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, when the door communicating with the front hall was unceremoniously opened, and—

Enter—Henry Gilman, Esq., with a lady—for a lady she certainly was—a mild, blue-eyed, sweet-faced woman, petit and plump, a wealth of golden brown tresses escaping from beneath a jaunty little hat of laceand ostrich feathers; in short, a woman whom anybody might have loved at sight; for she was not only beautiful, but she looked good, and true and brave. She was certainly older than Harry Gilman; but, then, many a match has been made between parties more widely separated by age than were those two.

"Judge Archer and Mrs. Archer, I have the pleasure of introducing you to my mother."

The Judge had recovered himself immediately upon the entrance of the newcomers, and he was not all surprised by the introduction. Henry had spoken with him on the subject of finding a house such as mother would like to live in, for he had persuaded her to come and make her home near him, if not with him.

Mrs. Archer was somewhat surprised for she had not known that Henry was expecting his mother's arrival; and she was furthermore surpised upon beholding in that mother a woman so young and beautiful; but she manifested none of her surprise in her greeting, which was warm and ardent.

It remained for poor Josephine to be dumbfounded. Henry had often spoken of his mother: had told her how good she had always been to him; how she had paid out of her own store for his comfort and convenience while in college—far more than she was legally bound to do. She had, in fact, anticipated all his wants and supplied them cheerfully and joyously.

"Josephine," he said, as he turned to where she stood, struggling with all her might to recover her scattered senses, "this is my own dear mother; and this mamma, is my own dear Josephine! and I hope you will love her for my sake, as well as your own."

While Josephine, with thoughts of her lover's perfidy driven from her mind, held the mild-eyed woman by the hand, thinking how easy it would be to love her, Henry proceeded speaking to the family:

"I think I have never told you my mother's name. You will pardon me, mamma. My father died, as you know, when I was fifteen years of age. Three years later my mother married again,—married with Judge Coryden, of Swanport.

At this point Josephine started with a quick gasp.

"At the end of the year, however," the young man went on, "the Judge died. My mother, of course, retains his name, but she seldom speaks of him; and when old friends, who know not of this second marriage, call her by the old name, she never corrects them. In fact, most of her letters come directed to Mrs. Kate Gilman."

"So now, my darling, you know my sweet Kitty Coryden, and I think you will not take it further amiss—"

Before he could speak further her little white hand was clapped tightly over his mouth, and she found strength to whisper in his ear:

"Oh, Harry, don't, don't! If you can love me still, say no more until we are alone!"

And when later they were alone, Josephine humbled herself completely. She saw her glaring fault. It was not that she had been hurt at heart by what she had heard of her lover, but it was this: She had not confidence in him to ask him for an explanation. In short, she would have sacrificed the happiness of a lifetime to the passion and the prejudice of a moment.

Josephine is now a happy wife, with beautiful children laughing and playing around her, and from that time—that miserable evening on which she made the acquaintance of sweet Kitty Coryden, she has not for a moment harbored the green-eyed monster in her bosom. She entertained the demon once, and she never, never will entertain him again.

The English Railroad Car.

Those Americans who go abroad to discover the shortcomings of Europe and to exaggerate their own satisfaction with everything American, are always happiest when they are describing and English, French, or German railroad. They are half wrong, as bigots usually are; but then, again they are half right. The truest comparison and fairest statement of the facts concerning English and American railroads is that if they had our cars and we had their roads, both countries would enjoy railroading to perfection.

In order to present the completest picture to the American reader, let him or her imagine a summer horse-car with the sides boarded up—one of those horse-cars we New Yorkers ride upon Third Avenue in, with cross seats facing one another in pairs. Let him imagine the back of every alternate seat carried up to the ceiling. That would divide the car into three or four boxes. Then put a window at each end of each seat, and a door at each end of each passage. The windows must be tight and immovable, but there must be a sliding window in every door, to hoist up and down by means of a broad leather strap, worn black and soft by handling. Now mark "Third Class" on the boxes that are over the wheels at either end of the car, and print "First Class" on the boxes between the wheels in the middle of the car. Cushion the first-class seats, and pad their backs as high as one's head; then carpet the third-class seats, and nail carpets on their backs, and you have turned an open horse-car into an English railway carriage. There is a narrow board on each side of the horse-car for the conductor to walk upon, and that is there also on the English car; but the English railroad car is boarded up at each end, whereas the American horse-car is glazed.

