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SOMERSET, PA.

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Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity Office next door to Somerset Hotel.

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Office on Main street, next door to Lutheran Church. Night calls at office.

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

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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 house over M. M. Tredwell & Co.'s store, corner Main Cross and Patriot streets.

DR. WM. COLLINS,
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Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

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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.
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 Serves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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WANTED:—
WHITE
OAK
LUMBER,
CUT TO ORDER.
Address
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
No. 10 Baltimore St., Cumberland, Md.

Benn's National Liniment
CURES
Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains and Swellings.
FOR MAN OR BEAST.
For sale by all Druggists. Price, 25c., 50c., and $1, per bottle.
W. B. BENN, Mf'g., Allegheny, Pa.
8-39-1yr.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 15. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1890. WHOLE NO. 2045.

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.

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

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., we will expose to public sale on the premises in Somerset Township, three-fourths of a mile west of Lavansville, on
MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1890,
At 1 o'clock p. m., the following described and valuable real estate:

A certain farm, the real estate of Jacob B. Countryman, dec'd., situate in Somerset and Jefferson Townships, Somerset County, Pa., only a small part in Jefferson township, being two contiguous tracts of land, adjoining lands of Joseph L. Miller, George Dickey, John Hay, John Yowler, H. Kring, Abra. Countryman, D. Lavanville, John Countryman, H. H. Flick and others, in all containing 149 acres more or less, about 130 acres cleared, balance well timbered, with a

SUGAR CAMP

that will set about 375 kettles; two dwelling houses, one a large brick house—a very large barn and other outbuildings, about five miles west of Somerset, near to church, schools and stores. This is a good and beautiful farm in the highest state of cultivation, and produces good crops of grass and grain; also, fine fruit trees on the farm, with good running water, also limestone. The grain sowed on the farm is reserved. Possession given April 1, 1891. The purchaser has the right to plow and use the farm preparatory for the next summer's crops.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third to remain a lien on the farm, after the expenses are deducted, the interest to be paid annually and regularly to the widow of the dec'd during her life, and at her death the principal to the heirs of the dec'd. One-fourth of the balance cash, after deducting the dower, on confirmation of sale, (when int. on dower shall begin) and 20 per cent of hand money cash on day of sale. The balance in three equal annual payments, without interest; payments and dower to be secured by judgments.

Persons desiring further information about the farm can call on the Administrators on the farm, or their attorney, John H. Uhl, Esq., at Somerset.
W. F. COUNTRYMAN,
E. L. COUNTRYMAN,
H. L. COUNTRYMAN,
sept24. Administrators and Trustees.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Freeman Paul, dec'd., late of Greenville Twp., 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 Saturday, the 4th day of Oct. 1890, at the late residence of dec'd in said twp.
JOHN PAUL,
aug27. Administrator.
Scott & Ogle, Attorneys.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of Levi Brubaker, dec'd., late of Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters testamentary 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 or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Friday, Oct. 31, 1890, at the office of J. G. Kimmell, in Somerset Bor.
NANCY BRUBAKER,
sept24. Executrix.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE, DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars and full particulars, address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street Cincinnati, O.

ST. JACOBS OIL
BASE BALL SEASON.
Cures HURTS, CUTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM.
ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN FOR RHEUMATISM.
Suffered Nearly Thirty Years.
187 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md.
For nearly 30 years I suffered with rheumatism in arm and shoulder; could not lift my arm. Less than two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. W. H. HEESON.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Use Of
Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in
Ayer's Pills,
which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.
"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health." —Wm. H. DeLancett, Dorset, Ont.
"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more
Effective
than any other pill I ever took." — Mrs. R. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.
"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried." —H. S. Sledge, Welmar, Texas.
Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
ACCOUNTS MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.
—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
LaRue M. Hicks. W. H. Miller,
James L. Pugh, Chas. H. Fisher,
John R. Scott, Geo. R. Scull,
Fred W. 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.

Somerset County National Bank
OF SOMERSET, PA.
Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890
CAPITAL $50,000.
Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't
Wm. B. Frease, Vice Pres't.
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
Wm. H. Koontz, Sam'l Snyder,
Josiah Sprehl, Jonas M. Cook,
John H. Snyder, John Stutt,
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Customers of this Bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking.
Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount.
Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's Celebrated Safes, with most approved time lock.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.
Accounts and Deposits Solicited. mar6-6m

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.
sept28-'89-1yr. SOMERSET, PA.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of William Shaw, dec'd., late of Ursina Borough, 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 Friday, October 10th, 1890, at the late residence of the deceased, in Ursina Borough.
ELLA BLANCH SHAW,
aug27. Admrx. with the will annexed.
Uhl & Holbert, Attorneys.

DIVIDED.

If thou wert by my side, dear love,
And I could walk with thee,
The path unto the mountain crest
No toil would seem to me.
But now my feet walk wearily,
And heavy are mine eyes,
And dread and dark the winding way,
That leadeth to the skies.

Yet if thou wert beside me, love,
My hand within thine own,
Perchance my weight would hold thee back,
Tho' thou canst win alone.
Thou mightest stumble, following me;
Or loitering by the way,
Seeking the sweets and flowers, my feet
Might tempt thine own to stray.

But now by different paths, my love,
We seek the self same goal,
So far apart no charm am I,
No hindrance to thy soul.
And tho' my heart doth ache for thee
My lips for thy lips long,
I see thee toiling upward still,
And hush my pain with song.

And when upon the mountain crest
We stand where souls are free,
The bliss that doth elude us now
Must come to thee and me.
Not one brief thrill of joy, of pain—
One smile, in tears to end,
But an eternal crown of love,
When soul with soul shall blend.

A DEADLY SORRQW.

BY A. H. SNODDRICKER.

"Five years ago to-day Booth Stanfield, detective friend of mine, committed suicide," remarked a Scotland Yard detective, who had joined our party around a table in the Chelsea Gardens, one very warm evening when a half dozen of the force were gathered there.

"Was he insane?" I asked.

The Scotland Yard detective blew the froth from a foaming tankard and drank long and deep of the famous brew, and heaving a sigh which was expressive of the satisfaction with which the cooling draught had filled him, he sadly replied:

"No, it was a deadly sorrow!"

"Tell us the story."

"I would that it were only a story, but if you gentlemen will keep quiet and ask no questions until I get through, I will do so."

"Go ahead; we're mum."

"All right! Booth Stanfield was one of the keenest men on the yard—a strange man, but a strong one among the strong ones. In person he was over six feet in height, and well proportioned, and for muscular power he beat anything I ever saw in my life. Yet, somehow, in looking at his face I could not get over the thought that he had suffered some great sorrow, or had some great wrong to avenge; however, in the latter supposition I was entirely mistaken, and I told him one day how he seemed to affect me.

"'Booth,' said I, a trifle nervous, 'I may have presumed, and if so I crave your pardon; but the sorrow that sits upon your face tells me that you are pining under some great trouble that is destroying your life.'

"Yes, Mort," he replied, "I have a trouble—a lingering sorrow—that is stealing my life away, and yet I long to die; but see here, Mort, I must trust some one, or this thing will surely drive me mad."

"'Booth,' said I, 'If I can be of any service to you, I'm yours to command.'

"He told me his story, which made an impression on my mind that can only be effaced by death, and I will endeavor to relate it in his own words.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

One day I was bending over my desk, in our chief's office, writing busily, when all at once something fair and white stood before me; a figure in floating draperies, a face that was perfect, and a pair of wondrous eyes gazing upon me, while a sweet low voice asked:

"Is my father, is Mr. Larrimer—in?" Then, as she observed my glance of surprise, she added:

"I have just returned from school, and must see papa."