Now let the American think of all the comforts and conveniences there are in our railroad coaches—the toilet stand, the closet, the heating apparatus, the drinking-water cylinder. Not one of these is in an English railroad car—not one. All those things are at the station, not in the cars. In the English cars there is an ineffectual and timid light, half concealed above a thick convex glass in the roof of each compartment, and there is a rack over each seat. This is the fact whether you ride first-class or third-class. In some of the cars there is a map of the railroad over one bench, and an advertisement of the railroad's hotels facing it, in each compartment. The map strikes me as a most excellent idea. There is also posted in each compartment a statement of the number of persons it is designed to hold. "This compartment is for ten persons," was always posted in the the third-class and second-class compartments; in the first-class ones the seats are divided by padded arms to accommodate three persons each, or six to the compartment. That is a European custom. Even on shipboard on your way to Europe you will notice, cast in the iron door-frame of every room aboard the vessel, a statement of the number of sailors or passengers or stewards or stokers that may inhabit each apartment.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Two Answers.

"What made you tell her so many times?" asked a sympathizing by-stander, who had heard a railway official answer the same question for an old lady six times in fifteen minutes.

"Why, she didn't understand!" replied he simply, evidently a little surprised at the suggestion that he could have refrained from speaking. In disagreeable contrast to his forebearance stands the speech of the sea captain, irritated by an oft repeated query.

"Is it always foggy off the banks?" asked a passenger, guiltless of a suspicion that he might offend.

"How do I know, sir?" snarled the captain. "I'm not always off the banks."—*Youth's Companion.*

By being careful not to let young calves gorge themselves you will seldom be troubled by their having the scours if their food is all right.

A Mystery.

A well known photographer will vouch for the following facts: He was called in one day to take a photograph of a young girl of about 20 who had died a few days before. The corpse was laid out upon a bed, with the hands clasped over the breast. Death had come very gently to her, and, except for the stillness, she lay there as if asleep. Some flowers had been strewn over the body and on the floor by the side of the bed, and standing out in black relief against it was the coffin. The photographer silently adjusted the lens and took the photograph. During the ten minutes needed for the exposure, the photographer paced up and down in the long corridor outside the room where the dead girl lay. When he returned he saw that on the lid of the coffin was a flower, which was not there before.

How did that flower come there? No one had entered the room; the windows were closed, and there was not a breath of air stirring. Why was the flower now lying on the coffin, when a few minutes before it was on the bed between the hands of the corpse? The photographer listened, but he could hear no sound except the beating of his own heart. In a few minutes, however, he determined to dismiss the question from his mind, and busied himself with packing up his instrument. Then he paused—possibly the falling flower had left a trace on the negative, or, as the day was gloomy, the photograph might not be quite successfull. He would try again.

A second photograph was taken, and the artist returned home. That night, sitting up late in his studio, he developed the two negatives. The position of the corpse was not the same in the two negatives. The photographer strained his eyes, half disbelieving the evidence of his own senses; but there were the two negatives before him, telling in their silent, unmistakable truthfulness that between the taking of the two photographs the arm of the dead girl had distinctly moved. The mystery of the flower on the coffin was solved, but it was succeeded by a mystery more terrible still.—*London Table.*

He Didn't Notice.

When a witness, whether in court or elsewhere, is fairly "cornered," he is likely to dash wildly into impossible statements. A story related by the author of "Behind the Bungalow" brings into relief this weakness of human nature. A gentleman living in India suspected that his milk was being watered, although his faithful native servant protested that this could not be, as the milking was begun and finished in his presence.