And the sweet voice had a ring of impatience in it.

Of course I provided her with a seat, Mr. Larrimer would soon return, and Miss Larrimer chose to wait for him. Sitting there we chatted pleasantly, and before we scarcely realized it we were on friendly terms.

A heavy footstep, and then Lionel Larrimer, my chief, the most haughty, purse proud man in the great city, made his appearance and had his daughter in his arms, kissing her tenderly.

I stood aside until the meeting was over; then I noticed that the girl had whispered something to her father; he turned to me:

"My daughter, Miss Lillian, Mr. Booth Stanfield!" he said, hurriedly, and there was a careless indifference in Mr. Larrimer's tone that galled my pride inexpressibly—it was as though I was an inferior, and my presence just tolerated.

"Come, Lillian," said her father, "let us go home. It is such a comfort to have you back again. Mr. Stanfield"—turning to me carelessly—"you will please call on Mr. Mortimore and see what you can learn from him about that extensive diamond robbery and report when I return."

I bowed. Then Larrimer moved away and she, with a bow and a sweet smile, followed her father.

"Ah, by the way," he added, languidly, as they were about to leave, "my daughter, Miss Larrimer intends giving a reception on the 28th and has invited you."

I bowed in acknowledgment. The invitation was extended as one flings a bone to a dog.

"Miss Larrimer is very kind," I responded. "I shall take pleasure in accepting."

He bowed stiffly, and then I was left alone; but between my pen and the paper before me there came the vision of a fair face, and clouds of golden hair, the face of a woman whom I was destined to love until I died.

The night of the reception came. I ascended the marble steps of Mr. Larrimer's stately mansion with a wildly beating heart, and not long afterward I was ushered into the grand drawing-room.

A glittering of jewels, the rustle of silks and satins, lovely faces all around, and over it all the perfume of the rarest flowers.

Behind a screen of blossoming plants, a band of music was discoursing sweetly, and as I entered they were playing 'Mon Reve.'

Ah, mon reve, indeed; it was but a dream, after all, in which I lived that night.

A glimmer of pale bluesatin and frosty lace, the faint perfume of wood violets; I glanced up; a small gloved hand was shyly extended, and a sweet, well remembered—alas, too well remembered—voice spoke my name. I was in her presence once more!

She danced with me—not once, but many times—quite ignoring her father's black looks, and the very evident dissatisfaction of more than one eligible party.

She seemed to note their disappointment with girlish delight, and my heart grew cold, for I thought that so in time she might deal with me; but I determined to be happy for one night; after that heaven only knew what might tear us asunder.

But the hours flew by as only happy hours can fly, until at last the reception was a thing of the past.

After that, Lillian and myself were very frequently thrown into each other's society, and a passion strong and deep—at least on my part—sprang up between us.

We were inseparable, and we had sworn only to live to be united. We read classic poems to each other, and when the "Sorrows of Werther" were traced line by line she would shed tears of grief. Ours seemed an ecstacy of love and passion that could never die.

One day I was detailed on a case that compelled me to cross the Atlantic, and after an absence of six months, in which I was successful in "working up" the case, I returned and left for Lillian's home, full of love and hopeful anticipations.

On reaching there I saw Lillian looking from a window. Her face, with long fair hair hanging negligently before her breast, seemed the fairest on earth to me. I tried to climb up the vines as I saluted her with a kiss from my hand.

When she saw me, her face grew paler and she looked at me with a cold stare, saying:

"You come too late. I am married to another. Do not let your sorrows be as deadly as those of poor Werther."

She laughed a low, mocking laugh, as her face disappeared from the window, and I thought I heard a fall.

That was my death wound.

I went to my room and sat with my face to a great bay window that opened upon a beautiful park, and brooded over my terrible loss.

The next day I again crossed the park and as I neared the house of Lillian, I met her father who said, as if he menaced me:

"Lillian is dead! She spoke to you last! Why did you come here?"

I turned on my heel and walked rapidly away. They said that Lillian fell dead after she told me not to let my sorrows be as deadly as were those of Werther.

Since that day—ten years ago—my life has been a broken one. At times the agony has been so deep in my heart that I take my pistol—and Booth raised his weapon, cocked it and put the barrel to his head—and feel like ending my sorrows as Werther did his.

I sprang forward, but it was too late; a loud report followed, blood flowed from Booth Stanfield's right temple, and his fine face, disfigured with powder and ball, was turned towards the heavens.

Shifting the Load.

"Even my wife sometimes tells me that I must be different from other men," Abraham Lincoln once, more pathetically than jocosely, remarked, "and the compliment is not intended for me, either. But I tell you right here," and the long, dark hand came down on the table with sharp emphasis, "that I have schooled myself to think occasionally of something else besides the trouble immediately at hand."

"Oh, but that with you must be a natural faculty, Mr. Lincoln," the President's companion replied. "Most people are so constituted that they cannot do it. The thing that hurts them is the only thing that they can consider. It is the insistence of pain. Only here and there can be found one able to rise above it."

"There never was a more outrageous fallacy than that—outrageous because of the mischief it can do," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Oh, yes," interrupted the friend, with a superior smile, "but can you tell the world how to throw off trouble—how not to feel pain?"

"I would like such a receipt myself," was the laughing answer, "but I was only speaking of the ability to shift the load of pain or trouble, so that it might not incapacitate a man from being of some help and comfort to his neighbors. Now, we've no business to go round like a black gloved, grim-visaged undertaker. It is you business and mine to consider first what we can do toward lifting the loads of others. A good story is better than a long face; a jolly song has more 'get up and get' to it than a dirge. The only rule I have is to try and put myself a little in the rear. I don't say that this is always easy, but I have found this out—that to ease another's heartache is to forget one's self. When things get to squeezing too hard, I often find comfort in this question and answer:

"'Abe Lincoln, are you doing the best you know how?'

"And when Abe's reply can truthfully be, 'I am, please God!' then the country is safe."—*Youth's Companion.*

A young priest, shortly after beginning his labors in his first parish, received a visit from one of the older fathers. Anxious to show the progress he had made he called up a class in catechism for questioning.

"Biddy, Maloney," he began, "stand up."

A slip of a girl, with blue eyes and brown freckles, arose in her place.

"What, Biddy," said the young father, "is meant by the howly state of matrimony?"

"Shure," began Biddy, glibly, "tis a sayson of tormint upon which the soul inters to fit it for the blissid state to come.

"Och!" cried the questioner angry and mortified; "to the foot of the class wid ye, Biddy Maloney. It's the m'aning of purgatory ye're afther givin'."

But here the old priest interposed with a quizzical smile.

"Not too fast. For aught you and I know to the contrary, the gurrul may be perfectly right.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Slime of the Campaign.

Information has been gathered through various but reliable sources touching the plan of campaign of those who are conspiring for the defeat of the Republican ticket in this State. The campaign is to be an extraordinary one, and on the part of the opposition it is to be made a personal, a bitter and dirty one. The responsibility for this state of affairs begins with Pattison himself, for in his letter of acceptance he begged his party to press only personal issues, knowing that if higher ones dominate the public thought he will have no chance of election. Beyond this invitation he will not act personally save as a Democratic candidate, nor will his State Committee take any direct responsibility for the flood of nasty literature which is to be launched upon the State. The Democratic State Committee will confine its work within the Democratic lines, but a plan has been matured, after frequent conferences, which places the work of distributing the most offensive literature upon those who have personal injuries or lost opportunities to revenge. This part of the work is left to several Barkerite committees which are now in process of formation. Several are necessary, in order that the responsibility may be shifted, the movement given the appearance of grand proportions, and the leaders hidden from direct responsibility.