The master provided himself with a lactometer, and the suspicion became certainty. Summoning the servant, he told him that the little instrument floating in the milk could neither lie nor be deceived.

"It declares," he added, sternly, "that there is 25 per cent. of water in this milk."

"Your lordship speaks the truth," replied the man, "but how could I tell a lie? The milk was drawn in my presence."

"Do you mean to say you were there all the time the animal was being milked?"

"The whole time, your lordship. Would I give those wretches a chance of watering the sahib's milk?"

"Are you sure there was no water in the pail before the milking began?"

"Your lordship, I made the man turn the pail upside down and shake it."

As the gentleman turned the matter over in his mind, it occurred to him that the lactometer, being of English manufacture, might not work properly in buffalo's milk.

"Is this cow's milk or buffalo's?" he asked.

The servant was beginning to feel uncomfortable, and caught at this chance of escape.

"Ah, that I cannot tell," he answered; "it may be buffalo's milk, or it may be cow's. I do not know."—*Youth's Companion.*

Something Worth Keeping.

"I can never keep anything!" cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation, because she could not find her scissors. "Somebody always takes my things away and loses them."

"There is one thing I think you might keep if you would try," said her mamma.

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed her mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that you will find it easier to keep other things. I dare say, now, if you had used you time in searching for the lost scissors, you might have found them before this. You have only got into a passion, and you have accused some person, perhaps unjustly, of taking away your scissors and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear, and when anything is mislaid keep cool and look for it. You would better keep your temper, even if you lose all the little property you have; getting into a passion never brings anything to light except an unhappy face; and by losing your temper you commit two sins—you yourself get into a passion, and you accuse somebody of doing wrong. So, my dear, I repeat, 'keep your temper.'"

Emma began to think. She got over her ill-humor, searched for her scissors and found them in her own work-bag.

"Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "here they are; I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper."

There is not one man or woman in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so populous. If you can get to bed early then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before making your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives an irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time, after you call us, to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

Advantages of Summer Plowing of the Soil.

It has not been determined by leading agriculturists and scientists whether late plowing should be practised or not. In all discussions on the subject local influences are made to bear on the matter. The character of the soil, its surface conformation, the climate, the previous crops grown thereon, and other considerations govern a decision on the question. It is claimed by some that the soil should never be exposed in a condition bare of growth, as it is injured by the sun in the summer and by the washing of the rains in the winter. It is admitted, however, that every farmer must judge for himself, as his farm may require treatment radically different from that of his neighbor.

The great difficulty with some farmers is to secure an opportunity to plow during the summer, as pressing work prevents them from doing such when it may be an advantage. Summer plowing will answer well on ground that has long been in sod, and which has been turned under in the spring. Such land is usually planted to corn or potatoes, and the frequent use of the cultivator keeps the ground loose and promotes decay of the sod, but potatoes for an early crop are harvested as soon as possible, which leaves the soil not only rough, but in an excellent condition for weeds.

By plowing the soil after the potatoes are off it will be reduced to a finer condition, the weeds will be destroyed, and the second crop of weeds retarded, so that by the time the land should be gotten ready for wheat (when it should be plowed again) the seed-bed for the wheat can be harrowed down fine and nice, while all the weeds will not only have been destroyed but prevented from seeding. If the plowing on corn land is done as soon as the corn is cut, and again the land plowed before seeding to wheat, it will be a great benefit to the wheat.

In all such matters the labor is the first consideration, and no farmer will plow twice if he can make one plowing suffice. But this work should be balanced by the saving of labor later on, in the destruction of weeds at the first plowing, the better condition of the seed-bed for wheat the cleaner the field of wheat in the spring of weeds, and the greater the yield by the large amount of plant food rendered more available, due to the stirring of the soil and the action of air warmth and moisture.

He Is For Delamater.