It has already been shown that extensive photo-lithographs are being prepared outside of the State, all of them designed to injure Senator Delamater, the Republican candidate, and Senator Quay, the Chairman of the National Republican Committee. The leaders of this plan of attack are William L. Scott, who desires to be U. S. Senator; Wharton Barker, who having failed to get a Cabinet position from Republican Presidents, is now apparently ready to take his chances with Cleveland; and Senator Emery, who has been defeated for a Congressional nomination in his own district, and who is largely actuated by personal hatreds. The Democratic hand, and possibly the wealth of Scott, will guide the guerilla forces, for he expects, through defections worked up against the State ticket, to capture the Legislature—knowing full well, crafty politician as he is, that, whatever injuries the head of the ticket, injures all of it. Indeed, one might as well strike an enemy's head, and exclaim "I mean no injury to your feet," as to cut off the head of a political ticket with the expectation that the injury stops there. It permeates the entire body, and injures not alone all of the ticket represented, but all of the measure and principle advocated. Scott knows this and Barker and Emery both know it. He is a novice in politics who does not, and it is the knowledge of the amount of injury within the compass of men who desire to promote it, that makes them work with a common purpose. All of these leaders are wealthy, and money counts as little against their hatreds and ambitions. If the Republicans were less generous, or less confident of ultimate triumph over every personal attack, they would "fight the devil with fire," but it will probably be enough for them to expose the general plan and its details as they appear, to excite the resentment if not the contempt of all fair-minded men.

The first shape given to the battle cry of the opposition is that "Delamater is Quay's man." Pattison was Cassidy's man, and is now Singerly's, but the Republicans are not as yet playing the baby act and shouting the chorus. Delamater has carved his own fortunes, won high recognition in his own county, and distinction in the State Senate before Quay befriended him, while Pattison was Cassidy's protege from the first. It is easy to say that any candidate is some leader's man, but such talk is only intended for gudgeons. Those whom it influences happily live long enough to regret it, and in time see the world as it always has and always will be, subject more or less to the direction of leaders. But after all, these leaders, where the primaries are free, as they are in the Republican party, can only exercise a modified influence. They have to follow where the party lead in all cases where voting is permitted. This is not true of the Democratic party, for its primaries are mere shams, with little semblance of liberty. A Republican candidate reflects with some degree of certainty the voice of his party; a Democratic candidate reflects only the policy of the hour and the wishes of certain leaders. Pattison reflects simply the wishes of Scott and Cleveland, and a vote for him means the desire to promote the power of these men. To gain their ends they are willing to invite and promote, without being directly responsible for a campaign of personal slander and mud slinging. The dirtier part of the work is to be done by committees, all of them self-constituted, who with one hand will distribute dirt and with the other invite the most respectable elements to associate in the movement. If we mistake not the slime will slip from one hand to the other and in this way search all who lend themselves to such a movement.

The Ideal and the Real.

'Twas in the afterglow. The spring day had closed ever so gently, with the sun sinking in the west (the same old place), and nature was waiting patiently for night to overtake it. Algernon and Angelina were looking up a house in which to erect their Lares and Penates and begin the ever-peaceful, ever-joyous life of housekeeping, etc.

"Shall we take a flat with six rooms and a place to slide the ashes into the cellar?" asked he.

"Oh, dear, no. Let us have a cottage with three bay windows and a beautiful veranda, where we can sit and watch the sun go down."

"It would be nice. But what's the matter with taking the first ten dollar rent we strike?"

'Tis ever thus. Poetry descends to prose the moment the pocket book is touched.—*Hartford Post.*

They were talking of the vanity of women and one of the few ladies present undertook a defense.

"Of course," she continued, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way," she suddenly broke off, "the nectie of the handsomest man in this room is up under his ear."

She had worked it. Every man present put up his hand to his neck.

Senator Jones' Grub Stake.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, is one of your self made men. He commenced life poor. But a year old when his parents came from Herefordshire, England, he has made his way to the top by dint of hard work and the exercise of considerable shrewdness. Like Senator Saunders, of Montana, who made his first tenstrike out of a claim he staked out in a graveyard, Senator Jones' first streak of luck was purely accidental, as nearly all streaks of luck are.

The story goes that when Jones was in California he stumbled across his pile in the following remarkable manner: He lived in a certain county that Bret Harte made famous—Tuolumme, the veracious chronicler asserts—and during the gold excitement kept a small grocery store. He did a thriving trade; prices were high in those days in California, and after a few years Jones had amassed a few thousand dollars. Up the mountain a piece lived a solitary miner. He was poor, had the reputation of being shiftless, but despite the report was always busy.

One day he called on Jones.

"Say, Jones, I think I've got a bonanza in that claim of mine," he said.

Jones smiled. He had heard these stories before. He knew how great expectations were frequently never realized. Time, labor, and money were usually wasted on what looked like something rich, but what developed into snares; so Jones only smiled.

"It's a big thing," persisted his visitor, and he proceeded to explain what the claim was and his reasons for being so sanguine. After several hours' talk the miner asked for an advance of $1000 with which to buy tools and food. Jones demurred. A thousand dollars was a big enough sum, saved as it had been, with much trouble and labor. But after all, $1,000 cut no figure in comparison with the profits of a gold mine. Jones finally told the miner he would see what could be done.

After nightfall, when the Chinamen employed in the neighborhood had taken their departure, Mr. Jones allowed the embers of his fire to die out. When satisfied that no one was about he scraped away the ashes, raised the stone on which the fire was built, and weighed out the necessary gold dust to make $1,000. These little precautions were always taken in that region, where even robbers were more plentiful than fortunes.

The tools were bought, Jones lending the money and the miner promising him one-third of the profits of the mine. For months the solitary miner labored, but he did not strike the lead. He grew wan and hollow-eyed, and occasionally dropped in to see Jones. The latter had by this time abandoned all hope of ever seeing his money again.

"There's no gold up there," he would inform the miner, but the latter insisted there was, if he could only strike it. He knew he would be successful eventually with his search, but provisions were out, and he asked for some meal and bacon. Jones smiled again.

"It's like throwing it in a rat hole," he cheerfully observed as he dug out a side of bacon and gathered up a sack of corn meal for his luckless partner. For four months nothing was heard of the old fellow, and Jones presumed he had either gone away or had died at his post up the gulch. Both suppositions were erroneous. The miner dashed into the store one day irradiated with joy. He had really struck his bonanza. The mine was sold for $3,000,000, and, faithful to his promise, the honest miner gave Jones one third of it. Senator Jone's prosperity dated from that time.

For Shoppers.

One morning when Benjamin Franklin was busy in the press room on his newspaper a lounger stepped into the bookstore and spent an hour or more in looking over the books. Finally he seemed to settle upon one and asked the clerk the price.

"One dollar," the clerk answered.

"One dollar," echoed the lounger, "Can't you take less than that?"

"One dollar is the price," the clerk answered.

The would-be purchaser looked over the books awhile longer and then inquired, "Is Mr. Franklin in?"

"Yes; he's busy in the printing office," the clerk replied.

"Well, I want to see him," said the man.

The clerk told Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin soon appeared, and the stranger said:

"What is the lowest, Mr. Franklin, that you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt answer.

"One dollar and a quarter; Why your clerk asked me only a dollar just now."

"True," replied Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work."

The man seemed surprised, and wishing to end a parley of his own seeking said, "Well, come now, tell me your lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter"

"Yes," said Franklin cooly, "and I had better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

This was a way of trade which took the man quite by surprise. Without a word he laid the money on the counter, took his book and left the store.—*Youth's Companion.*

They Knew Them.

"Success in life may depend somewhat on circumstances, but it depends more on the individual," said Mr. Skute, who is noted for his great wealth and penurious habits.