The Warren *Mail* one of the keenest and most observing of papers in the oil regions, has been looking around for that sentiment against the Republican candidate for governor that is said to exist up there. It finds one man against Mr. Delamater, but as an offset it brings to the front as good an oil producer and Republican as can be found, who was not for Mr. Delamater for the nomination, but is for him now through thick and thin. In commenting on this the *Mail* says: "We see it stated that Mr. Emery, who generally opposes what he doesn't control, is to take the stump against Delamater in McKean county. Emery is a chronic kicker. Ever since he went to the Legislature, he has opposed the management of the Republican party, without any regard to the success of its ticket. We shall be very much surprised if many of McKean's sterling Republicans follow his bad example. We see a letter from one of them who certainly will not. This is John P. Zane. He is an oil producer and has as much reason to oppose Delamater, and the Republican party, as Emery. Yet he supports him and the whole ticket earnestly. He was as earnestly for our candidate, Secretary Stone, as any body in his own county. Yet he does not sulk in his tent like "a bad boy," because he was not nominated. Like a sensible man, he knows that every man can't always have his first choice. He knows that to win in a party sense, the majority must rule, and that the duty of all true Republicans is to support the majority's choice."

A Story Without a Moral.

There was an occurrence not long ago in the city of minneapolis which well illustrated the making of virtue a necessity and profiting thereby. A lady, than whose name there is none better known in the theatrical world, was playing an engagement at the Grand. She stopped, of course, at the West. One day she was engaged in looking over her wardrobe, in her room, and being busy, had her luncheon sent up to her. When it came her stage diamonds, made of the purest paste, were scattered about on the table, among them being a large cross heavily set with sparkling diamonds. It caught the eye of the waiter who brought up the tray, and by a little juggling with his napkin he secured it.

He rushed down town as soon as possible to, in vulgar parlance, "hock it," but found that he could raise but fifty cents on it. He was a "smooth guy," so he hastened back to the hotel, only to find that the lady had departed for the matinee performance. To the theatre he went, and securing admission at the stage entrance on "pressing business from Miss —, — Hotel," he found the lady and restored to her the diamond cross, which he plausibly set forth had become tangled in a napkin. She had never even missed the ornament, but she was so delighted with the fellow's honesty that she bestowed upon him a $5 bill. This is a true story, and one which will not be incorporated among those in the Sunday school books under the title, "The Reward of Honesty."

A Much Needed Invention.

In machine shops it is a frequent occurrence that particles of metal penetrate the skin and eyes. Messrs. Frister & Rossman have, according to Revue Industrielle, constructed a magnet for the special purpose of extracting such particles. It is horseshoe shaped, polished and nickel plated; the two branches are rounded off and end in a point only a few millimeters thick. Its attraction for iron extends for several millimeters.

Minnie—"I am afraid I cannot attend your party, dear. I am going away the day after, and I will have such an awful lot of traps to pack."

Mamie—"It's strange, if you really have such a lot of traps, that you have never been able to catch any one yet."

HERBERT HOSTETTER TALKS.

He Says that the South Penn Will be Built Some Day.

Pittsburg Times August 12.

Rumors have been rife of late regarding the prospective completion of the South Penn Railroad, and a morning contemporary has even gone the length of producing presumptive evidence to show that the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. has secretly undertaken this work with a view to carrying it to a conclusion. Last evening a *Times* reporter secured an interview on this subject with Herbert Hostetter, whose father, the late Dr. Hostetter, was practically the progenitor of the South Penn road, and entertained the firmest faith in the necessity of its completion. Mr. Hostetter inherits his father's confidence in the ultimate success of the road. He was the last stockholder to part with his interest when the enterprise was bought out by the Vanderbilts at 60 cents on the dollar, and he still maintains the belief that some day the road will be an accomplished fact, and that the monopoly enjoyed by the Pennsylvania Railroad will be wiped out forever.

"What do you think of the story published to the effect that Pennsylvania Railroad engineers are surveying the South Penn line of road with