"Just so," said Billson, one of the millionaire's audience.

"When I first came to this town I had half a crown. Now what do you suppose I did with it?"

"Oh, that's an easy one," said Billson. "Anybody who knows you, Skute, would know what you did with that half crown."

"Well, what did I do with it?"

"Why, you've got it yet."

"You will observe one thing about New York property," said the real estate man—"a front door is more valuable than a back yard.

The Rewards of Ingenuity.

The rubber tip at the end of lead pencils has yielded $100,000 in England.

A large fortune has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat or trousers pockets to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore or heavy tools.

In a recent legal action it transpired in evidence that the inventor of the metal plates used to protect soles and heels from water sold upward of 12,000,000 plates in 1879, and in 1887 the number reached 143,000,000, producing realized profits of £1,250,000.

As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted glass bell to hang over gas to protect ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth.

Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but it will be seen that patience is well rewarded, for the inventor of the roller skate made over $1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained.

The gimlet pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the American who first thought of putting copper tips on children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him $2,000,000 in United States bonds.

Upwards of $10,000 a year was made by the inventor of the common needle threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles from which handsome incomes are derived or for which large sums have been paid.

Few inventions pay better than popular patented toys. A clergyman realized $2,000 a week by the invention of a strange little plaything, to be seen for a long time in every toy shop window and even in the streets of London.

That favorite American toy, a "return ball"—a wooden ball with an elastic attached—yielded the patentee an income equal to $50,000 a year and an income of no less than $75,000 per annum to the inventor of the "dancing Jim Crow." The inventor of "Pharaoh's serpents," a toy much in vogue some years ago, was the outcome of some chemical experiments and brought the inventor more than $50,000.

The sale of the little wooden figure "John Gilpin," was incredibly large for many years, and a very ingenious toy, known as the "wheel of life," is said to have produced upwards of $500,000 profits to its inventor.

One of the most successful of modern toys has been the "chameleon top," the sale of which has been enormous. The field of invention is not only vast and varied, but it is open to everybody without respect or favor of any kind to sex or age, station or means.

Women as Journalists.

Said Mr. Childs to me recently: "Some of the best writers on my paper are the women editors of it, and there is not one of them who is not paid for her work exactly as though she were a man. I believe fully in this. It is true that women have, in many quarters been underpaid for their labors; but I am convinced, from evidences I have seen, that this state of things is gradually becoming less. Let women be given a fair chance in business. They will often do work even better than men.

"One morning the wife of one of our editorial contributors came to see me, saying: 'My husband is ill and unable to do his work any longer. For a number of months past I have been writing his editorials for him, and I have now come to ask you to allow me to continue doing so.' 'Certainly,' I said. If you have been writing them you can go on doing so: but say nothing of the change to anyone.'

"Some time after this the husband died. On going to the office in the morning one of my editors met me with a face a yard long. 'Mr. Blank is dead,' said he, 'and I don't know what we are going to do without him. His articles were such a special feature, and there is no one else in the country with ability enough to write them.'

"'Isn't there?' I asked. 'But do you think that they have been as good as usual of late?'

"'Better,' he replied.

"'But are you sure there has been no falling off these last few months?'

"'No, indeed; it is just there where the improvement is noticeable. The older he grew the better became his work. And that makes it all the more discomforting to realize that we can never secure any one who could to them one-tenth as well.'

"'Oh, yes we can,' I answered. 'It may interest you to know that for more than a year past Mr. Blank has not written a line for the *Ledger*. Mrs. Blank has been doing her husband's work, and she is quite capable of continuing to do so.'

"And she does to-day."

How She Outwitted Them.

In a semi-fashionable boarding-house "on the hill," in Washington, resides, as a guest, a maiden lady, cultured and clever. Like some other nice people, she is rather sensitive on the subject of age quizzing among the thicker-skinned boarders. The blank left at the house by the enumerator was spread